

THE
Chaplet of Chearfulness,
AND
Company Keeper's Assistant.

A select Collection of

S O N G S

For the Entertainment of the

BACCHANAL,
LOVER,
BUCK,
SPORTSMAN,

FREE MASON,
LOYALIST,
SOLDIER, and
SAILOR:

And for all those

Who would render themselves agreeable, divert Company, kill Care, and be joyous :

Where the high seasoned WIT and HUMOUR will be a sufficient Apology for a *bad voice* ; and whereby such as have a *tolerable one* will be able to shine, without repressing the Laugh of the merrily disposed, or offending the Ear of the most chaste Virgin.

Consisting of

Many valuable and real Originals, not to be met with in any other Collection : Likewise, those sung at the 'Theatres and Gardens of London and Dublin for ten years past to this day, many of which were quite out of print.

To which is annexed,

A Collection of TOASTS. SENTIMENTS, and HOB NOBS now in use, with several newly coined but not yet current, this being the first Delivery of them from the Mint.

By EUPHROSYNE.

*Hence leav'd Melancholy : ———
But Come thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven y'cleap'd EUPHROSYNE ;
And by men,—heart-easing Mirth.*

MILTON.

D U B L I N :

Printed by and for JAMES HOEY, junior. 1763.



Advertisement.

THE candid reception which the public gave the two former parts that compose the first volume, has encouraged the continuation of this work. It is hoped the reader will excuse the delay under which this first part of the second volume (not so easy in the practice as it seemed in theory) has, this long while laboured; since, in the care and accuracy of its compilation, they will find an abundant compensation made for the exercise of their patience: for the reader is to know, that each song in this collection, not an original, is compared with every copy extant in the several volumes of songs hitherto published in England, Ireland, or Scotland.

As the insertion of all the ancient songs and ballads, as well as those of our times which are daily and nightly sung at the gardens or theatres of these kingdoms, or handed about in manuscript, (so as to merit the title of the *Songster's Universal Library*, which we have given this work,) is our object, we shall take occasion to introduce such songs as are ancient, or not intirely new, when referred to for the tune, once for all, immediately before or after the song first referred from, except such song be excluded our plan on account of indelicacy, which predicament, most of the songs in a collection lately published (intituled, the *HONEST FELLOW, or Reveller's Memorandum Book*) lye under: and sorry we are, that some of the songs in that volume overflowing with wit, humour, brilliancy of sentiment and invention, rarely to be met with in modern composition, should, notwithstanding all those beauties, be so deformed by licentiousness of thought, as to be out of tune with the delicate harmony of our design, which is to furnish the sprightly songster with matter whereby

he will be able to shine without repressing the laugh of the merrily disposed, or offending the ear of the most chaste virgin. So that the purchasers of these volumes need not be burdened with any others of this kind, as they may be assured of finding every *decent* song, ballad, ode, cantata or catch in the English language in some part of the work, and which may be readily turned to by means of the index given with each volume.

When the reader meets with any song and the tune mentioned, without a copy of the song referred to for the tune accompanying it, he may be certain, in that case, that the song has been already inserted in the preceding part of the work.



THE INDEX

A	Page
A <i>ACCEPT</i> of these ballads, dear fir, from a friend	1
<i>A</i> damsel, I'm told — —	39
<i>Again</i> the blooming month of May — —	65
<i>Ad</i> , sacre Dieu! wat do I see yonder — —	207
<i>Ad</i> ! NANCY 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes	213
<i>Ad</i> it is a fatal blow — —	251
<i>A</i> huntsman I am, with a merry ton'd horn —	162
<i>Alack</i> and well-a day — —	76
<i>All</i> about the May-pole how they trot — —	77
<i>All</i> I wish in her obtaining — —	172
<i>A</i> livery like a magic spell — —	105
<i>Amidst</i> this gay circle, bright beams the fair race	15
<i>A</i> plague on the English commanders for me —	37
<i>A</i> plague of these wenches, they make such a pether	171
<i>As</i> when the rising tempest rushing roars —	17
<i>As</i> WIT, JOKE, and HUMOUR together were sat	62
	As

I N D E X

iii

As I sat at my spinning-wheel	—	195
As one on a time a young jieg, feet and wain	—	203
As NEPTUNE one day o'er the rising waves rode	—	222
At Ballyduff-hill there dwelt an old pair	—	33
At fairs and wakes	—	92
Away to the coffe, lead away	—	11

B

BEGONE,—I agree	—	166
Behold a blade who knows his trade	—	102
Believe me dear aunt	—	104
Bra' JOHN O' BOOT was a bonny much man	—	125
Britons, break home	—	233
Brother Bucks all attend to the theme I found fit	—	130
By the light of the moon I ether evening I find it	—	8
By your leave, LAURY GRIGAN	—	57

C

CEASE gay seducers, pride to take	—	168
Clear the course my boys, clear the course, and make room	—	163
Come lasses and lads, take leave of your dads	—	5
Come bind my browns, ye wood nymphs fair	—	12
Come my bucks, let to night be devoted to drinking	—	13
Come loose, my lads, loose; push the bottle about	—	36
Come REALPH, come ROBIN and SOE	—	54
Come, let's support our patron PAN	—	91
Come, let us prepare	—	112
Come, let us drink, and drown all sorrows	—	114
Come haste to our wedding ye friends and ye neighbours	—	130
Come mirth call on music, call music on song	—	131
Come hither, come hither, ye languishing swains	—	175
Come all ye bucks and lads of fire	—	182
Come, my bucks, let to night be devoted to drinking	—	183
Come den mine damnsel	—	190
Come on, brother tar, and I'll tip you a stove	—	202
Come if you dare, our trumpets sound	—	226
Come follow, follow, follow me	—	228
Come hither, archin! where hast been	—	236
Come all ye brave that fought and bled	—	250
Come NELLY and MOLLY	—	253

Contented I am, and contented I'll be	—	191
CUPID, you sneaking young dog, I despise you	—	10
CUPID gea of soft persuasion	—	160

D

DAMMOSEINA, neat and clean a	—	189
DAPHNE, my fair, accept from me	—	213
Dearest creature, of all nature	—	188
Distant fly thee, carping care	—	31
Do you sign his mittimus	—	88

E

EACH generous fair, from pride exempt	—	241
Eh! signor, wat you call a me	—	189

F

FAIR, and soft, and gay, and young	—	66
Fair's my LUCY on the day	—	25
Fareest thou, all isles excell'g	—	236
Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my JEAN	—	150
Farewell to love, with sparkling wine	—	3
Fare you glasses, banish grief	—	48
Fare ye, men of reason, all think you an elf	—	44
Fare ye, flocks, on fruitful plains	—	235
Fare ye, D—'s friendly farm	—	46
From the subject's prison	—	67
From your bewitching smile of love	—	138

G

GENTLE youth, ah, tell me why	—	158
Get me a horse	—	74
Give me love, and give me love, be blithsome and gay	—	106
Give me love, and give me love, and we'll quack	—	153
Give me a read (if you can but spare time)	—	126
Go, naughty man, I can't abide you	—	172
Go, thou of fate	—	49
Great, I am alarm'd at D's bad behaviour	—	24
Great Love, I know the way	—	231

II

H ail thee, my! thou craft divine!	61
How this aviation might set me distracted	73
Hark, hark, the huntsman sounds his horn	148
Hark! away! 'tis the merry ten'd horn	186
Have you not two daughters	91
Hence such cares, complaints and sorrows	173
Henceforth no English brow shall smile	249
Here was a bare kill'd, and there a fox fill	19
How you run for the happy congress	124
It's as tight a led to see to	80
Wisher this way, this way bend	227
Hope! thou mass of young desire	157
How let's em I still to believe you!	30
How could you stave my love to the cart	86
How happy were my days till now	161
How blessed the maid, subtle bloom	165
How much superior beauty waves	171
How hard, oh! SANNY, is thy lot	208
How sweet are the roses of June	221
How blest are shepherds, how happy their fates	229
How happy the lover	233
How happy, how happy, how happy are we	248
Huzza, for POL	96
HYMEN to thee our pray'rs ascend	106

I

I Call ye all	226
If the fountains are high for press us	73
If you can cope as well as you modulate	81
If into your bean-yard	34
If in the courts your suit depend	88
If you take my advice	92
If for your lady you desire	162
If you want a young man, with a true honest heart	163
If ever a fond inclination	170
If ever I'm catch'd in these regions of woe	172
If ever, oh! HYMEN, you grow me a wife	187
If ever, oh! HYMEN, I add to thy tribe	187
If e'er such cruel tyrants reign'd	246
If roses were punish'd of a day's degree	252

<i>I'll tell you a story, a story anon</i>	—	25
<i>I'm a hole, tho' too narrow when first I am try'd</i>	—	151
<i>Instead of silence—what a noise is here</i>	—	243
<i>In various shapes I've oft been known</i>	—	32
<i>In those greasy old tatters</i>	—	82
<i>In the days of our fires</i>	—	101
<i>In vain I ev'ry art assay</i>	—	166
<i>JOVE in his chair</i>	—	69
<i>I pray ye gentles list to me</i>	—	162
<i>I've got a cold, indeed I'm very hoarse</i>	—	20

L

L <i>ET all the painters on earth paint</i>	—	36
<i>Let a rival your picture draw</i>	—	93
<i>Let gay ones and great</i>	—	159
<i>Let rakes and libertines resigned</i>	—	165
<i>Let him, fond of fibling, invoke whom he chuses</i>	—	194
<i>Let not a moon-born elf mislead ye</i>	—	228
<i>Let not rage this house set fire on</i>	—	245
<i>Let ether men sing of their goddesses bright</i>	—	247
<i>Life is chequer'd—toil and pleasure</i>	—	156
<i>Long ago, e're better music Britons learn'd to know</i>	—	19
<i>Long since unto her native sky</i>	—	139
<i>Long time I serv'd young ROSALIND</i>	—	218
<i>Long time my heart at liberty</i>	—	239
<i>Love reigns supreme in female souls</i>	—	71
<i>Love and beauty when united</i>	—	237
<i>Love's a pure, a sacred fire</i>	—	178
<i>Lovely nymph assuage my anguish</i>	—	81

M

M <i>ADE!—to our shame</i>	—	90
<i>Mamma! how can you be so ill natur'd</i>	—	75
<i>May the joys of my soul, be exempt from controul</i>	—	116
<i>My lads of Barbadoes, remember your blood</i>	—	9
<i>My friends pray break up now you've time</i>	—	17
<i>My song, first, excuse</i>	—	24
<i>My daddy, was gone to the market a mile</i>	—	60
<i>My minikin miss, do you fancy that POL</i>	—	82
<i>My heart's my own, my will is free</i>	—	158
<i>My masters and mistresses hither repair</i>	—	163
<i>My</i>		

I N D E X.

vii

M, DOLLY was the fairest thing	107
My charming SYLVIA see	211

N

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embracing shade	177
Ne'er will I be left in the lurch	83
No SENESINO then was known	20
No longer let whimsical songsters compare	45
No difference of character	72
No fear shall drive me ever hence	86
No more let French dishes appear in our mess	220
No part of my dominions shall be waste	232
Non troppo n' affettuoso	21
Now we are free from college rules	7
Now the heart-raising horn at distance blow	19
Now peeps the ruddy morn o'er mountain top	41
Now, let your jealous soul	86
Now I'm seated	97
Now England's victorious	119

O

O'ER that and old beer of his own	41
O'er the bowl we'll laugh and sing	142
Of love, wit, and wine, our songs we'll raise	23
Of late we have heard of a laird in high station	121
Of all the men I ever saw	154
Oh! had I been by fate decreed	158
Oh HYMEN propitious, receive in thy train	167
Oh rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind	206
Oh fight the mother of desires	230
O! how shall I in language weak	166
Old and coarse yet still a rover	12
Old CHAUCER once, to this re-echoing grove	139
One evening GOOD HUMOUR took WIT as his guest	63
On Tuesday the fourth of sweet May	64
On the wings of the air, this war we'll declare	248
O what pleasures will abound	83
O greedy MIDAS, I've been told	113
O pass not on, but stay	233
Oons! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like this	167
Oracle, oracle, speak, now speak	80

Politicians

P

P OLITICIANS may prove	28
P OLLY, the Fishwife, gave me a fish	61
For's sake take a ducal glass	226
Pray, papa, pardon me	21
Pray, Giddy, please to moderate the rant of your tongue	74
Prize, FITZGEOFF, let us play	244
Prize, leave off this dull purgatory	20
Push the battle about, and let me fight, and escape	170
Put him green in calling us	21

R

R OUND my ears, fair nymphs of Britain	234
---	-----

S

S AD COLINET to verdant gay	242
S AYS PLATO, who should men be vain	2
See! triumphant sits the land	97
See, see, we offend	232
Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes	77
Shall he run away with the ladies	78
She comes! I see her from afar	103
Shepherds fare you never	91
Shepherds, shepherds, leave deceiving	229
Since you mean to hire for service	73
Since twitting's the fashion, shall we baulk the strain	114
Since HODGE proves ungrateful, no farther I'll seek	168
Since first these eyes enflam'd my heart	84
Six subjects as loyal the kingdom can prize	113
Sound a rally, ye fair, and surrender	232
Still in hope to get the better	159
Stint us not in love or wine	147
St. GEORGE, the patron of our isle	238
Strait with bawling	254
Stranger to the postive brow	33
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise	207

T

T ELL not me the joys that wait	195
Thankless!—pessimism	93
That	

I N D E X.

ix

<i>That life is a joke, JOHNNY GAY has express'd</i>	199
<i>The sportsman may boast of his well-scented hound</i>	148
<i>The wicked wits, as fancy hits</i>	152
<i>The honest heart where thoughts are clear</i>	160
<i>The court and the city, fine folk may extol</i>	161
<i>The world is a well-furnish'd table</i>	169
<i>The traveller benighted</i>	170
<i>The merchant whose vessel, the winds made their sport</i>	173
<i>The horses preparing to finish the war</i>	174
<i>The stream that glides in murmurs by</i>	177
<i>The bounds are all cut, and the morning does peep</i>	192
<i>The festive board was met, the social band</i>	195
<i>The sages of old, and the learn'd of this day</i>	200
<i>The whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn</i>	11
<i>The list'ning crowd admir'd the song born ton'd</i>	16
<i>The praise of drinking, then the choicest spirit sung</i>	18
<i>The broth will be but so so</i>	21
<i>The nymph that I love is a dangerous fair</i>	30
<i>The high-pois'd lark, salutes the opening dawn</i>	34
<i>The bounds are unkennel'd, and now</i>	41
<i>The women all tell me I am false to my last</i>	43
<i>The wond'ring world with curious eye</i>	46
<i>The abject trash of vernal things</i>	47
<i>The news you may credit, dear JACK, that I find</i>	51
<i>The wolf that slaughter'd finds her whelps</i>	85
<i>The morning is charming, all nature is gay</i>	109
<i>The Devil take all their damn'd scheming, I say</i>	251
<i>Then ye bucks who love the sport</i>	117
<i>There was a jolly miller once</i>	159
<i>There was a jovial beggar</i>	204
<i>These words have no wit</i>	24
<i>Think my fairest how delay</i>	164
<i>Think not, lewd JOVE</i>	70
<i>This way turn, the fiends avoiding</i>	228
<i>Tho' I love you, yet think not my judgment so weak</i>	178
<i>Tho' wisdom will preach about jay, jir</i>	214
<i>Those who in gardens take delight</i>	161
<i>Those random threats are bare words</i>	79
<i>Thou traitor, who with the fair-j x hast made war</i>	140
<i>Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear</i>	231
<i>Thus with jargon they juggle us out of our money</i>	22
<i>Thus arm'd with beer</i>	89

<i>Thus, thus I refuse</i>	230
<i>Thy ruin, O LEWIS, thy fate is relate</i>	146
<i>Thy jettè locks that careless break</i>	178
<i>Thy daughters are two flitting queans</i>	80
<i>'Tis not wealth, it is not birth</i>	170
<i>'Tis love, spite of lovers, will its empire maintain</i>	174
<i>'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I that have a world ye</i>	232
<i>To PHILLIS and CLOE, and all the gay throng</i>	149
<i>To prove the market bee't afraid</i>	163
<i>To CELIA thus, fond DAMON said</i>	190
<i>To ease his heart, and own his flame</i>	198
<i>To you that are lovers these lines I address</i>	4
<i>To happy ignorance</i>	70
<i>To earth be quick the caitiff driv'n</i>	71
<i>To avoid ridicule</i>	71
<i>To blast a rival's happiness</i>	80
<i>To MIDAS let the churl appeal</i>	93
<i>To GEORGE and CHARLOTTE, happy pair</i>	119
<i>To mitigate our hopeless fears</i>	244
<i>To liberty raise up the high cheerful strain</i>	253
<i>'Twas at the gate of Calais, HOGARTH tells</i>	205
<i>'Twas at a ven'son feast, at cricket won</i>	16
<i>'Twas early I rose, so resplendent the day</i>	28
<i>'Twas underneath a May-blown bush</i>	68
<i>Two Welchmen, partners in a crew</i>	128
<i>Two daughters of this aged stream are we</i>	233

V

V ERE is mine life, mine pretty dammesina	183
<i>Volli largo mi affetto</i>	21

W

W AS ever poor fellow so plag'd with a woman	168
<i>We must work, we must play</i>	249
<i>We women like weak Indians trade</i>	164
<i>Well, well, say no more</i>	100
<i>Well, come, let us hear what the fawnin must possess</i>	169
<i>What ho! thou genius of this clime, what ho!</i>	231
<i>What pow'r! art thou, who from below</i>	231
<i>What means the tender sigh my dear</i>	10
<i>What the Devil's here to do? ye loggerheads and gyps!</i>	95
<i>What! CATO advises, most certainly with</i>	176

I N D E X.

xi

When Bacchus, jolly god, invites	186
When learned folks in rhymes make a rout	203
When mighty beef was the Englishman's food	209
When bunning brown beer was the Englishman's taste	210
When critics first among the fair	219
When the tax on the porter was laid	249
When fair success began to smile	251
When heart and head are crackt with care	3
When Phebus the tops of the hills does adorn	23
When JANNY the gay I first courted to wed	35
When at your fire	78
When gathering clouds obscure the sky	89
When fairies dance round on the grass, and frolic	90
When LUNA pale, with solemn mien	103
When the deity's sword	110
When once love's subtle prison gains	158
When I followed a lass that was froward and sky	164
When we see a lover languish	171
Whence can you inherit	157
While the vessel so cruelly lies	193
While gentles folks strut in their silver and sattins	211
While joyful here we meet	100
While o'er his bags the sordid slave	116
Who ever did hear, of an Irishman's fear	247
Who wants a good cook, my hand this must cross	163
Why, NY:—you're lost to rhyme	85
Why! you pitiful scrub	93
Why heaves my fond bosom, ah! what can it mean	174
Wine, wine is alone the brisk fountain of mirth	144
Wine, wine we allow the brisk fountain of mirth	145
With wonder each year we the old year outdo	223
With well scented bands, and with jolly ten'd horn	34
With sin my disgrace I'll parry	72
With women, wit, wine, I defy ev'ry care	137
WODEN, first to thee	225
Would you be quite the thing, both a genius and critic	219

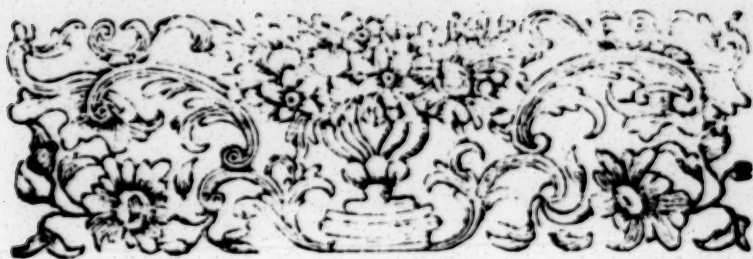
Y

Y E social sons! ye lady loving-race	20
Ye national schemers a-while give me leave	42
Ye critics, I pray, be not piqu'd at my theme	52
Ye pimps all draw near	115
	17

<i>Ye medley of mortals that make up the throng</i>	—	122
<i>Ye patriots of Albion, vouchsafe your attention</i>	—	184
<i>Ye crambo companions, who love songs rehearse</i>	—	198
<i>Ye gossips, who blab out the secrets of state</i>	—	201
<i>Ye learned o'er classics, who pore night and day</i>		215
<i>Ye blust'ring brethren of the skies</i>	— —	234
<i>Ye catterwauling tribe each night</i>	— —	254
<i>Yes, all your wealth I scorn, and your person I detest</i>		85
<i>You say 'tis love creates the pain</i>	—	237
<i>Young KITTY, blooming, gay and fair</i>	—	29
<i>Young STREPHON the gay</i>	— —	143
<i>Young I am, and sore afraid</i>	— —	166
<i>Young COLIN fishing near the mill</i>	—	197
<i>Young ROGER came tapping at DOLLY's window</i>		217
<i>Your hay is mow'd, and your corn is reap'd</i>	—	235

E R R A T A.

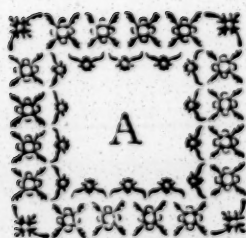
Page 11, l. 22, for *So he*, r. *See he*.—p. 20, l. 32, for *wish*, r. *with*.—p. 90, l. 16, for *mean it*, r. *meant it*.—p. 213, l. 18, for *except*, r. *accept*.—p. 251, l. 6, for *muoder'd*, r. *murder'd*.



A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

SONG I. *To the Reader.*

To any tune you can find will suit it.



ACCEPT of these ballads, dear sir,
from a friend;
From an oddity, whom, or to blame
or commend,
No mortal e'er gave himself trouble.
Praise is but a vapour, and censure the
same,
And each lunatic schemer, who pines after fame,
But makes himself vanity's bubble.

This scribbling, this pen-and-ink-itch, is a crime,
Yet heaven forgive each poor sinner in rhyme,
I no more can help writing than eating.
By a mad poet bit I rave out in verse,
As 'prentices, crack-brain'd, theatric rehearse,
All be-BARRY'd, OTHELLO repeating.

PARNASSUS and PEGASUS, cold HIPPOCRENE,
 Are words only form'd to give school-boys the spleen,
 By the curl-pated pedant APOLLO.
 Let the nine muses slide o'er the smooth-shav'n glades,
 No aid I'll accept from those tea drinking maids,
 But BACCHUS with bumpers I'll follow.

The Epic, Iambic, Pindaric and Sapphic,
 Are patterns of poetry wherewith bards traffick,
 With many more names that are harder.
 But what are all these to a beef and wine feast?
 The dainties of HESIOD and HOMER's a jest,
 Compar'd to the wit of a larder.

That, I always prefer to a classical treat,
 Not cur-like, the shadow exchange for the meat,
 There's more wit in eating than thinking.
 Pray what are all similies, to a surloin?
 Or the what-d'ye-call stream, to a stream of good wine?
 For merit is center'd in drinking.

The choice-spirit HORACE has made us some verses,
 And rustical *Roundelays* VIRGIL rehearſes,
 To be ſure they have ſaid ſome things clever.
 But what are all rhimes to a round of good toaſts,
 And then for their metaphors--we've boil'd and roaſt.
 So beef and a bumper for ever.

SONG 2. PLATO's Advice.

SAYS PLATO, why ſhould men be vain!
 Since bounteous Heaven has made him great,
 Why does he look with ſuch diſdain,
 On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate?
 Can coſtly robes or beds of down,
 And all the gems that deck the fair;
 Can all the glories of a crown,
 Give health or eaſe the brow of care?

The ſcepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
 The humble and the haughty die;
 The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave.
 In duſt without diſtinction lie.

Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles wore ;
 Their wealth and glory is bereft,
 And all their honour is no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train,
 When shot, 'tis gone ; its beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
 Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
 Lets crown our joy with flowing bowls,
 When Jove he calls we must away.

S O N G 3.

To the tune of the foregoing song.

FILL fill the bowl with sparkling wine,
 The joyous rich repast prepare ;
 Drink, drink, my friends, and ne'er repine,
 Of fortunes frowns let others share :
 Those she exalts are but her sport,
 The play-things of her fickle mind ;
 And those who most her favours court,
 Are in her gifts the most behind.

Then unconcern'd, let life glide on,
 Let mirth employ the present hour,
 For e'er to-morrow's rising sun,
 The fates may snatch it from our pow'r.
 Drink on, and push the glasses round,
 Let hope to day prevent despair ;
 Let mirth, and joy, and wine abound,
 To-morrow is not worth our care.

S O N G 4. NANCY PIPER.

WHEN heart and head, are crack't with care,
 With more than heart or head can bear,
 There's nothing can those cracks repair,
 Like this my NANCY PIPER.

What is man without his mate,
 JACK for GILL, and TOM for KATE,
 Each for each was ferm'd by fate,
 And I for NANCY PIPER.

A bowl of punch will make you gay,
 But when the fumes are pass'd away,
 You're joys are gone, you're sorrows stay,
 Not so with NANCY PIPER.

In her the best ingredients meet,
 Not weak and sow'r, and strong, and sweet,
 But best refin'd, and spirits neat,
 Are found in NANCY PIPER.

Old time, that thief will steal your prime,
 To steal from him will be no crime,
 Of all his cares, let's cheat old time,
 By help of NANCY PIPER.

Then come my NANCY trip away,
 To morrow's grief will kill to day,
 And drive out care with dance and play,
 And thus we'll pay the PIPER.

SONG 5. *The Admonition.*

Verse. Sure a lass in her bloom at the age of nineteen,
&c. which see in the first vol. of this work.

TO you that are lovers these lines I address,
 Attend to my song, would you woo with success,
 Nor you ye bright females my boldness despise,
 Since all must be bold—to approach your bright eyes.

First mark well her humour, if serious or gay,
 If she's mostly inclin'd to her dress or to play.
 Indulge her in each, for from this you will find,
 She'll approve your addresses and sooner be kind.

If fond of her beauty, her passion is praise,
 By some gentle sonnet your merit you'll raise;

There

There sing of her lips, her bright eyes and her hair,
And tell her not VENUS with her can compare.

Should some rival toast, her dread envy provoke,
Rail with her,—then laugh in your sleeve at the joke,
If she's partial, to please her and flatter her pride
(Tho' 'gainst your own conscience)—Be still on her side.

These rules if observ'd will your passion befriend,
For all female sense is but pride in the end ;
And this is the text, what they like or despise,
The same you must censure, the same seem to prize.

S O N G 6.

*The Country Wake: introduced by Mr. CORRY in the
pantomime of the Fair, performed at the theatre-royal in
Crown-street; but never before printed.*

C O M E lasses and lads, take leave of your dads,
Away to the may-pole hie;
For every he, has got him a she,
And a fidler standing by:
There's WILLY has got his JILL, and JOHNNY has got
his JOAN,
To jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it up and down.

Begin says HARRY, aye, aye, says MARY,
We'll lead up *Packington's pound*;
No, no, says NELL, and no says DOLL,
We'll first have *St. Leger's round*:
Then every man did put—his hat off to his lass,
And every maid did curt'sy, curt'sy, curt'sy on the
grass.

Strike up says WAT, agreed says KATE,
I pray the fidler play;
Content says HODGE, and so says MADGE,
For this is a holiday:
Then every man began—to foot it round about,
And every maid did jetty it, jetty it, jetty it in and out.

You're out says DICK, you lie says NICK,
 The fidler plays it false ;
 And so says HUGH, and so says SUE,
 And so says nimble ELSE :
 The fidler then began—to play the tune again,
 And every maid did trip it, trip it; trip it unto the men.

Let's kiss says NAN, content says JANE,
 And so says every she ;
 How many says NAT, why three says MATT,
 For this is a maiden's fee :
 But they instead of three, did give them half a score,
 The men in kindness, kindness, kindness, gave them
 as many more.

Then after an hour, they went to a bower
 To play for ale and cakes ;
 And kisses too,—until they were due,
 The lasses held the stakes :
 The women then began—to quarrel with the men,
 And bid them take their kisses back and give them their
 own again.

Thus, thus they sat, until it was late;
 And tir'd the fidler quite :
 With singing and playing, without any paying,
 From morning until night :
 They told the fidler then, they'd pay him for his play,
 And each gave two pence, two pence, two pence, two
 pence and went their way.

Good night says CISS, good night says PRISS,
 Good night says HARRY to DOLL ;
 Good night says JOHN, good night says JOAN,
 Good night says every one :
 Some ran, some went, some staid ; some tarry'd by the
 way ;
 Each bound themselves in kisses twelve, to meet the
 next holiday.

SONG 7.

*A TECHNICAL, BIBBICAL, CLASSICAL Ballad. Tune :
Johnny Adair of Kilternan ; which may be seen in the
first vol. of this work, beginning thus, It was in July
forty five, &c.*

NOW we are free from College rules,
From systems out of season ;
From lumber of the lying schools,
And syllogistic reason :
Never more we'll have defin'd,
If matter thinks or thinks not ;
All the matter we shall mind,
Is he who drinks, or drinks not.

Metaphysical to trace,
The mind or soul abstracted ;
Or prove infinity of space,
By cause on cause effected.
Better souls we can't become,
By immaterial thinking ;
And as to space, we want no room,
But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,
Are learned words, and rare too ;
Those terms our tutors may discuss,
And those that please, may hear too.
A plenum in our wine we show,
With *plus* and *plus* behind, fir ;
And when our cash is *minus* low,
A *vacuum* soon we find, fir.

NEWTON talk'd of lights and shades,
And different colours knew, fir ;
Don't let us disturb our heads,
We will but study two, fir.
White and red our glasses boast,
'True humour's rarefaction ;
After him we'll name our toast,
'The center of attraction.

On that *thesis* we'll declaim,
 With *Stratum super stratum*;
 There's magic in the mighty name.
 'Tis nature's *postulatum*.
 Wine in nature's next to love.
 Then wisely let us blend 'em;
 First though physically prove,
 That *tempus est bibendum*.

S O N G 8.

Tune: Push about the brisk bowl, &c. which see in the
first volume.

BY the light of the moon t'other ev'ning I stray'd
 A mile by the side o'the brook;
 When ROGER slept up with, how do you, fair maid?
 I peevishly answer'd, go look—go look—
I peevishly answer'd, go look.

Nay, nay, he reply'd, why so angry with me?
 I know you meet ROBIN the cook;
 It may be you now are a waiting for he.
 In passion I answer'd, go look—go look— &c.

Quoth he, you love music, I've heard them to say;
 And out he an instrument took;—
 D'ye think, said he, BOB or I better can play?
 I answer'd him, fellow, go look—go look— &c.

But resolute grown, he seiz'd fast o'my hand,
 And forc'd me sit down in the nook;
 And sweet, said he, tell me what tunes you command.
 You Puppy, I answer'd, go look—go look— &c.

But soon, with his flute, he so ravish'd my heart,
 That I never dreamt more of the cook;
 And those who imagine I've told but a part,
 For the rest of the story may look—may look— &c.

S O N G 9.

*Entitled, BARBADOES VOLUNTIERS: by an officer of the
corps that went upon the expedition against Martinico.—
To the same tune, as the foregoing song.*

MY lads of Barbadoes, remember your blood,
'Tis the blood of a soldier that warms you;
Remember, my lads, that your quarrel is good,
'Tis the cause of your country that arms you,
My boys, &c. &c.

Our brothers of Europe, by sea and by land,
All over the globe are victorious:
Hark! from us of Barbadoes an aid they demand,
And we too will dare to be glorious,
Brave boys, &c.

For shall we no more but our pedigree claim,
From heroes who figur'd of old?
We'll prove our descent by maintaining their fame,
By actions as hardy and bold,
Brave boys, &c.

To save Martinico, the trembling monfieurs
Their encroachments would gladly surrender;
But treacherous treaties, and falshood like theirs,
Now only true conquest can hinder,
Brave boys, &c.

Then haste, my brave boys, glorious MONCTON to join,
Already the army is near;
The season for us and for seamen is fine,
'Tis the foe has a tempest to fear,
Brave boys, &c.

Then, lads of Barbadoes, remember your blood,
'Tis the blood of a soldier that warms you;
Remember, my lads, that your quarrel is good,
'Tis the cause of your country that arms you,
My boys, &c.

SONG 10.

CUPID, you sneaking young dog, I despise you,
 Fly from this spot—like a friend I advise you;
 Pox o' your quiver, you fool, we don't fear it;
 We are defended by champaign and claret.

*Sing, huzza, be jolly, be frolicksome here,
 We've nothing to think of, so nothing to fear.*

He that is heavily laden with sorrow,
 Adds to the burden by thoughts of to-morrow;
 Reason and gravity buckle behind ye,
 Tricks of the sophisters only to blind ye.—*Ec.*

Look at our motto there, *Nunc est bibendum*;
 Those that are sick, why the bottle must mend 'em;
 He that's a bankrupt, why let him heed nought on't;
 This is the centre to bury the thought on't.—*Ec.*

Come, charge for a toast now, my choice, merry
 souls;
 Good lord! how I love to see bumpers and bowls!—
 Here's a health to king GEORGE the third, e'er I depart,
 And he that won't pledge me's a dog in his heart.—*Ec.*

SONG 11. *The Chrystal Tear.*

WHAT means the tender sigh my dear,
 Why silent drops that chrystal tear,
 What jealous fears disturb thy rest,
 Where love and peace delights to rest?
 What tho' my JOCKEY has been seen,
 With MOLLY sporting on the green;
 'Twas but an artfull trick to prove,
 The matchless force of JENNY's love.

'Tis true, a nosegay I addrest,
 To grace the witty DAPHNE's breast,
 But was at her desire to try,
 If DAMON cast a jealous eye;

These

These flowers will fade by morning dawn,
Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn :
But in thy fragrant bosom lies,
A Sweet perfume that never dies.

S O N G. 12. *A Hunting Cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn,
The thrush melodious joins th' uncouth salute ;
Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves ;
High soars the lark to meet the rising sun.—

A I R.

*Away to the copse, lead away,
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds ;
I warrant he shews us some play ;
See yonder he skulks o'er the grounds !——
Give your coursers the spur then, and smoke 'em, my bloods
'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn ;
What concert is equal to this of the woods,
'Twixt echo, the bound, the horn.*

*Each earth, see, he tries at in vain ;
The covert no safer can find ;
So he breaks it, and scowers amain.
And leaves us a distance behind.——
O'er rocks, hills and hedges, and rivers, we fly.
All hazzards and dangers we scorn ;
Stout Reynard we'll follow untill that he die :——
Chear up the good dogs with the horn.——*

*And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale ;
See his brush, how it drops !——see his tongue !——
His speed can no longer avail ;
Who of late was so cunning and strong.——
From our staunch and fleet pack, 'twas in vain that he fled.
See they tear him,—bemin'd—forn—
The farmers, with pleasure, behold him lie dead,
And shout to the sound of the horn.*

SONG. 13. TO LAURA.

OLD and coarse, yet still a rover ;
 Prone to change ; fantastic dame !——
 In thy thought, why lives the lover ?
 Wrinkl'd madam——hie, for shame !——

At fifteen years the blooming maid,
 With every glance a swain disarms :
 But cool'd by threescore summers shade,
 'Tis time to lay down useless arms.

Then fling your wash and paint aside ;
 You never more can man controul.——
 Go, say your pray'rs, discard your pride ;
 And cheat the D——l of a soul.

SONG 14.

COME bind my brows, ye wood-nymphs fair,
 With ivy wreaths come bind my brows ;
 Hence grief and woe, and pain and care,
 To BACCHUS I devote my vows.——

Dull *Cynic* rules,
 Are fit for tools ;
 Let those digest the food who can :
 But love and wine
 Shall still be mine ;
 O let me laugh out all my span.

No wounds, O love, e'er let me feel,
 But such as spring from eyes and shapes ;
 A curse on those that come by steel ;
 I hate all blood, but blood of grapes.

Then fill up high
 The bowl, that I
 May drink and laugh at fools of sense.
 Why need we fear
 To want next year ;
 'Twill be all one a hundred hence.

G R I N N A:

A

B O R L A C E,

Or Humoursome

Burlesque Burletta.

B

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS piece was wrote as a burlesque on the *capital* Burletta people, who performed in London about three years since; among whom were the famous Madam NICOLINA, and Madame SPILLETTA.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by COMUS.

AMIDST this gay circle, bright beam's the juvenile,
Each form's rich with gesture, each gesture with
grace;

Love laughs in their looks: Youth blazes in each cheek,
Sense speaks when they smile, and wit smiles when they
speak,

Gay dress'd daughters of beauty, ye sons of true taste,
This evening accept of a choice spirits feast.

I've call'd them together, this fest I've selected,
By Comus this evening collation's directed;

Great Bacchus the gay God of bumper's my sire,

Great Bacchus the fuel and life of love's fire;

Who bestows on the lover assurance to try,

And drowns in the lady all force to deny.

From him I'm descended, and thus spoke my father—

Go; call the chief sons of true humour together.

Let harmony usher the things they shall say,

Be laughter attendant, and wit prompt the play;

But banish low quibble, and sing-song impure,

Poor personal satire, entendres obscure.

Let not ribaldry dare to offend the chaste ear,

Nor dullness, tho' even in Op'ra, appear;

Let mirth by the side of plain sense take her place,

And the comic muse smile undebarr'd by grimace;

Do not stamp the buffoon on the sterling of nature,

But the sense of each song be express'd in each measure.

'Twas thus he commanded, I this had to say,

Come, lads, let me see you know how to obey,

'Tis social, harmonious choice spirits begin,

A moment be silent, ye fair, while they sing.

G R I N N A:

O R,

The CHOICE SPIRITS FEAST.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at a ven'son feast, at cricket won,
By Lightfoot's nimble son:
Asleep in jocky state
The groom-like 'squire fate,
Nodding in elbow-chair.
His brother bucks were plac'd around,
Their heads with unseam'd hunting caps were }
bound, }
So should each sportsman for the chace be crown'd. }
Hark! the horn sounds away, away,
Aurora ushers in the day;
The op'ning hounds uncoupled view,
With deep-hung dewlaps dash the dew;
With swelling notes and head held back,
See the unharbour'd stag burst thro' the brake;
The high-bred horse shakes his air-waving mane,
Stamps o'er the sounding earth, and scours along }
the plain. }

DUETT.

When Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn, &c

RECITATIVE.

The list'ning croud admir'd the song, horn ton'd, }
Bravo! bravissimo! they shout around; }
Below, the drawer's bravo back rebound. }

Scar'd

Scar'd with the noise, young buck awakes,
 And stares at all his brother rakes;
 'Then rubs his eyes, asks what's o'clock?
 Startled, he hears the watchman knock.
 Now silence thrice was call'd, and thrice 'twas broke.
 When in a fury thus young Lightfoot spoke:
 Bring up the watchman, seize the vile invader;
 'Then up they dragg'd the midnight serenader.
 When, lo! the figure of Old Time appears,
 His face was furrow'd with five thousand years.
 Down his smooth skull a single lock was hung,
 And feebly coughing, thus the glutton sung:

SONG.

My friends pray break up now you've time,
 You'll repeat if in vain you are told;
 Oh, why will not Bucks in their prime,
 Consider they are to grow old?

When the pale face of winter appears,
 And each late blossom'd tree tops with snow,
 Thus our heads, thinly spread with white hairs,
 Life's last wintry evening will show.

Like the maim'd from long dreadful campaigns
 You are mark'd, by debauch, full of scars,
 Sunken eyes, feeble limbs, bloodless veins,
 Palsy shaking, and seiz'd by catarrhs:

Then toothless ye mump, and ye moan,
 Your shrivell'd cheeks twirling about
 Ye mumble, ye grumble, and groan,
 Then die as a candle goes out.

RECITATIVE.

As when the rising tempest rushing roars,
 Sweeps off the harvest, shakes the founding shores;
 Red lightnings flash, seas bellow, thunder growls,
 The uproar reaching to the trembling poles.

B 5

Waves

Waves, winds, rocks, rain, ships, sands and clouds
contend,

And shrieks and swearing the wide welking rend.

In dreadful din thus rose the drunken crew,

Pipes, glassies, bottles, punch bowls, flasks o'er-
threw;

They gagg'd the preacher, dash'd him to the
ground,

And in a pipe of claret, Time was drown'd.

Huzza young Lightfoot cry'd, while in our prime,
Claret can always kill the bugbear Time.

CHORUS.

The many rend the room with loud applause,
so Time was drown'd, and drinking won the cause.

S E C O N D A C T.

RECITATIVE.

THE praise of drinking, then the choicest spirit
sung.

SONG.

Come my bucks, let to night be devoted to drink-
ing,

To-morrow's too soon to be troubled with thinking.

No more shall time preach, nor no more shall we
hear it,

For he's drown'd as he ought in a hoghead of claret.

Now time is no more, or no more can forbid us,
Of that troublesome guest a choice spirit has rid us;
Yet if time shou'd be wanting for any design,
Henceforth he is found in a hoghead of wine.

Since time is confin'd to our wine let us think
By this rule we are sure of our time when we drink,
Come,

Come, my bucks, let your glasses with bumpers be
prim'd.

Now we're certain our drinking is always well tim'd.

RECITATIVE.

Now the heart-raising horn at distance blew.
Swift to the chace, away the sportsmen flew :
Shouting they rend the air, each hill rebounds, }
Loud neigh the steeds, and louder ope the }
hounds,
From babbling echo back the noise rebounds. }
Sooth'd with the sounds, young buck grew vain, }
And haunted every chace again,
And cover thrice he broke ; and thrice he flew }
the slain.

SONG.

Here was a hare kill'd, and there a fox fell ;
Here a leap took wou'd startle a Cuckoo ;
'There they unharbour'd, and there run the knell,
And here it was hit off, hark forward to Teizer.
'Then they their bumpers above-head advancing,
All fell to singing, and then fell to dancing.
Wonder and plunder, shrill Thunder and Sue,
Blueman and 'Trueman, with Ringwood and
Rowler ;
Sweetlips the babbler, and Tulip so true,
With Darling and Starling, and Tattler and
'Trowler.
'These were the hounds he hoop'd and he hollow'd
While all the rest reeling with tolderoll follow'd.

RECITATIVE.

Long ago,
E'er better music Britons learn'd to know,
Our British bards, from whom choice spirits come,
Thus rudely garnish'd out each harvest home :
Sung Chevy-Chace, and Robin Hood ;
Or corn grows now where Troy town stood.

SONG.

SONG.

No Senesino then was known,
 Curzoni or Faustina :
 No Farinell! charm'd the town,
 Nor comic Nicolina.
 Bat salt-box bang, and jews-harp twang,
 With hurdy gurdy grunting,
 While others did sing to the bladder and string,
 Like hogs in high winds hunting.

RECITATIVE.

Ye social sons ! ye lady-loving race !
 Who taste with transport love's unfeign'd embrace,
 Who mingle o'er the wit-enlivening bowl,
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
 No more let dullness in a foreign tongue
 Taint your true tastes, nor give up sense for song.
 Beauties of *Britain*, ye fair female race,
 Whose words are music, and whose motions grace :
 Joy of all hearts, with of admiring eyes,
 Heav'n's last, best gift, and love's luxurious prize.
 Forgive and favour these our rude essays,
 And patronize our rustic roundelays.

SONG.

Prithee leave off this dull panegyric, my dear,
 The ladies have wish'd the choice spirits to hear,
 To divert them this night in borlace we appear.
 Since singing's the taste, let us have a duet,
 Between us we'll make what you call a burletta,
 He shall do the old man, and you do *Spilletta*.

RECITATIVE.

I've got a cold, indeed I'm very hoarse,
 I fear wish singing, sir—to make it worse.
 Yet still I'll strive, nay work like any negro,
 From slow *Adagio*, up to quick *Allegro*,
 Then change from *Forte* to the soft *Piano* ;

Tha:

That I will be,
 Si Signor Si,
 Indeed a Bon Compagno.
 Come, my dear daughter, come, Miss *Nicolina*.
 I must compose a new burletta grinna,
 And with my fingers play the symphonina.
 'Tis dinner-time, I find, my dear Signora ;
 Go fetch some stakes, Va—fetch some stakes, encora.
 While I make unison of these stoccato's,
 Boil me some broth, and roast some nice potatoes.

SONG.

Volti largo mi affetto,
 Subito andante.

RECITATIVE.

Put some greens in cabbage netto,
 And make some soup fante.

SONG.

Non troppo n' affettuoso,
 Tace primo violin.

RECITATIVE.

The broth will be but so so,
 If you don't put oatmeal in.
 Thirds, fifths and eighths, a half's above a quarter,
 A minum's long, a quaver is much shorter ;
 Before you lay the cloth, go get a pint of porter.

SONG.

She. Pray, papa, pardonna moy,
 Son confusa, ah ma foy.
He. Fetch some drink !
She. Indeed not I, indeed not I, indeed not I.
He. You're ill bred, miss.
She. That's a lye.
He. Gallop, trollop,
 Va vivace, va vivace,
 Trollop, gallop.

She. Tace ta.

He. Le diable.

She. Bribble brabble barboncina.

He. Cara spillatta.

She. Foollatta.

He. Le diable.

She. Bribble brabble piccicina.

He. Cara spilatta.

She. Foolatta ca.

SONG.

Thus with jargon they juggle us out of our money,
With cara da capo encore abandoni,
Each phrase must be fine, it's nouvelle we are sure
on't,
Nouvelle let it be, and let us hear no more on't.

Be not *Britons* misled by a song or a dance,
Nor your fathers forget they're remember'd in *France*.
Shall capers, concertos, couplees, serenades,
Demolish the men that demolish *Armadas*.

The black prince and his father at Poitiers and
Cressy,
Compos'd some rough music made monsieurs uneasy,
King *Henry* the fifth too at *Agincourt's* rout,
Led them up such a dance that he put them all out.

To play us a concert, *Spain* sent an armada;
To return it, *Drake* gave them a sea serenada;
This music was copy'd by *Warren* and *Anson*,
Which made the *French* cry *Diable* *Angeterre* chanson.

Singers, fiddlers, and dancers, when first they came
here,
Out of feathers and flesh, just like woodcocks appear;
But plump'd by our plenty, they're puff'd into pride,
Give a beggar a horse: we know where he'll ride.

Let them walk, trot, or gallop, but send them
from hence.
Nor to sound my dear countrymen, sacrifice sense;
Our

Our wit is invaded, resist now or never,
And defend common sense, and Old *England* for
ever.

The last Song, and general Chorus.

Of love, wit, and wine, our songs we'll raise,
The tripple alliance we re boasting;
With wit we can celebrate beauty's praise,
With wine we those beauties are toasting:
To Portugal's paint, or opera airs,
We never will be in debt, ah!
Pure white and red blooms in the face of our fair,
And wit has eclips'd the burletta.

Then in chorus join
To love, wit, and wine,
And sound them forth clever,
To those men of taste,
Who on love and wit feast,
Of Old *England*, Old *England*,
Huzza! Old *England* for ever.

The following Song is introduced in the first Act.

WHEN PHÆBUS the tops of the hills does ad-
orn,
How sweet is the sound of the ecchoing horn!
When the antled stag is rous'd with the sound,
Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground;
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:
But still we pursue,
And now come in view
Of the glorious game.

Oh! see, how again he rears up his head,
And wing'd with fear, he redoubles his speed.
But, ah, 'tis in vain! 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his eyes lose the huntsmen; his ears lose the
cries;
For now his strength fails him, he heavily sighs,
And he pants——pants——
'Till with well-scented hounds surrounded he dies.
Tantaron——Tantaron——he dies.

E P I.

EPILOGUE.

To the
tune of
come let us
prepare we
brothers
that are

}

MY song, sirs, excuse,
And pardon my muse,
If for once she appears as a joker;
The town taste I'll shew,
And the whole criss-cross-row,
Put into the tune ALLY CROKER.

To the
tune of
ALLY
CROKER.

}

Great *A* was alarm'd at *B*'s bad behaviour,
Because *C* deny'd *D*, *E*, *F*, a favour,
G got a Husband with *H*, *I*, *K* and *L*,
M marry'd *MARY* and Scholars taught to
spell,
A, *B*, *C*, *D*, *E*, *F*, *G*, *H*, *I*, *K*, *L*, *M*.

*It went hard at first with N, O, P and Q
With R, S, T, single V and likewise with W,
With X and Y it stuck in their gizzards
Till all were made friends by the two crooked Zds.
Oh rare humpback'd Zds.*

*These words have no wit,
Tho' the tune they may hit,
But who thought to find wit in a tune;
Did the town relish sense,
Wou'd they run with expence,
To Burlettas of Signor BUFFOONO.*

*The old fellow's face,
With his grunt and grimace
And his bad teeth shewn by a grinna;
Tho' we can't understand him,
We must needs commend him,
And we must we miss NICOLINA.*

The Songs before GRINNA are in number, fourteen; the Songs in GRINNA (not numbered) are twelve, so that the number of the next song is 27.

S O N G 27.

FAIR's my LUCY as the day,
Brighter than the blooming May :
CUPID revels in her eyes ;
On her lips rich Nectar lies.

When she moves, 'tis JUNO walks ;
When she speaks, MINERVA talks ;
When she sings, th' angelic strain
Might assuage the fiercest pain.

Clasp'd within her snowy arms,
Blest with all her world of charms ;
Let me thus entron'd expire ;
God's ! 'tis all that I desire.

S O N G 28. *The Ballad of King JOHN
and the Abbot of Canterbury.*

[This ancient ballad is inserted agreeable to our preface, wherein we have laid it down as part of our plan, to present the reader with the original song, old or new, referred to for the tune, (if not already taken into this work) immediately before or after the song we may first have occasion to refer from. Song 29 being to the old tune originally composed for the following ballad, said ballad, therefore, is intitled to this place in our collection.]

I'LL tell you a story, a story anon,
Of a noble prince, and his name was king JOHN ;
For he was a prince, a prince of great might,
He held up great wrongs, and he put down great Right,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the abbot of Canterbury ;

C

And

And of his house-keeping and high renown,
Which made him repair to fair London town.

How now, brother Abbot! 'tis told unto me,
That thou keep'st a far better house than I;
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou hast treason against my crown.

I hope my liege, that you owe me no grudge,
For spending of my true gotten goods;
If thou dost not answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be taken from thy body.

When I am set on my steed so high,
With my crown of gold upon my head;
Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much mirth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

And the next question you must not flout,
How long I shall be riding the world about?
And the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think.

O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
For I cannot answer your grace as yet;
But if you will give me three days space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace.

O three days space I will thee give,
For that is the longest day thou hast to live;
And if thou dost not answer these questions right,
Thy head shall be taken from thy body quite.

And as the shepherd was going to his fold,
He spy'd the old Abbot come riding along;
How now master Abbot, you're welcome home,
What news have you brought from good king JOHN.

Sad news, sad news, I have thee to give,
For I have but three days space for to live;
If I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be taken from my body.

When

When he is set on his steed so high,
With his crown of gold upon his head ;
Amongst all his nobility, with joy and much mirth,
I must tell him to one penny what he is worth.

And the next question I must not flout,
How long he shall be riding the world about ;
And the third question I must not shrink,
But tell to him truly what he does think.

O master did you never hear it yet,
That a fool may learn a wise man wit ?
Lend me but your horse and your apparel,
I'll ride to fair *London* and answer the quarrel.

Now I am set on my steed so high,
With my crown of gold upon my head ;
Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much mirth,
Now tell me to one penny what I am worth.

For thirty pence our Saviour was sold,
Amongst the false *Jews*, as you have been told ;
And nine and twenty's the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than he.

And the next question thou maist not flout,
How long I shall be riding the world about ?
You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Untill the next morning he rises again.

And then I am sure, you will make no doubt,
But in twenty four hours you'll ride it about ;
And the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me truly what I do think.

All that I can do, and' twill make your heart merry,
For you think I'm the Abbot of *Canterbury* ;
But I'm his poor shepherd as you may see,
And am come to beg pardon for he and for me.

'The king he turn'd him about, and did smile,
Saying thou shalt be Abbot the other while ;
O no my grace, there is no such need,
For I can neither write or read.

Then

Then four pounds a week will I give unto thee,
 For this merry true jest thou hast told unto me ;
 And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home,
 Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king JOHN.

S O N G 29.

*The Invitation to Dr. LE HUNT's, at Bransen's-town in
 the county of Dublin. — To the tune of the foregoing ballad.*

'T WAS early I rose, so resplendent the day,
 The birds were deluded, and took it for May.
 The Throffle's clear note, eccho'd loud thro' the groves,
 And the Wood-queests all round me sat cooing their loves.
Derry down, down, &c.

The lambs newly drop'd, tho' scarce able to stand,
 Yet strove to evade the fond touch of my hand ;
 By instinct directed, so early to ken,
 No foes can approach 'em more hurtful than men.

A train of reflections soon busy'd my mind,
 On reason, the bubbling boast of mankind ;
 Who tear the poor dupe, whilst they seem to caress,
 And accumulate wealth, by each other's distress.

With musing fatigu'd, on the grass I reclin'd,
 Where a brook thro' the glen doth invitingly wind.
 And as o'er the smooth pebbles it gently did creep,
 The musical murmur compos'd me to sleep.

When strait by my side there appear'd a fair maid,
 In vestments as white as the lilly array'd ;
 Whose ruddy complexion, and glee of whose face,
 Shew'd health had a sovereign sway in the place.

“ Your censures are rash,” said she, “ why for a few,
 “ Shou'd you judge the whole world to be false and
 “ untrue ?

“ Come

" Come to *Branen's-town*¹ house on the top of the hill,
 " And your splenetic humours we'll teach you to kill.

" With all that the eye can take in, of delight ;
 " With all that the heart conceives virtuous and right ;
 " With all that brings mirth, and gives vapours the
 " " rout,
 " I'll engage you'll be pleased both within and with-
 " out."

I thank'd her,—but told her I couldn't that day,
 For I din'd with the 'squire² and good Mrs. BRAY.
 " Be it soon," she replied, " or I take an affront ;
 " CONTENT is my name, and I live with LE HUNT.

S O N G 30.

YOUNG KITTY, blooming, gay and fair,
 Has drove five hundred to despair :
 Where e'er the wanton darts her eyes,
 Down drops the bleeding sacrifice.

E'en hoary sages, they too feel
 She stabs with something worse than steel ;
 But practise freely rules I give,
 And spite of KITTY you shall live.

C 3

No

¹ *Branen's-town, a seat in the county of Dublin ; the property of Dr. LE HUNT, a physician of great eminence, but who had retir'd from practice some years before the above was wrote : a gentleman, who, from his extensive charities, benevolence, and great affability, rendered himself justly beloved by every person happy enough to be acquainted with him.—He is since dead, when the many who stood in need of his assistance lost a most valuable benefactor ; and those who did not, a sincere friend and amiable companion.*

² JOHN ADAIR, of Kiltiernan, Esq ;

No longer think on such a face,
 Completely form'd to damn your race :
 'The playhouse, ball, and route refrain ;
 'They but augment the lover's pain.

Were KITTY kind it soon might end :
 A bottle is a lasting friend.
 Ten thousand Cupids should she call,
 In claret you may drown them all.

SONG 31. *The Lover's Resolve.*

THE Nymph that I love is a dangerous fair ;
 Her eyes dart so fiercely ; her breasts do so
 heave ;
 Whenever I speak, she's so cross, I declare ;
 I do nought all the day but torment me, and grieve.—
 But if once I should get,
 My fair one, my BETT,
 To yonder green arbor, surrounded with sweets ;
 Where violet and primrose,
 And woodbine there too grows ;
 Let her frown as she will,—I'll feel how her heart beats.
 If gently she take it, I'll ply her more close :—
 Young CUPID, play round, and excite her to love ;—
 Shou'd she take kind my vow, I'll double the dose,
 And press her of joys the sublimest to prove.—
 For the slight and the pain,
 'That I late did sustain,
 I seek from the wanton an ample return ;
 No time to be cruel,
 I'll give my dear jewel ;
 But lay on thy altar the maid 'till she burn.

SONG 32.

A Duett between a Sailor and his Wife.

She. **H**OW loth am I still to believe you!—
 Again to the dangerou deep ?
 Blow the gale e're so mild--how 'twill grieve me !
 Think then if SUSANNAH can sleep !

He

He. Sweet SUSEY forbear, my dear child ;
Can a coward e'er merit thy charms ?
Shall my king by the French be beguil'd !
Whilst I sleep at ease in thy arms ?

She. No, no, my dear ROBIN, conceive me,
To GEORGE I would still have you true ;
Yet may be for ever you leave me,
And shall not tears trickle for you ?

He. Cheer up, you fool, sure you don't know
How trifling the dread of to-day ;
Don't we sail with BOSCAWEN and HOWE ?
They'll be damnd e're they come in our way.

She. Nay, ROBIN, if that be the case,
We've little occasion to fear ;
Then let's have one parting embrace,——
Adieu to thee, ROBIN, my dear !

She. One other,——one other embrace !——
Adieu to thee, ROBIN, my dear.

He. One other——one other embrace !——
Adieu to thee, SUSEY, my dear.

S O N G 33. *The Good Fellow.*

DISTANT fly thee, carping care,
From the spot where I do dwell ;——
Rigid mortals come not there ;
Frowns begone to hermit cell.——
But let me live the life of souls,
With love, and laugh, and flowing bowls.

Miser with thy paltry pelf,
I give 'gainst thee my hate its scope ;
Wretch, that liv'st but for thyself,
With heart of rust that cannot ope.——
Fly, bird of night, from sun and souls,
'That love and laugh o'er flowing bowls.

Who

Who can let the pensive go,
 Or the eye that drops a tear;
 And not weed their minds of woe,
 May not dare to peep in here.——
 Who can't be friends can ne'er be souls,
 Nor e'er shall quaff our flowing bowls.——

Joys on joys, O let me taste;
 Health and mirth, dwell in my gate;
 Whilst with ease my sand dost waste,
 Whilst I bless the book of fate.——
 That let's me live the life of souls,
 With love and laugh, and flowing bowls.

SONG 34. *The Chimney Sweeper.*

IN various shapes I've oft been known,
 To please your ears and eyes;
 Nor I the only one in town,
 That wears the black disguise.
Sweep! sweep! Sweep! — foot ho!

In spite of mocks, or flouts, or sneers,
 A truth I must impart;
 No chimney half so foul appears,
 As doth the human heart.

The learned lawyers cou'd I win
 To give their briefs to me;
 From foul demurs, and many a sin,
 My brush shou'd set them free.

Observe the doctors as they roll,
 To scrape from all Degrees;
 Much sweeping wants each footy soul,
 All clogg'd with filthy fees.

Behold yon priest, so neat and trim,
 That vicious reverend beau!——
 There's no such thing as cleansing him,
 The Devil and I do know

The statesman with that brow severe,
 Had been as well forgot ;—
 His conscience is as ermin clear,
 And therefore needs me not.

S O N G 35.

STRANGER to the pensive brow,
 To the bosom damp'd with care,
 To the languid love-sick vow,
 All the plagues that great ones share ;
 Waiter, bring me t'other flask,
 'Twill make but fix, a slender task.

Bane to me the plaintive sigh,
 I doat on jolly cheek and red,
 Hence, far hence, the woe worn eye,
 And come, brisk laughter, in its stead.
 Away and crown our flasks and bowls,
 For night's the holiday of souls.

Jove may give to whom he will,
 Treasures of the golden mine :
 Devotee to BACCHUS still,
 I'll never seek another shrine ;
 But sing and dance and kiss and quaff,
 And make the world a world of laugh.

S O N G 36.

A'T *Ballyduff-hill* there dwelt an old pair,
 And it may be they dwell there still ;
 Much riches indeed didn't fall to their share,
 They kept a small farm and a mill.

But fully content with what they did get,
 They knew nought of guile or of arts ;
 One daughter they had, her name it was *BET*,
 And she was the joy of their hearts.

Nut-brown were her locks, her shape it was strait,
 Her eyes were as black as a floe,
 Her teeth were milk-white, full smart was her gait,
 And as sleek was her skin as a doe.

All dark were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
 No bit of true blue cou'd be spy'd ;
 A child numb'd with cold came and knock'd at the door,
 It's mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young BET was as mild as a morn of sweet May,
 The babe she hugg'd close to her breast ;
 She chaf'd him all o'er, and he smil'd as he lay,
 She cuddl'd and lull'd him to rest.

But who do you think was this very fine prize ?
 Why, Love, the young master of arts :
 As soon as he wak'd he shook off his disguise,
 And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am CUPID, but be not afraid,
 Tho' all I make shake at my will ;
 So good and so kind is your heart, my fair maid,
 No harm shall you feel from my skill.

My mother ne'er dealt with more fondness by me ;
 As such I shall look on you still :
 Take my bow and my darts, and be greater than she,
 The VENUS of *Ballyduff-hill*.

SONG 37. *A Hunting Cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

THE high-pois'd lark, salutes the opening dawn ;
 The dripping cowslips rear their dewy heads ;
 Across the copse the ruddy milkmaid chants,
 And PHÆBUS tints with gold his *Wicklow* hills.

AIR.

*With well scented hounds, and with jolly-ton'd horn,
 We'll rouse the proud stag with the first of the morn.*

See,

*See, see from the covert, how proudly he springs :
Hark ! hark ! the pack opens ;—'tis music for kings.
With scorn and disdain how he snuffs up the wind,
He leaps the park wall, and he throws us behind.
No more he perceives us, gets rid of his pain ;
Tan ta ra, says echo !—They're with you again.*

*Thro' woodlands then he leads the sweep,
He fords the river, climbs the steep ;
The brow he gains,—he stops,—he turns,
He fears,—he pants—he chills—he burns !*

*To the herd then he scowrs amain ;
His suit to the herd proves in vain ;
He faints !—he drops !—the huntsman cries
Dead ! dead ! ware Haunch !—he dies, he dies.*

SONG 38 *The Tutor.*

WHEN JENNY the gay I first courted to wed,
Whole rheams I of love to her sent ;
But back she return'd them, and scornfully said,
That she cou'dn't tell what the fool meant.

Resolv'd not to give up the matter so tame.
I follow'd wherever she went ;
At the park,—at the play,—at the route 'twas the same ;
Still she cou'dn't tell what the fool meant.—

Her maid was my friend ; and advis'd me to hope ;
Or else I had quitted the scent ;
For my tale she wou'd stop, if my lips I did ope,
With—she cou'dn't tell what the fool meant.

But MOLLY, in lieu of a handfull of gold,
In the chamber of JENNY me pent ;
Three long hours and more I lay shiv'ring with cold,
That the girl might know what the fool meant.—

But what are these hours, nay threescore and three,
To be crown'd at the last with content ;—
Young JENNY's no longer hard hearted to me,
Since I shew'd her what 'twas the fool meant.

SONG

S O N G 39.

C O M E booze, my lads, booze ; push the bottle
about,

Ye ninnies for whom wou'd you save ?
Your wife, with her fondness, who makes such a rout,
She'll laugh 'er : you're cold in your grave.
Mankind are mere sham's wear what vizors they please ;
The only true friends are fair bumpers and ease.

Do you scrape for a son, whom with cost and with care
You have hitherto anxiously bred ?
The first in the chamber shall be the young heir,
To pluck pillow from under your head.
Nunc, nunc est bibendum, our motto you see,
Stick, stick to it close, and be happy as we.

For friend, or for mistress ar't heaping thy store ?
Ah trisler !—but little you know !
An ear-ring perverts your bright faint to a w——e ;
Distress of your friend makes a foe.
What need of advice against hoarding of pelf ?
A bumper, a bumper will speak for itself.

Haste, haste ye to us, and but do as we do,
I warrant you ne'er will repent :
The tale of a tub is both merry and true,
I ne'er knew what other tales meant.
Let 'em preach, let 'em fight, let 'em cavil and brawl.
A bumper and ease I prefer to 'em all.

S O N G 40.

L E T all the painters on earth paint
The dames of town or valley ;
Their warmest beauties are but faint,
Compar'd to those of SALLY.

Ye bucks and beaux, with jemmy cloaths,
Who rant, and rake, and rally ;—
With NELL and POLL, and drabs like those,
You'll never do for SALLY.

Her

Her eyes are black, and pierce so quick,
 'Tis dang'rous work to dally;—
 I'm sure I ne'er was half so sick
 As I've been made by SALLY.

Her shape is strait, her bosom white:
 Describe her full, how shall I?
 All that can give supreme delight,
 Exists at once in SALLY.

But, curse on fortune, she will toy:—
 Whilst kings might fight for SALLY;
 Why will she keep the *Naked Boy*
 And live in Copper-alley?—

SONG 41. *Sung in the character of CHA-
 RON.*

Tune: The Abbot of Canterbury:—*which see in
 page 25.*

A Plague on the English commanders, for me,
 North and south, east and west, from the land
 and the sea,

They mow down such heaps of the rascally French,
 I'm as sick of my boat, as a judge of his bench.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I wish on their swords I cou'd fix but a spell;
 There isn't a grain of true comfort in hell.
 In such shoals they arrive, and make such a d—n'd riot,
 One can't take a sup of one's brimstone in quiet.

Whole armies come yonder, as I am alive,
 Of Blacks and Mulattoes, from thundering CLIVE.
 I wish his good king wou'd command him to Britain,
 Or else this d—n'd fuss we shall never be quit on.

Av!—rore till your hearts ach, I'm deaf as the tide,
 Neither I or my wherry, such toil can abide;
 And if PLUTO don't ease me of some o'this pothor,
 Let his devilship row, or else get him another.

D

Odso!

Odso!—a good thought is just come in my head,
 To LOUIS young MERCURY strait shall be sped;
 His flat-bottom boats sure he will not refuse,
 He may very well spare, what he never can use.

SONG 42.

Tune: The TWITCHER: which see next after this song.

POLITICIANS may prate
 On affairs of the state,
 And wrangle and make a great route;
 But our voices we'll join
 In the praise of good wine,
 So my friends push the bottle about, *brave boys,*
So my friends push the bottle about.

'Tis this makes us bold
 And will keep out the cold,
 Such virtues in claret combine;
 While the flask is in view,
 Our joys are still new,
 And our cares are all drown'd in good wine, *brave boys,*
 &c.

That fellow's an ass,
 Who would sneak from his glass,
 For some insolent CLOE to whine;
 Let him come no more here,
 For by BACCHUS I swear,
 He's not worthy to taste of our wine, *brave boys, &c.*

The nectar of old,
 That so much is extoll'd,
 Which the deities drink when they dine;
 Let none hence deceive ye,
 For if you'll believe me,
 Their nectar's no more than good wine, *brave boys, &c.*

Those hero's so stout,
 Who our enemies route,

And

And to glory so much do incline ;
Was the flask out of sight,
They no longer could fight,
So the praise is all due to good wine, *brave boys, &c.*

The poet whose wit,
Each humour can hit,
Who with rapture makes flow ev'ry line ;
What tho' he may chuse,
Other names for his muse,
Yet the name of the muse—is good wine, *brave boys, &c.*

The priest so devout,
His text to help out,
Seeks relief in his cardinal fine ;
After taking a sup,
From a full flowing cup.
Cries “ There's nothing on earth like good wine.”
brave boys, &c.

To sum up my song, *
That you may'nt think it long,
Tho' the subject you'll own is divine ;
From the east to the west
By all folks 'tis confest, *
That there's nothing can equal good wine, *brave boys,*
&c.

SONG 43. *The Twitcher : an old song.*

A Damsel, I'm told,
Of delicate mold,
Whose father was dead, to enrich her,
Of all her fine things,
Lace, ribbons, and rings,
Priz'd nothing so much as her twitcher, *poor girl,*
Priz'd nothing so much as her twitcher.

The youths all around,
With courtship profound,

Try'd every art to bewitch her :

But she was so chaste,

She'd not be embrac'd

By any thing else but her twitcher, *poor girl, &c.*

Each offer'd his pelf,

In exchange for herself,

If to him the parson might stich her ;

But still she reply'd,

She'd never be ty'd

To any thing else but her twitcher, *poor girl, &c.*

But CUPID, grown wild,

To see himself foil'd,

Resolv'd to find ways to bewitch her,

And humble her pride,

Whatever betide,

He scorn'd to give way to the twitcher, *poor girl, &c.*

Brisk STREPHON, the young,

Whose amorous tongue

Was baited with words to bewitch her,

The god did prepare,

To combat the fair,

And try'd to out-rival her twitcher, *poor girl, &c.*

Young STREPHON drew nigh her,

And flush'd with desire,

Try'd kisses and oaths to bewitch her,

He prattl'd and toy'd,

But still she reply'd,

Pish, let go the hold of my twitcher, *poor girl, &c.*

But this cunning spark,

So well took his mark,

He found out the way to o'er-reach her ;

He gave her a trip,

Which happen'd to slip

The mystical knot of her twitcher, *poor girl, &c.*

And thus having ended

The thing he intended,

Who

Who knows what he did to bewitch her,
 She cry'd, no, no, no;
 But yet I can't go:
 Now do what you will with my twitcher, *dear boy*, &c.

SONG 44. *A Hunting Cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

NOW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top,
 Its different notes each feather'd warbler tunes,
 The milkmaid's carrol glads the ploughman's ear,
 The jolly huntsman winds his cheerful horn,
 And the staunch pack return the low'd salute.

AIR.

*The hounds are unkennel'd, and now,
 Thro' the copse and the furze will we lead,
 Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,
 For there lurks the thief that must bleed.
 I told you so, didn't I?—see where he flies:
 'Twas Bellman that open'd, so sure the fox dies.
 Let the horn's jolly sound
 Encourage the bound,
 And float thro' the echoing skies.*

RECITATIVE.

The chase began, nor rock, nor flood, nor swamp,
 Quickset, or gate, the thundering course retard;
 Till the dead notes proclaim the fallen prey,
 Then—to the sportive 'squire's capacious bowl.

AIR.

*O'er that and old beer of his own,
 That is sound, bright, and wholesome we'll sing,
 Drink success to great GEORGE and his crown,
 For each heart to a man's with the king.*

*And next will we fill to Jove's favorite scene,
The rich isle of Saints, Hibernia I mean;
Where men, horses and hounds,
Can be stopt by no bounds,
For no spot on the earth e'er bred sporters so keen.*

S O N G 45. *The Choice Spirits Lottery.*

*Tune: The Big-belly'd Bottle:—which see next after
this song.*

YE national schemers a while give me leave,
A scheme I'll advance that shall no one deceive;
No humbug I mean, set on foot by the great,
Tho' a lottery's my scheme—it is not of state.

No hazards your tickets divide into shares,
To plunder your pockets and heighten your cares,
No blanks to depress you come in my design,
The wheel is good-humour'd, the prize is—good wine.

From a scheme such as this, what delight must accrue,
To a people who always give BACCHUS his due.
Choice god of the grape, by thy virtues inspir'd,
The cause I'll relate you, so justly admir'd.

'Tis wine gives that freedom we always maintain,
The slave fill'd with claret despises his chain;
'Tis wine gives us wit and enobles our sense,
And aids fancy's flight as new spirits commence.

The hero aspires to conquest and arms;
The lover despises his mistress's charms;
The preacher delivers his precepts so fine,
Replete with the pow'r-giving juice of the vine.

Then our lottery attend, all who love frisk and fun,
You are sure of a prize, for no more than a crown;
APOLLO and BACCHUS here jointly agree,
To take off the hyp and renew you with glee.

Let the vot'ry of PLUTUS who values his pelf,
To be happy for once—steal a crown from himself;

Ye

Ye sons of the turf, leave your tricking and lies,
The whole course is a blank—here you are sure of a
prize.

Ye lovers, ye fops, or whatever may please,
Leave your sighing and care, here you'll quickly find
ease;

Old and young, great and little, attend to my call,
This evening we draw fir, at—Comus's-hall.

S O N G 46. *Big belly'd Bottle.*

THE women all tell me I am false to my lass,
That I quit my poor CLOE, and stick to my glass;
But to you men of reason, my reasons I'll own,
And if you don't like them, why let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair,
But such goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My CLOE had dimples and smiles, I must own,
But though she cou'd smile, yet in truth, she cou'd
frown;
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did ye e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses are just in their prime,
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time;
But to wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been
cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid, when once it's enjoy'd;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let battles, and murders, and history prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love;

But in drinking, thank Heaven, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joys of my life,
With nurses, and babies, and squalling, and strife;
But my wine, neither nurses or babies can bring:
Why, *a big belly'd bottle's* a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,
It brings on diseases, and hastens old age;
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She had left me to get an estate, or a lord;
But my bumper, regarding nor title nor pelf,
Will stand by me when I can't stand by my self.

Then let my dear CLOE no longer complain;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain:
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy,
Should you doubt what I say,—take a bumper and try.

S O N G 47. *Answer to the foregoing.*

To the same tune.

FOR shame, men of reason will think you an ass,
To prefer before women your bottle and glass,
For surely, the choicest of liquors could ne'er;
With the charms of a beautiful woman compare.

You say of good wine that you never can cloy:
It does both your health and your senses destroy;
Besides the best liquor, whatever you boast,
Would drink but insipid, without a fair toast.

What if CLOE could frown, that cloud would soon
clear,
And she might again with all sweetness appear;
But wine, when once sour'd, all art is in vain,
For it ne'er can be brought to perfection again.

Tho'

Tho' in praise of big bottles you merrily write,
 Yet our nurses, and babes, give us lasting delight,
 For in time, they serve both their country and king,
 So a big belly'd wife is a much better thing.

S O N G 48. *Woman.*

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare,
 The merits of wine with the charms of the fair;
 I appeal to the men to determine between
 A tun-bellied BACCHUS, and beauty's fair queen.

A tun bellied BACCHUS, &c.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,
 For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine;
 Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,
 'Tis the mention of CLOE that makes the glass smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
 And the more I behold her, the more I admire;
 But the charms of her temper and mind I adore,
 These virtues shall bleis me when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage!
 'Tis the transport of youth, 'tis the comfort of age;
 But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl?
 Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul.

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
 The longer I drink the more thirsty am I;
 From this fair confession, 'tis plain, my good friend,
 You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-bellied bottle may ravish your eye,
 But how foolish you'll look, when your bottle is dry!
 From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must spring,
 Nay the stoics must own it,—she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine, we may justly afford,
 For a time it will make one as great as a lord;
 But woman for ever gives transport to man,
 And I'll love the dear sex—aye, as long as I can.

SONG 49. *The Antigallic Mason's Song.*

THE wond'ring world with curious eye,
 Into our mystery would pry;
 E'en men of highest stations,
 With fond ambition long to scan
 The well-concerted deep-laid plan
 Of Antigallic masons.

Our president, whose glorious name
 Stands high advanc'd by loud-mouth'd fame,
 Has dignify'd our choice;
 If zeal for GEORGE, if freedom's cause,
 If public virtue claims applause,
 We must in him rejoice.

He bids it boldly be reveal'd,
 The secret hitherto conceal'd,
 The only one we've made:
 'That all we wish or could advance,
 Is triumph o'er the power of France,
 And our chief blessing, *trade*.

SONG 50.

*On being present at a great meeting of Psalm-singers, to perform at***church near Cork, on Sunday the 29th of June.*
 —Tune: Ye beaux and belles of Mallow Wells,
&c. which see in the first vol.

FROM social D——s' friendly farm,
 To —— church we rode;
 Where, to protect our souls from harm,
 We heard the word of God.

Chaunters, from far and near, that day
 Had been for months expected;
 And JOHNS and JOANS, as blith as May,
 In crowds were there collected.

On horses lame and blind they came,
 And some on foot did run ;
 And there was ale, and cakes, and game :
 'Twas to a wake, all one.

S——'s rev'rend substitute was dull ;
 The clerk had bung'd his eyes ;
 The weather hot, the church brimfull :
 I thought 'twas time to rise.

No, whisper'd BEN, altho' I'm tir'd
 Of stuff not worth a farthing ;
 I can't go out, 'twill be admir'd,
 Because I'm now church warden.

But look amongst our pews and say,
 If in all Dublin city,
 Girls may be found so brisk and gay,
 So taper and so pretty ?

Around I threw my wand'ring eyes,
 And tho' in courts they've been,
 I there declare without disguise,
 More charming was the scene.

A native innocence there reign'd
 In ev'ry blooming face :
 Superior praises none obtain'd,
 For each had equal grace.

Sure never were so fair a set,
 Assembl'd in a ring ;
 Nor e'er before such angels met,
 To hear such mortals sing.

SONG 51. *Friendly Advice to an extra-
 vagant young lady of the town.*

THE abject trash of venal things,
 With justice you despise ;
 Accurs'd the pen, that means to bring,
 A tear from S——y's eyes.

Yet,

Yet, brighter than the radiant morn,
Or poet can conceive ;
Most angel-like, tho' mortal born,
A friendly truth believe.

A time will come, be sure, dear maid,
When you no more shall run,
The giddy circle now you tread,
Nor swains be more undone.

We have CHARLOTTE, BETSEY, HARRIOT known,
Attract the crowd by turns ;
But ah !—how alter'd now, and down !
How low love's fire burns !

To hoard with care the glittering dirt,
All other thoughts expel ;
And when nor pique, or vogue can hurt,
Say I advis'd you well.

SONG 52. *The Happy Bacchalian.*

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
Laugh, and lordly care despise ;
Sorrow ne'er can bring relief,
Joys from drinking will arise ;
Why should we with worldly care,
Spoil what nature made so fair ?
*Drink, and set your hearts at rest ;
Of a bad bargain make the best.*

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honour do aspire,
Give me freedom, give me health,
That's the sum of my desire :
What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content.
*Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Quiet of mind is always best.*

Busy

Busy brains, we know, alas!

With imagination run,
Like the sand i' th' hour-glass,
Runs, and runs, and still runs on;
Never knowing where to stay;
But uneasy every way.

*Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.*

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
Make the heart alert and free;
Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
Still the same thing it is with me;
There's no fence against our fate,
Changes daily on us wait.

*Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.*

S O N G 53. *On a miller in love with two
pretty ladies.*

GO tool of state,
And scratch thy pate,
And tear thy lungs to tatters:
Now in, now out,
Take t'other bout;
I sing of country matters.

The court, 'tis true,
Has charms for you;
But take it not in joke, sir;
When I declare,
Your string and star
Mere baubles are at S——ke, sir.

Ambition here,
Did ne'er appear;
Your sun-shine we despise, sir;
We've all we ask,
When we can bask
In POLL and BETSEY's eyes, sir.

Those

Those lovely maids,
 To masquerades,
 Altho' they've not been bred, fir;
 In rural dance,
 Might challenge France,
 And put their dames to bed, fir.

Like light'ning shine
 Their eyes divine,
 They're strait and handsome grown, fir;
 And tho' you see,
 No lady B——,
 Their faces are their own, fir.

At Mallow's stream,
 They're still my theme;
 And in the 'squire's park, fir;
 To give me ease,
 I spoil the trees,
 By carving it on bark, fir.

O VINCENT why
 Are not you I?
 For then I could go boldly;
 But old and poor,
 They'd shut the door,
 And use the miller coldly.

When * Flagellet,
 Tell POLL and BET,
 The priest has done his duty;
 Their curt'sies made,
 Each killing jade
 Removes her fund of beauty:

I stay

* The instrument made use of to play the congregation out of church instead of an organ.

I stay behind,
 I gaze on wind ;
 Till blind as MADEN's thriller ;
 Then, bang the gate,
 And curse the fate,
 Of feeble MULL the miller.

SONG. 54.

From a sailor on board the Bridgewater man of war, Lord GEORGE GRAHAM commander, to his brother in Waterford, on their ships beating those of the enemy. Most of those on board the English ships were Irishmen.—Tune : The abbot of Canterbury : which see before, page 25.

THE news you may credit, dear JACK, that I send,
 'Tis of an engagement we've had at Ostend ;
 Where, glorious recital !—the truth I advance,
 The ships man'd from Ireland beat those man'd from
 France.

Derry down, down, &c.

With haughty bravados boast Gallia no more ;
 We have thumpt you at sea, and we'll thump you on
 shore.
 You'll never find our boys in haste to agree,
 Whilst ships man'd from Ireland do keep the salt sea.

At Tournay ye beat us ; 'twill do ye no good,
 For each spoonful we lost, we'll have gallons of blood.
 Till our boys are hurt they are always too civil ;
 But sting 'em once home, and they'll fight like the d—I.

Your puffs are all wind, and no merit inhance ;
 Tho' ye own'd the ball, yet we'll have the last dance.
 Ye've hoisted your flag, but we'll make ye soon strike it ;
 Or play such a jig, 'tis a chance if you like it.

Thus the Bridgewater spoke, and went to it pell-mell ;
 And FARREL and DOGHERTY fought too like Hell ;
Arms

Arms and legs flew about like a shower of hail,
And what heads were left on—thought it best to turn
tail.

Most christian-like king ! had your majesty seen
An action like this, 'twou'd have fill'd you with spleen ;
From our scoopers ran blood of your subjects so rare,
Who are now cutting caprioles Heaven knows where.

With the old Irish spirit we drove ye ashore ;
Took and sunk all the rest ; and what could we do more ?
At sight of this,—drink to Lord GRAHAM all good,
And wish their whole navy as fast in the mud.

SONG 55. *The Dream: a London ballad.*

To the same tune as the foregoing.

YE critics, I pray, be not piqu'd at my theme,
What I'm going to tell you is nought but a dream :
Methought from JACK SPEED*, came an odd invitation,
To convene the choice spirits of this laughing nation.
Derry down.

I have promis'd, quoth JACK, at old PLUTO's desire,
A grand high borlace (for there's none shall be higher)
And provided his highness would honour the chair,
That all the choice spirits that night should appear.

T'obey the command of my friend I soon hasted,
Nor a moment, (till all things were settled) was wasted ;
To the place where the carriages inn'd, we soon hied,
With SHUTER, MATT. SKEGGS, and a hundred beside.

We soon left behind this terrestrial sphere,
And quickly to view did Elysium appear,

Where

* The first person who formed the choice spirits into a society, who used in his life-time, to assemble at his house, the white-horse-inn, in Fetter-lane, London.

Where swarms of odd creatures were kenn'd on the
shore,
Who, as they descry'd us, huzza'd more and more.

JACK SPEED stepping forth with a welcome to all,
Conducted us strait to old PLUTO's great hall,
Who seated aloft with majestical air,
Bid us set down and eat of the table's good fare.

Of various repasts we partook with a glee,
Both immortals and mortals were happy and free,
'Till fully supply'd and the dishes remov'd,
Old PLUTO of JACK, ask'd what liquor we lov'd ?

Brandy-punch, quoth our friend, is the liquor I think,
The choice spirits on earth, us'd in my time to drink,
—Why then, says old PLUTO, if you'll undertake it,
I prithee, friend JACK, be so kind as to make it.

A rich bowl then was brought of a glorious size,
Had ye seen it, in faith 'twou'd ha' dazzled your eyes,
Full of good English brandy, for French we ha' none,
Because 'twas a foe to old England and—fun.

Then a true son of COMUS and humour on earth,
JACK BEARD, op'd the scene, full of music and mirth,
Quoth PLUTO, such strains before I ne'er heard,
Fill your bumpers, my lads ; here's a health to JACK
BEARD.

With applause the wide hail, for some moments had
ring,
When LOWE was soon call'd on by BEARD for a song ;
That done, quoth old PLUTO ;—'tis charming I trow ;
Fill your bumpers again ; here's a health to TOM LOWE.

GEORGE STEVENS, a bard of good spirits and wit,
To enhance the game with his humour thought fit.
O bravo ! says PLUTO, 'tis glorious, by heavens ;
Fill the glasses around ; come, your health, master
STEVENS.

NED SHUTER, for humour and drollery fam'd,
 For a comical catch was the fourth that was nam'd :
 Ha! ha! cries old PLUTO, I'm cur'd for the future ;
 Adieu to the spleen—Here's to merry NED SHUTER.

The next was MATT. SKEGGS, with his droll nose
 and chin,
 Who tipt us a grunt eh, eh, eh, and a grin :
 PLUTO swore 'twas a pleasure to live with such wagg's,
 And a bumper tofs'd off to his lordship MATT. SKEGGS.

Then HICKMAN began with a soft lulling strain,
 That like music celestial thrill'd soft thro' each vein ;
 Quoth PLUTO, such notes must revive e'en a sick man ;
 Come, your glassies, my lads, fill up to JOE HICKMAN.

Then REYNOLDS and BOWYER rose up with their
 flutes,
 When the company all were as silent as mutes ;
 He that likes not such music (quoth PLUTO) has no ear,
 So we'll tofs off a brusher to REYNOLDS and BOWYER.

Then ROOKER and MASSEY, with COLLINS and
 YATES,
 Join'd with HAMMOND and HARBIN, to baffle the fates ;
 When PLUTO no longer could give out the toast,
 But was fairly oblig'd to relinquish his post.

Confusion and uproar succeeded amain,
 'Till 'twas time to return to Old England again ;
 When full of good liquor these turbulent blades,
 With a drunken huzza, bid adieu to the shades.

SONG 56. *A ballad in the character of
 an English farmer's son. Sung at the theatre
 in London.*

COME REALPH, come ROBIN and ZUE,
 And list to the words I do zoy ;
 A story I'll tell you as true
 As the bible wherein ye do proy.

We

We veather to Lunnun ye kna
 I been to zell bearly and kine;
 And I dan't keare how aft I d o go,
 The pleace be zo woundily vine.

The mearketing aver and done,
 A butcher as vine as a lord,
 Zware damun he'd zhaw us zome vun,
 And 'ifaith ware as good as his word.
 He took us whare Lions do lie,
 At a heause that valks kaled the tower,
 Wee rauring they terrify'd I,
 I ware glad to get out again, zhower.

From therehence to pallace we went,
 And his majesty, God blefs his greace,
 Ware gawing to his parliament,
 Zo I gut'n a zoight of his feace.
 Awoy then to Westminster abbey,
 Where ale the dead quality loies;
 And a vellow. tho' clashed but zhabby.
 Zung histories wondrous woife.

To dinner we afterwards went;
 Best drink ware as plenty as whoy:
 And to stitch up the whole merriment,
 They zhaw'd me a pleace kal'd a ploy.
 And there ware a mon in disguise,
 A little * old zorrowful king,
 That made the valk cry out their eyes,
 Thof they knew he ware no sick a thing.

The next day my jolly good vhrefs,
 Had us up unto Zadler's Wells;
 Whare no mon need gride what ah spends,
 Case it ale other peastime excells.

Lads

Lads and lasses do deance on a coord,
 And tumble, and plaay ye sick tricks,
 Methough aftentime by the loord,
 The taads would ha braken their necks.

Wawnds and blid ! they do keaper zo hoigh,
 O Laud !—'tis ameazing to think ;—
 And if you do chance to be droy,
 You may ha whatfomdever you'll drink.
 If e'er ye to Lunnin do gaw,
 Zee Zadler's Wells, I do proy ;
 You'll loike it, I very wele know ;
 'Tis better by half nor the ploy.

To the EDITOR.

Sir,

*I*nclosed I send you a copy of a celebrated HUNTING SONG, which I believe will be acceptable to the readers of the extensive and excellent collection of Songs you are now carrying on. It was wrote by PIERCE CREAGH, of the county of Clare, esq; on a Buck Hunt in the county of Limerick, at which he made one of the company, in the year 1741. The spirit that runs thro' the whole is charming, and far above the tardy flights of studious endeavours, when nature is deficient : The language is suitable to the subject, and varied with elegance ; this I mention, as there are some expressions, which the ignorant in criticism may except against ; for as the style, proper the epic poem, would be very unnatural in the pastoral, or lyric, &c. so the terms, usually made use of in describing a sea fight, would certainly be very ridiculous in the recital of the advances made at the siege of Namur or Tpres, or of the several dispositions and movements of the armies at Blenheim : For which reason, the terms and sounds, applicable to a subject of this or any other kind, will never affect the majesty of thought, to be found only in a true poetical description, and which always accompanies it. ADDISON tells us, that BEN JOHNSON used to say, he had rather have been the author of the old song of Chevy Chase, than of all his works ; and to speak in the same strain, and not to enter into a tedious criticism on the song I send you, I am strongly of opinion, that the author of it deserves more praise
 and

and a more lasting reputation as a poet, than if he had been the writer of all the tragedies, farces, romances and poems, that have been published in England or Ireland these five years; this assertion, I know will exasperate the critics, but the SPECTATOR will answer them for me: "If this song, (says he, speaking of Chevy Chase) had been written in the Gothic manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many elegant and sublime genius's, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions."

Your's, &c.

SONG 57. On the Buck Hunt in the
county of Limerick, abovementioned.

Tune: LAURY GROGAN.¹

BY your leave, LAURY GROGAN,
Enough has been spoken,
It's time to give over your sonnet, your sonnet;
Come listen to mine, sir,
Much truer than thine, sir,
For these very eyes were upon it, upon it.
It is of a Buck slain
This very campaign,
To let him live longer, were pity, were pity;
For head and for branches,
For fat and for haunches,
~ Exceeding the mayor of a city, a city.

A council assembled,
(Who'd think but he trembled)
Of lads of good spirit, well mounted, well mounted;
Each his whip and cap on,
And spurs made at Rippon²,
The number full twenty, well counted, well counted.
But

¹ An old favourite song.—We should acknowledge ourselves under an obligation to any gentleman or lady who would favour us with a copy of that song, directed to J. Hoey, junior.

² A town famous for making spurs.

But in legs he confiding,
 All efforts deriding ;
 He thought himself safe as in bed, fir, in bed, fir ;
 With a bounce off he goes,
 And tofs'd up his nose ;
 But Ringwood cry'd, lord help your head, fir, your
 head, fir.

Off scores we went bounding,
 Sweet horns were a sounding,
 Each youth fill'd the grove with a whoop and a halloo ;
 DUBOURG were he then there,
 Such sweet musick to hear,
 Would leave his Cremona³ and follow, and follow.
 Knockdiscan, knockainy,
 And hills twice as many ;
 We scamper'd o'er stone walls, o'er hedges, o'er ditches ;
 He skimm'd o'er the grounds,
 But to baffle our hounds,
 Was ne'er yet in any Buck's breeches, Buck's breeches.

Four hours he held out,
 Most surprizingly stout,
 'Till at length to his fate he submitted, submitted ;
 His throat being cut up,
 And poor culprit put up,
 To the place whence he came was remitted, remitted⁴.
 A place most enchanting,
 Where nothing was wanting,
 That poor hungry huntsman could wish for, could wish
 for ;
 Of delicate fare,
 (Tho' numbers were there)
 Yet every man was a dish for, a dish for.

We

³ A place in Italy where the best fiddles are made : here put
 for the fiddle of the celebrated Mr. DUBOURG.

⁴ The park of the mansion house, whence he was let out.

We fell too with fury,
 Like a long-famish'd jury,
 Nor stay'd we for grace to our dinner, our dinner ;
 The butler a sweating,
 The knives all a whetting,
 The edge of each stomach was keener, was keener.
 The bumper went round,
 With a beautiful sound,
 Clink, clink, like sweet bells, went the glasses, the
 glasses ;
 We dispatch'd queen and king,
 And each other fine thing,
 To bumper the beautiful lasses, sweet lasses.

There was sweet SALLY CURRY,
 And SINGLETON CHERRY,
 Miss CROKER, miss BLIGH, and miss PRITTY, miss
 PRITTY ;
 With lovely miss PIERCE,
 That subject of verse,
 Who shall ne'er be forgot in my ditty, my ditty.
 With numberless more,
 From fifteen to a score ⁵,
 O had you but seen them together, together ;
 Such charms you'd discover,
 You'd pity the Louvre ⁶,
 And offer St. James ⁶ as a feather, a feather.

The man of the house,
 And his beautiful spouse,
 May they live to give claret and venison, venison ;
 And may honest NED,
 There's no more to be said,
 Ne'er want the beggar's old benison, benison.

Long

⁵ Alluding to the ages of the ladies.

⁶ The beauties at the courts of France and England.

Long prosper that county,
 The store house of bounty,
 Where thus we indulge, and make merry, make merry;
 For jovial as we are,
 We puff away all care,
 To poor busy ROBIN and FLEURY, and FLEURY⁷.

S O N G 58. JOHNNY and BETSEY.

MY Daddy was gone to the market a mile,
 My Mammy was gone to the miller's the while,
 In came my dear JOHNNY, and such was his saying,
 Lay by your wheel, BETSEY, come with me a Maying.

I answer'd him no, 'twas a folly to ask,
 My Mammy had set me to spinning a task:
 Quoth he cut the tether, girl, set the cow straying
 We'll tye her up somewhere, whilst we go a Maying.

His method I took,—ah how could I forbear?
 I lov'd him too well to think fairly he'd swear;
 He press'd my lips gently, the fool fell to playing,
 The time slipt so nimbly, we didn't go Maying.

My Daddy ne'er ask'd me a word where I'd been,
 My Mammy I told I'd the cow to fetch in,
 She said she was sure I'd been somewhere delaying,
 But never suspected that I'd been a Maying.

If JOHNNY prove's true, as I think that he will,
 The market I'll bless, and I'll honour the mill,
 That kept my old Daddy and Mammy so staying,
 When I was persuaded by JOHNNY a Maying.

S O N G

⁷ Sir ROBERT WALPOLE and Cardinal FLEURY, one
 the prime minister of the court of England, the other of that of
 France, at the time this ballad was wrote.

SONG 59. *Sung by Masons at making a
Fellow Craft.*

HA I L Masonry! thou craft divine!
G'ory of Earth, from Heaven reveal'd,
Which doth with jewels precious shine,
From all but Mason's eyes conceal'd

CHO. *Thy praises due who can rehearse,
In nervous prose, or flowing verse?*

As men from brutes distinguished are,
A Mason other men excels,
For what's in knowledge choice or rare
But in his breast securely dwells!

CHO. *His silent breast and faithful heart,
Preserve the secrets of the art.*

From scorching heat, and piercing cold,
From beasts, whose roar the forest rends;
From the assaults of warriors bold,
The Mason's art mankind defends.

CHO. *Be to this art due honour paid,
From which mankind receives such aid.*

Ensigns of state, that feed our pride,
Distinctions troublesome and vain,
By Masons true are laid aside;
Arts free-born sons such toys disdain.

CHO. *Ennobled by the name they bear,
Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.*

Sweet fellowship, from envy free;
Friendly converse of brotherhood!
The lodge's lasting cement be,
Which has for ages firmly stood

CHO. *A lodge thus built, for ages past,
Has lasted, and will ever last.*

Then in our songs be justice done
 To those who have enrich'd the art,
 From JABAL down to BURLINGTON;
 And let each brother bear apart.

CHO. *Let noble Mafens heels go round;
 Their praise in lofty ledge rebound.*

SONG 60. CARE lay'd in the Red sea.

AS WIT, JOKE and HUMOUR together were sat,
 With liquor a plentiful stock,
 Still varying the scene, with song and with chat,
 The watchman bawl'd, "past twelve o'clock."

At that hour I've read, oft spirits do come,
 And poor timid mortals affright;
 Just then in that instant, one enter'd the room,
 An ancient, pale face, meagre sprite.

The phantom appear'd and the candles burnt blue,
 WIT and HUMOUR began for to stare;
 Cries out JOKE!—"look'e friends, this is nothing new,
 "Behold!—see, 'tis only Old CARE."

"I know he would tell us, 'twas TIME sent him here,
 "And tell us 'tis time to be gone;
 "But we'll tell him this, let him think what he dare,
 "We'll finish him e'er it be one."

They quickly agreed, and about it they went,
 Resolving of CARE to get free;
 WIT mov'd it,—and strait they all join'd in consent
 To lay the ghost in the Red-Sea.

Whole bumpers of claret they quickly drank off,
 And fav'rite toasts they went round;
 When HUMOUR well pleas'd, thus set up a laugh:
 Quoth he, "how CARE looks now he's drown'd."

When

When loud shouting began, huzza they all cry'd,
 " We're rid of this troublesome guest,
 " Fill your bumpers around, let this be our pride,
 " 'To sing, laugh and drink to the best."

Now their blood running high with a conquest so great,
 To singing and drinking they fix;
 With the fun they arose, with spirits elate,
 And decently parted at six.

SONG 61. *Time drown'd in a begshead of Claret.*

[*Some of the thoughts in this song, the reader may have seen
 before in the recitatives and songs, in pages 17, 18,
 and 19.*]

ONE evening GOOD HUMOUR took WIT as his guest,
 Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast;
 Their liquor was claret, and FRIENDSHIP their host,
 And mirth, song, and sentiment garnish'd each toast.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

But while, like true bucks, they enjoy'd their design,
 For the joys of a buck lie in love, wit and wine;
 Alarm'd they all heard at the door a loud knock,
 And the watchman hoarse bellow'd,—*'twas past 12 o'clock.*

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
 And up stairs they dragg'd the impertinent bound;
 When brought to the light, how much were they pleas'd,
 To see—'twas the grey glutton TRUTH they had seiz'd.

His glass as his lanthorn, his scythe as his pole,
 And his single lock dangled a lown his smooth skull:
 My friends (quoth he coughing) I thought fit to knock,
 And bid ye be gone, for 'tis past 12 o'clock.

Says the venom'd tooth'd savage, on this advice fix,
 Tho' NATURE strikes Twelve, FOLLY still points to Six;

He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,
So hid him at once in a hoghead of claret.

This is right, call'd out WIT, while you're yet in
your prime,
There is nothing like claret for killing of *Time*.
Huzza, reply'd LOVE, now no more can he knock,
O, impertinent tell us,—'tis past 12 o'clock.

Since TIME is confin'd to our wine, let us think,
By this maxim were sure of our time when we drink;
With bumpers, my lads, let our glasses be prim'd,
Now we're certain our drinking is always *well tim'd*.

S O N G 62. *The Mistake.*

ON Tuesday, the fourth of sweet May,
I first met young SOPHY the clever;
Thought I, could I wed but a nymph half so gay,
I sure should be happy for ever.

I watch'd the fair home, and on Wednesday address'd,
I found her quite pleasant and clever;
A passion for me she as frankly express'd;
I thought myself happy for ever.

On Thursday I ask'd of her aunt her consent,
She gave it free, easy and clever;
I thought I indeed had too much of content,
And sure to be happy for ever.

On Friday all day thro' the city we drove,
To lay in the properties clever;
Silks, ribbands, and lace, as the proofs of my love;
I thought myself happy for ever.

The ring and the licence on Saturday bought,
And all things made ready and clever,
To change with a duke I'd not given a groat;
I thought myself happy for ever.

As

As pert as a monkey, and as gay as a lark,
 On Sunday I dress'd me full clever;
 Sure never was half so conceited a spark,
 I thought myself happy for ever.

But e'er we had past than a month little more,
 Things alter'd that late were so clever;
 In debt upon debt I was plung'd o'er and o'er,
 And found myself ruin'd for ever.

S O N G 63. *Lucy of the Village.*

A G A I N the blooming month of May
 Calls the swains to sport and play;
 While wanton birds, on every spray,
 Stretch their throats to praise the day:
 And Lucy of the village queen,
 Smiling trips it o'er the green.

But nymph, without exception fair,
 What mean those flowrets in thy hair?
 O lovely child of nature's care,
 Who stript for thee the graces bare,
 Such trivial ornaments displace,
 What flower can add to Lucy's face?

No threatening clouds, no lowering skies,
 Nor e'er shall threaten Lucy's eyes:
 Nor can the winds of heaven devise,
 In that dear bosom, to surprise;
 And when the sun shall set in blood,
 Will Lucy's cheek be pale and dead.

S O N G 64.

*Tune: Fair and soft, and gay, and young: which see
 next after this song.*

P O L L Y, the blooming, gay and fair,
 Has drove some hundreds to despair;

Where e'er she points her killing eyes,
 All fall at once her sacrifice:
 The young, the old, her magic feel,
 That much severer wounds than steel;
 But trust to the advice I give,
 And spite of all her arts you'll live.

-Endeavour to forget a face
 So fairly form'd to damn your race;
 The Strand, the route, the play refrain,
 Augmenter's of the lover's pain:
 Brisk claret shall your ease restore,
 Then whimper, sigh and sob no more;
 Ten thousand CUPID's should she call,
 In bumpers you may drown 'em all.

Joys of love are dull and vain,
 Compar'd with those of brisk champaign;
 Were POLLY kind, it soon might end,
 The flask you'll find a lasting friend.
 To RYAN's then let us repair,
 And drink, and laugh away despair,
 FARREL and LUCAS too may fail,
 But claret, claret, must prevail.

[Song 30, in page 29, bears a near resemblance to the foregoing: but in our opinion, this is preferable to the former.]

S O N G 65. *The Inconstant.*

FAIR, and soft, and gay, and young,
 All charm! she play'd, she danc'd, she sung!
 There was no way to 'scape the dart,
 No care could guard the lover's heart.
 Ah! why, cry'd I, and dropt a tear,
 (Adoring, yet despairing e'er
 To have her to myself alone)
 Was so much sweetness made for one?

But growing bolder, in her ear
 I in soft numbers told my care:

She

She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
 And seem'd to glow with equal heat;
 Like heaven's, too mighty to express.
 My joys could be but known by guess!
 Ah, fool, said I, what have I done,
 To wish her made for more than one?

But long I had not been in view,
 Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
 E're I had reckon'd half her charms,
 She sunk into another's arms.
 But she that once could faithless be,
 Will favour him no more than me:
 He too will find himself undone,
 And that she was not made for one.

S O N G 66.

FROM the projects so vain,
 Of France or of Spain,
 Britannia's braves shall defend her:
 I'm a protestant born,
 And of consequence scorn
 The devil, the pope, and pretender.
 A pox o'their friars, books, candles, and bells,
 Their bulls, absolutions, their faints, and their cells.

We're surely undone,
 If once over-run
 By priests, papists, Rome, and starv'd bullies,
 Who never yet eat
 An ounce of good meat,
 Or know what a belly brim-full is.
 Our grounds with the locusts would soon be o'erspread,
 Our selves, wives, and children be knock'd on the head.

For corn-fields so rich,
 Poor dogs, how they itch;
 A blessing they ne'er shall obtain:
 Good hearts and great guns
 Tell run-away dons
 We will not be brow-beat by Spain;

He must be a wretch who refuses to fight
For religion, for freedom, his king, and his right.

By the pope and his tools,
The great bugbears of fools,
False whims they've been led to pursue ;
Whilst the British designs
Shall be paid by the mines
Of Chili, Potosi, Peru :
The proud priests shall be stript of their ill-gotten gain,
And our tars return greater than grandees of Spain.

SONG 67.

TWAS underneath a May-blown bush,
Where violets sprang, and sweet primroses ;
With voice melodious as the thrush,
So JOHNNY sung, collecting poesies.

These to the breast must be convey'd,
Of her, who sways my warmest fancy ;
The tender, blooming, artless maid,
My smiling, mild, good-natur'd NANCY.

I know the suburb youths will jeer,
And call me witless oaf and zanny ;
That I from constant heart declare,
I ne'er will love, except my NANNY.

I envy them nor pomp nor dress,
Or conquests gain'd, o'er hearts of many :
The study of my life's to bless,
And please my dear, my grateful NANNY.

Oh ! how unlike, my fair, to those
Whose wanton charms are free to any ;
I'd give the world could I disclose
One fiftieth part the worth of NANNY.

Let

Let bucks, and bloods, in burnt champaign,
Toast LUCY, CHARLOTTE, POLL or FANNY;
At notions so absurdly vain,
I smile, and clasp my blameless NANNY.



*The SONGS in the BURLETTA of
MIDAS.*

[That the songs may not be interrupted, but follow regularly as they occur in the entertainment, those referred to for the tunes will be inserted hereafter.]

SONG 68. *Chorus of the Gods in council.*

Tune: The King of Prussia's march.

JOVE, in his chair,
Of the sky lord may'r,
With his nods
Men and gods
Keeps in awe;

When he winks
Heav'n shrinks;
When he speaks
Hell quakes:
Earth's globe is but his taw.

Cock of the school
He bears despotic rule;
His word,
Tho' absurd,
Must be law:

Ev'n fate,
Tho' so great,
Must not bate;
His bald pate

Jove would cuff,
(He's so bluff)
For a straw.

Cow'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
Dare not say please
Or gnaw.

SONG 69. *Sung by JUPITER: in Midas.*

To its own tune.

TO happy ignorance
Connubial peace is owing;
'Tis a curse to be too knowing:
Best, let things take their chance.

A busy curiosity, ~~to gain art~~
Produces ~~poisonous~~ evils —
It turns the god's felicity
To ~~the~~ ~~eyes~~ of devils,
Supplying food to jealousy.

SONG 70. *Sung by JUNO: in Midas.*

Tune: Shaun Bwee.

THINK not, lew'd Jove,
Thus to wrong my chaste love,
For, spite of your rake-helly'd godhead,
By day and by night
Juno will have her right,
Nor be of dues nuptial defrauded.
I'll ferret the haunts
Of your female gallants;
In vain you with darkness enclose them:
Your favourite jades
I will plunge to the shades,
Or into cows metamorphose them.

SONG 71. *Sung by MARS: in Midas.**Tune: To arms, &c.*

TO earth be quick the caitiff driv'n;
 Such scrubs are a disgrace to Heav'n.
 In love or war no gallant soul
 With a base scoundrel spy will ever roll.

SONG 72. *Sung by VENUS in Midas.**Tune: The wanton god that pierces hearts, &c.*

LOVE reigns supreme in female souls;
 All their actions he controuls:
 Then, whose actions can defy
 The squints malignant of a spy?—*Of a spy, &c.*

She, she,
 She must be as chaste as I.—*Chaste as I, &c.*

SONG 73. *Sung by VULCAN: in Midas.**Tune: When a wife's in her pout, &c.*

TO avoid ridicule
 'Tis a cuckold's best rule,
 ('Tho' the injury sting to the quick)
 To laugh with the rest
 And so turn the sour jest
 On the couple that play'd him the trick.
 Poor man!—*On the couple, &c.*

SONG

SONG 76. *Sung by SILENO: in Midas.**To its own tune.*

SINCE you mean to hire for service,
 Come with me, you jolly dog;
 You can help to bring home harvest,
 Tend the sheep and feed the hog.

Fa la la, &c.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
 You shall daintily be fed;
 Bacon, beans, salt beef and cabbage,
 Butter-milk and oaten bread.

Fa la la, &c.

Come, strike hands—you'll live in clover
 When I get you once at home;
 And when daily labour's over,
 We'll all dance to your *frug-frum*.

*: mil. eno.**Fa la la, &c.**Pol.*

Done—strike hands—I take your offer;
 Farther on I might fare worse—
 Zooks! I can no longer suffer
 Hungry guts and empty purse.

*Fa la la, &c.*SONG 77. *Sung by NYSA: in Midas.**Tune: If 'tis joy to wound a lover, &c.*

IF the swain we sigh for prefs us,
 Oh how how pleasing 'tis to please!
 If the shock we loath address us,
 How transporting 'tis to teize!

SONG

SONG 78. *Sung by MYSTIS : in Midas.**Tune : Three sheep-skins, &c.*

GIRLS are known
 To mischief prone
 If ever they be idle;
 Who would rear
 Two daughters fair
 Must hold a steady bridle :
 For here they skip,
 And there they trip,
 And this and that way fiddle.

For here they, &c.

Giddy maids
 With silly heads
 All after men run gadding
 They flirt and dandle
 Their train of lovers
 To come and go as liking :
 To see the
 They're a goodly
 And set their mothers madding.

*To every sep, &c.*SONG 79. *Sung by POL : in Midas.**To a tune in the pantomime of Queen Mab.*

PRAY, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of
 your tongue;
 Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes !
 Remember, when the judgement's weak, the prejudice
 is strong :
 Unknown you wrong me to despise.
 Ply me,
 Try me,
 Prove e're you deny me :

If you call me
Off, you blast me
Never more to rise.

Procy Goody, &c.

SONG 80. *In Midas.*

Tune : Non, non, Collette n'est point trompeuse, &c.

NYSA. **M**AMMA! how can you be so ill-natur'd
To the gentle handsome swain?

DAPH. Ah, ah! to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd,
Sure, 'tis cruel to give pain!
Sure, 'tis cruel to give pain!

MYSTIS. Girls, for you, my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account.—

SILENO. ~~Wife in vain you teize and vex me,~~
~~I will rule;—depend upon't.~~

NYSA. Ah, ah!

DAPH. Mamma!

NYSA.	} <i>at once</i>	{	Mamma! how can you be so
DAPH.			ill-natur'd,
			Ah, ah! to a lad so limb'd, so
			featur'd;

NYSA.	} <i>at once</i>	{	To the gentle, handsome swain?
DAPH.			<i>Sure, 'tis cruel to, &c.</i>
			Sure, 'tis cruel to give pain.
			<i>To the gentle, &c</i>

MYSTIS. Girls, for you, my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account.—

SILENO. Wife, in vain you teize and vex me,
I will rule;—depend upon't.

NYSA.

NYSA. } *at once* { Mamma!
 MYsis. } { Psha, psha!

MYsis. } *at once* { Psha, psha!

DAPH. } *at once* { Papa!
SILENO. } { Ah, ah!

SILENO. } *at once* { Ah, ah !

DAPH.	} <i>at once</i> {	Mamma! how can you be so
SILENO.		ill-natur'd.
NYSA.		Psha, psha! you must not be so
		ill-natur'd;
		Ah, ah! to a lad so limb'd, so
		featur'd.

SILENO. { *at once* } Psha, psha! you must not be so
ill-natur'd;

NYSA.] Ah, ah! to a lad so limb'd, so
] featur'd.

NYSA.] Ah, ah! to a lad so limb'd, so
] featur'd.

NYSA.] Ah, ah! to a lad so limb'd, so
] featur'd.

NYSA.] Ah, ah! to a lad so limb'd, so
] featur'd.

DAPH.	} at once {	To the gentle, handsome swain ? <i>Sure, 'tis cruel, &c.</i>
SILENO.		He's a gentle, comely swain. <i>He's a gentle, &c.</i>
NYSA.		Sure, 'tis cruel to give pain ; <i>To the gentle, &c.</i>
MY SIS.		'Tis my plague to give pain. <i>To the gentle, &c.</i>

SILENO.	He's a gentle, comely fwain.
---------	------------------------------

He's a gentle, &c.

NYSA. in verse Sure, 'tis cruel to give pain ;

To the gentle, &c.

My sis. "It is my pleasure to give pain.

10. &c.

1940

S O N E ^{LA} Song by DANCERS: in Mi-
des.

To its own tune.

A LACK and well-a-day !
DAPHNE, disdains me ;
Al! I can do or say
No favour gains me.

A DAPHNE disdains me ;

A: I can do or say

No favour gains me.

NYSA to your address
Sharp as a thistle,
Whene'er your suit I press,
Bids me, go whistle.

Sharp as a thistle,

Whene'er your fait I preis,

Bids me, go whistle.

'Tis **POL**, their father's kind,
Makes them thus deaf and blind;
At us, to him tho' kind,
Their backs they baffle.

Makes them thus deaf and blind ;

At us, to him tho' kind,

Their backs they battle.

SONG

SONG 82. *Sung by MIDAS: in Midas.**Tune: A la Santé du Pere d'Oleron, &c.*

SHALL a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
 Dare my amours to cross?
 Shall this minx, when a 'quire of my importance
 woos,
 Her nose up at me tofs?

Hold—her father is my tenant—
 Her spark I'll transport, in foreign parts to range,
 So, glut—as I see convenient;
 My love and my revenge.

SONG 83. *Sung by DAMÆTAS: in Midas.**To a tune in the pantomime of Fortunatus.*

AL ~~E~~ ~~about~~ the May-pole how they trot!
 Hot
 Pot

And brown ale have got!

Shouting,

Routing,

At you flouting;

Sneering,

Fleering,

And what not?

All about the May-pole, &c.

There is old SILENO frisks like a mad

Lad,

Glad,

To see us so sad:

Cap'ring,

Vap'ring,

While POL scrap'ring,

Coaxes

The doxies.

As he did the dad.—

All about the May-pole, &c.

SONG

SONG 84. *Sung by PAN: in Midas.**Tune: My wife's a galloping young thing, &c.*

SHALL he run away with the lasses,
 Because he a smug ruddy face has,
 From me, who at fairs and horse-races
 Have pip'd to the laird o' the clan?

A fribble—if I can but catch him,
 I'll pummel—I'll mangle—I'll scratch him:
 I warrant I'll teach him—not match him—
 self as musician with PAN.

SONG 85. *Sung by MYSTIS: in Midas.**Tune: Sheelagh ne Gheiragh.*

HALF this vexation might let me distracted,
~~Tattle my purposes thus to the world;~~
 This way or that way, or which way soever,
 All things go contrary to my endeavour:
~~Daughters projecting their ruin and shame,~~
~~Father neglecting the care of their fame;~~
 Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper:—
 Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he'll pay the piper.

SONG 86. *Sung by PAN: in Midas.**Tune: Planxty Johnson.*

WHEN at your foe
 A mortal blow
 You aim,
 Your scheme
 Let him not know;
 To gain your end,
 You must pretend

Sincerely

Sincerely
And dearly
To be his friend,
'Till he cease of your love to be doubtful.

Your game to play,
Do as at sea,
Look one but row another way;
The dean to fill up
Lawn sleeves and be bishop,
Says no to the mitre would fill his whole with up;

And puffy
Can counterfeit sleeping,
When mousy
Steals silently creeping,
'Till winking,
Unthinking,
She catch him,
Dispatch him,
And swallow him up at a mouthful.

SONG, 87. *A Duet: in Midas.*

Tune: The collier had a daughter, &c.

PAN. **T**HOSE random threats are bare words;
Fie!—check this idle clutter—
Go smoothly on—your fair words
His parsnips will not butter.

MY SIS. Base *Carl*!—thus to advise me:
Is my distress a trifle?
My sex would all despise me
Should I my anger stifle.

PAN. These flashy rants—

MY SIS. Must I, mum-chance,
Look on and never mutter?
My rancour hot—

PAN. No; my cool plot

MY SIS. } at once { Shall fouse him } in the gutter.

PAN. } Will lay him }

SONG

SONG 88. SILENO's *prayer to the Oracle:*
in Midas.

Tune: Giles Collin.

Oracle, Oracle, speak, now speak,
If ever you spoke in your life:
Declare all you know, without favour or pique,
Of POL, me, my daughters and wife.

SONG 89. *The Oracle's answer to SILE-*
NO: in Midas.

Tune: O ponder well, &c.

THY daughters are two flirting queans,
Thy wife a scolding jade,
Thou, an old fool—yet by POL's means
You'll all, e're night, be made.

SONG 90. *Sung by NYSA: in Midas.*

Tune: From tree to tree, &c.

TO blast a rival's happiness
We ev'ry art employ,
And scarcely can our own success
Convey a purer joy;

In jealousy's unequal scale
Her loss appears our gain:
Unblest ourselves, we seek to steal
A pleasure from her pain.

SONG 91. *Sung by DAPHNE: in Midas.*

Tune: Quand on scait aimer et plaire, &c.

H E's as tight a lad to see to
As e'er step'd in leather shoe;
And what's better, he loves me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho'

Tho' my sister casts an hawk's eye
 I defy what she can do :
 He o'erlook'd the little doxey,
 I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him,
 He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue—
 If the youth proves true, I'll fit him,
 If he's false, I'll fit him too.

S O N G 92. *Sung by POL : in Midas.*

Tune : When on thy dear bosom lying, &c.

L O V E L Y nymph assuage my anguish ;
 At your feet a tender swain
 Prays, you will not let him languish :
 One kind look would ease his pain—

Did you know the lad that courts you,
 He not long need sue in vain ;
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports, you
 Scarce will meet his like again.

S O N G 93. *Sung by DAPHNE : in Midas.*

Tune : The Priest in his boots, &c.

I F you can caper as well as you modulate,
 With the addition of that pretty face,
 PAN who was held by our shepherds a god o' late,
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.

His beard so frowfy, his gestures so awkward are,
 And his bagpipe has so drowfy a drone,
 That if they find you than I did no backwarder
 You may count on all the girls as your own.

S O N G

S O N G 94. *A Duett : in Midas.*

Tune : Bobbing Joan.

DAPH. **M**Y minikin mifs, do you fancy that POL
E'er can be caught by an infant's doll?

NYSA. And can you, mifs May-pole, suppose he will
fall
In love with a giants of Guild hall?

DAPH. Pigmy elf!

NYSA. Colossus itself!

Both. You will lie 'till you're mouldy, upon the
shelf—

DAPH. You stump i^{n the gutter}! you hop of my thumb!
~~An husband for you must from Lilliput come.~~

NYSA. ~~You talking steeple!~~ you sawky stag!
~~Your husband must come from Brobdignag.~~

DAPH. Sour grapes!

NYSA. Lead apes.

Both. I'll humble your vanity, mistress trapes.

S O N G 95. *Sung by NYSA : in Midas.*

Tune : Affis sur P' Heibette, &c.

IN those greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine :
Then, his guttar he clatters
When unking divine.

But—

But—my sister—
He kiss'd her,
And me he pass'd by—
I'm jealous
Of the fellow's
Bad taste and blind eye.

SONG 96. *Sung by MIDAS: in Midas.*

Tune: The Lottery.

O What pleasures will abound
When my wife is laid in ground!
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her
When my wife is laid in ground.

O how happy I should be
Would little Nysa pig with me!
How I'd mumble her,
Teaze and tumble her!
Would little Nysa pig with me.

SONG 97. *Sung by NEER: in Midas.*

To a pantomime tune.

NE'ER will I be left in the lurch—
Cease your bribes and wheedling;
'Till I'm made a wife i'th' church
I'll keep man from meddling.

What are riches
And soft speeches?
Baits and fetches
To bewitch us.

When you've won us
And undone us,
Cry'd you hum us
And freckled on us
For our heedless piddling.

SONG

SONG 98. *Sung by MIDAS: in Midas.**Tune: Laury Grogan.*

IF into your hen-yard
 The treacherous Reynard
 Steals illy your poultry to ravage, to ravage;
 With gun you attack him,
 With beagle you track him,
 All's fair to destroy the fell savage, fell savage.
 So POI who comes picking
 Up my tender chicken,
 No means do I scruple to banish;—to banish—
 With pow'r I'll o'erbear him,
 With fraud I'll ensnare him;
 By hook or by crook he shall vanish, shall vanish.

SONG 99. *Sung by DAPHNE: in Midas.**Tune: Nanny of the Hill.*

SINCE ~~my~~ ^{my} eyes have ~~en~~ ^{en} ~~laved~~ ^{laved} my heart,
 In size I'm wasted half;
 My looks betray my inward smart—
 Ah cruel, cruel DAPH!—

Ab cruel, &c.

My vows you slight, you mock my sighs,
 My tears but make you laugh:
 Each parent with my wish complies—
 None frowns but cruel DAPH!—

But cruel, &c.

My love you hate, my person scorn,
 My wealth despise as chaff—
 Yet that ragged fortune
 To love you're gentle DAPH!—

You're gentle, &c.

SONG

SONG 100. *Sung by DAPHNE: in Midas.*

Tune: There is a pretty girl and a tenant of my own, &c.

YES, all your wealth I scorn, and your person I
detest, and your *Tel lol de ra, &c.*
No jealous put shall ever find a welcome in my breast,
or my *Tel lol de ra, &c.*

The swain you vilely slander,
Is frank and debonair,
To him you're but a gander—
Go go—that's all your share, of my
Tel lol de ra, &c.

SONG 101. *A Duet: in Midas.*

Tune: Gossip Joan, 101.

DAPH. **W**HY, NY:—you're lost to shame—
Nay, hang me if she blushes—
But glories in her fla-----me.
What a brazen front she pushes,
Lost to shame!

NYSA. Why, DAPH:—you're in the fuds,
As deep, altho' you hiss'd her,
As NYSA—but gadibu-----d!
You might have spar'd a sifter,
In the fuds.

SONG 102. *Sung by MYSSIS: in Midas.*

To an Italian opera tune.

THE Wolf that slaughter'd finds her whelps
With howlings fills the forest;
Their murd'rer tracks with shrilling yelps,
All food neglecting or rest.

So my revenge shall POL pursue,
 I'll closely watch his waters :
 'Till at the gallows-tree he rue
 His wrongs to my poor daughters.

SONG 103. *Sung by NYSA : in Midas.*

Tune : Polwart on the green.

NOW, let your jealous soul
 Exult in this black deed.
 Ah, DAPH!—was mine a proper scrol
 To give mamma to read ?

One comfort yet—if POL must swing,
 You can't possess his charms—
 I'd rather see him in the string
 Than circled in your arms.

SONG 104. *Sung by NYSA : in Midas.*

Tune : Of all the simple things we do, &c.

HOW could you strive my love to thwart ?
 You troublesome mischievous chit !
 While you must be convince'd in your heart
 That your own you advance'd not, a whit.
 So lies in the manger a cur,
 Unable himself to eat hay ;
 Yet he snarls,
 And quarrels,
 And makes such a stir,
 That he keeps the starv'd horses away.

SONG 105. *A Trio : in Midas.*

Tune : 'Twas within a furlong of Edinbro' town, &c.

POL. **N**O fear shall drive me ever hence
 From thy, or thy embrace—

DAPH.

DAPH. } What? do you make no difference
 NYSA. } between hers and my
 NYSA. } How? do you give the preference } face?
 to her before my

DAPH. Well—stay—await the tree—

NYSA. Ay—stay—be hang'd—for me—

POL. The noose
 I chuse,
 Ere I will lose
 Thee, DAPH!—or NYSA, thee

DAPH. } To me then plight your troth,
 NYSA. } To me now take your oath.

POL. Either to quit I'm loth.

DAPH. Ingrate!

NYSA. False mate!

DAPH. } I hate!—
 NYSA. }

POL. Yet wait—
 Ere night I'll please you both.

DAPH. } To me then plight your troth,
 NYSA. } To me now take your oath.

POL. Either to quit I'm loth.

DAPH. Ingrate!

NYSA. False mate!

DAPH. } I hate
 POL. } Hard fate,
 NYSA. } I hate

DAPH. } To wait;
 POL. } Yet wait—
 NYSA. } To wait;

DAPH. } At night you can't please }
 POL. } Ere light I'll please ye } Both.
 NYSA. } By night you can't please }

SONG 106. *Sung by MIDAS: in Midas.*

Tune: A lovely lass to a fryar came, &c.

IF in the courts your suit depend,
 Or a grudge if you enter—tain;
 Be sure you make the judge your friend
 By a tip behind the curtain.
 Then decree goes
 Glib against your foes,
 Tho' before it seem'd uncertain.

SONG 107. *Sung by PAN: in Midas.*

Tune: One long Whitsun-holiday, &c.

DO you sign his mittimus,
 If you wish
 That shrew with
 NYSA, pretty mouse,
 May be your own Titty-mouse—
 Whining,
 Refriging,
 And pining,
 Won't do.

After this bold stroke again
 Sure, none will
 Dare own ill-
 Will, or look blue:
 My altars w'll smoke again.
 Boofing,
 Carousing,
 They'll pay my rites due.

This

This blest opportunity
 Knits us closer in unity,
 So we, our community
 Rule all,
 Secure all
 Between me and you.

S O N G 108. *A Duett. by Midas.*

Tune: Thomas I cannot.

MIDAS. **T**HUS arm'd with beer
 No pow'r I fear,
 For, in my commission my trust is.—

PAN. Thus prim'd with ale,
 I must prevail
 Supported by good Mr. Justice.—

MIDAS. ~~Nymphs will relent—~~

PAN. ~~Swains shall repent—~~

MIDAS. Those love—

PAN. And these adore us.

Both. When POL's once gone
 Then all's our own;
 We'll kick the whole county before us,
 before us,
 We'll kick the whole county before us.

S O N G 109. *Sung by SILVIO: in Midas.*

Tune: When that I was but a little tiny boy, &c.

WHEN gathering clouds obscure the sky,
 With a crash-dash,
 Flash-flash,
 The thunder cracks and the lightning fly;
 Then rain—and all is lullaby.

So, when a vixen's passions swell,
Tongue all ire,
Eyes fire,
Bosom torn—within 'tis hell—
Then tears fall soft and all is well.

SONG 110. *A duet : in Midas.*

Tune : The man for life that takes a wife, &c.

MYRIS. **M**ADE!—to our shame,
Grandfire and dam
To a couple of misbegotten cubs.

SILENO. Wife, take my word,
He's some great lord,
And none of your sneaking dirty scrubs.
He'll our fortune make—

MYRIS. Our hearts he'll break—

~~SILENO. The Oracle certainly means it.~~

MYRIS. As fool thinks,
So bell clinks—

SILENO. You're a fool ;

MYRIS. You're an owl :

Both. You will repent it.—*As fool, &c.*

SONG 111. *Sung by POL : in Midas.*

Tune : By the pale light of the moon : *which see in the first vol.*

WHEN Fairies dance round on the grass,
And frolick, to night's awful noon ;
Each elf, with his tight little lass,
Trips to the pale light of the moon.

It's chance that the grey dawn of day
Break in on their revels too soon,
Disturb'd they all skuttle away,
And follow the glimpse of the moon.

SONG 112. *Sung by MIDAS: in Midas.*

Tune: A dance of MARANEI'S.

HAVE you seen two figures tugging,
By the magic-lantern on a wall reflected,
Here, the baker struggling—there, the devil lugging,
"Till his prize he hurries off to hell?

Me, thus, conscience, one while, draws,
And to fair dealing my mind's directed—
Lust gripes, anon, with her harpy claws
Forcing me to act—what I dare not tell.

SONG 113. *Chorus of Shepherds: in Midas.*

Tune: The Highlanders March.

COME, let's support our patron PAN—
Nor suffer th' old god be run down by a man;
A vagrant, come
With twang strum-strum,
Who pretends
To contend
With our mighty hum-drum.

CHORUS of SHEPHERDESSES, *in response to the former.*

Tune: The second strain of ditto.

Sisters, let us join and chuse POI our protector,
Of all our sports and pastimes be he the director;
His tender notes
Will tune our throats
To love, let's give to him our votes,
And strike the fatty piper dumb, dumb, dumb.

SONG 114. *Sung by DAMÆTAS: in*
Midas.

Tune: The French peasant's dance.

IF you take my advice,
You will end it in a trice,
By joining all to vote with me for PAN:
Let's bid this spark, go hang
With his new-fangled twang,
For shepherd-swains he ne'er can be the plan.

Why should we consent t'advance
This new raree-
Show vagary.
Just brought in from France?
Why, affront our rustic
Bard, who will by us stick
When we ~~will not be so easily~~ *etc.*

SONG 115. *Sung by PAN: in* Midas.

Tune: Jack Lattin.

AT fairs and wakes.
O'er ale and cakes,
At bridal and at christ'ning;
The cann, the joke
Pass'd round like smoke,
While you to PAN fat list'ning.

The kisses smack'd,
The benches crack'd,
My drone melodious humming;
The buxom frisk
Of planxties brisk,
Made lasses kind and coming.

This

This prig's soft squeak
 Now hits your freak ;—
 But mark, if his grimaces
 Your girls don't catch—
 Perhaps debauch
 Your wives before your faces.

SONG 116. *Sung by MYsis : in Midas.*

Tune : Baaltouragh.

THANKLESS !—pusillanimous !—
 Shall we be thus fickle hearted ?
 No.—against POL unanimous
 Let us from PAN ne'er be parted.

Send the guittar back to courts again ;
 Fob off this tatterdemallion :
 We'll to our innocent sports again.
 Fogh upon ~~fashions Italian~~

SONG ~~117~~ *Sung by MYsis : in Midas.*

Tune : Come hither, country squire, &c.

LET a rival your picture draw ;
 In perfection he'll find out a flaw :
 In black he will paint,
 Make a devil of a saint,
 And change to an Owl a Maccaw.

SONG 118. *Sung by POL, in Midas.*

Tune : No nymph that trips the verdant plains, &c.

TO Midas let the churl appeal ;
 Let Midas judge our cause :
 No might can over POL prevail
 Sustain'd by your applause.

In vain may MIDAS' partial voice
 To PAN the chaplet give;
 POL. honour'd more by your kind choice,
 Triumphant still shall live.

SONG 119. *A Duett: in Midas.*

Tune: Bien que j' examine, &c.

NYSA. **S**HEPHERDS, sure you never
 Will endeavour
 To disever
 From our favour
 So sweet a swain:
 None so clever
 E'er trod the plain.

DAPH. Shepherds, sure you never, &c.

NYSA. His ~~eyes~~ *eyes* grace, ~~and his~~ *and his* ~~no~~

DAPH. ~~His eyes~~ *His eyes* ~~and his~~ *and his* ~~no~~

NYSA. ~~His eyes~~ *His eyes* ~~and his~~ *and his* ~~no~~

DAPH. Bosoms warming,

NYSA. Wrath disarming
 With his soft lay.

DAPH. He's so charming,
 Ah let him stay!

Both. He's so charming,
 Ah let him stay!

NYSA. PAN's pipes are fit for wild rocks and bleak
 Mountains;

DAPH. POL's lyre suits best our cool groves and clear
 fountains.

NYSA. PAN is old and musty,
 Stiff, fusty,
 Sour and crusty;

DAPH.

DAPH. Pol. is young and merry,
Light, airy,
As a fairy.

NYSA. Can ye banish Pol?—no, no.

DAPH. Must PAN fall?—ay, let him go.

Both. Ay,—let him go.

DAPH. PAN's pipes are fit for wild rocks and bleak
mountains ;

NYSA. Pol's lyre suits best our cool groves and clear
fountains.

DAPH. PAN is old and musty,

NYSA. Stiff, fusty,

Both. Sour and crusty.

DAPH. ~~Pol. is young and merry,~~

NYSA. ~~Light, airy,~~

Both. As a fairy.

DAPH. Can ye banish Pol?

NYSA. No, no.

DAPH. Shall PAN fall?

NYSA. Ay,—let him go.

Both. Ay,—let him go.

SONG 120. *Chorus of Shepherdess's : in*
Midas.

Tune : Fill ev'ry glafs, &c.

HUZZA, for POL !
His strains delight us,
Invite us
To follow pleasure's call.
His gay politeness we'll extol :
PAN's furly, boorish humours,
fright us.—*Huzza for POL, &c.*

Chorus of Shepherds, to the same tune

HUZZA, for PAN !
His planxies warm us,
And form us
To labours fit for man, ~~but not~~
Jolly at ~~meals and in~~
He ~~sums up the~~
~~triumph of PAN, &c.~~

Chorus of shepherdesses and shepherds.

At once { Huzza, for POL ! &c.
 { Huzza, for PAN ! &c.

SONG 121. *Sung by MIDAS : in* Midas.

Tune : The Kettle Bender.

WHAT the devil's here to do? ye loggerheads
and gypsies!
Sirrah, you—and hussy, you—and each one of ye
tiffy is :
But, I'll as sure pull down your pride as
A gun, or as I'm justice MIDAS.

CHORUS of all.

O tremendous Justice MIDAS !
Who shall oppose wise Justice MIDAS !

MIDAS

MIDAS.

I'm giv'n to understand that you're all in a pothel here,
Debating whether PAN or POL shall play another year.

Dare you think your clumsy lungs so proper to decide, as

The delicate ears of justice MIDAS?

CHORUS of all.

Let them be judg'd by justice MIDAS.

Who has either taste or skill, compar'd to justice MIDAS?

O tremendous justice MIDAS!

Who shall oppose wise justice MIDAS?—

Let them be judg'd by justice MIDAS:

Who can boast of taste or skill so great as justice MIDAS?

SONG 122. *Sung by MIDAS: in Midas.*

Tune: Cease your funning, &c.

NOW I'm teated,
I'll be treated

Like the Sophi on his throne.

In my presence,

Sequendrel, pcasants

Shall not call their souls their own.

M. behest is—

H, who best is

Skill'd he fix'd musician chief:—

Ne'er the luer

Shall shew's nose to e.

But transported be like a thief.

SONG 123. *Chorus of Shepherds and
Shepherdess's: in Midas.*

Tune: See the conqu'ring hero comes, &c.

SEE! triumphant sits the bard,
Crown'd with bays, his due reward.

Exil'd POL shall wander far;

Exil'd twang his faint guittar:

While

While, with echoing shouts of praise,
We, the bag-pipes glory raise.

See triumphant, &c.

S O N G 124. *The last song in Midas.*

Tune: Push about the brisk bowl, &c.

MIDAS.

WHY! you pitiful scrub!
To create this hubbub
You must sure have a forehead of brass:
If you fancy, you can
In song rival PAN,
I freely pronounce you an Afs—an Afs:
I freely pronounce you an Afs.

PAN's masculine voice
Does this squeaking boys
In strength and in sweetness surpass
As the sweetest of all
On a pipe of an Afs—an Afs:
The sweetest of all
Tunable, &c.
APOLLO.

Thou dunder-head sot!
Thou shalt now go to pot,
As sure as thy name is MIDAS;
Thy scurvy decree
Against my deity
Hath prov'd thee a manifest Afs—an Afs:
Hath prov'd thee, &c.

Dunce, I did but sham;
For, APOLLO I am,
God of musick and king of Parnass:
But thou, pert and dull,
Who wearest the skull,
E'en wear too the ears of an Afs—an Afs:
E'en wear too, &c.
Thy

Thy rapine, pride, fraud,
And contempt of a god,

Have cast thee out from thy own class;
In musick thy taste
Shall be henceforth exprest

By the musical bray of an Afs—an Afs:

By the musical, &c.

To these I translate

Thy cash and estate

Extortion's iniquitous mass;

And 'squire, 'stead of thee,

SILENO shall be,

While thou bray'st about like an Afs.—*An Afs:*

While thou bray'st, &c.

Girls, look not so blank—

Your beauties I thank

For the bliss I enjoy'd on the grass.

Ev'ry god that look'd on

Like me would have done,

Or else his godship is an Afs—an afs:

Or else his, &c.

Depend on this boon,

Good husbands and soon.

The young lords ye see in this glass;

Carefs them, while I,

Recall'd to the sky,

Make fun of old PAN and MIDAS—MIDAS.

Make fun of, &c.

DAPHNE.

To the bright god of day

Let us sing, dance and play;

Clap hands, ev'ry lad and kind lass!

Now, criticks, beware

How ye carp at our fare:

Remember the fate of MIDAS—MIDAS;

Remember the fate of MIDAS.

GRAND

GRAND CHORUS of all.

To the bright god of day
Let us, &c. &c. &c.

End of the Songs in MIDAS.



SONG 125. *On the anniversary feast of
the governors of the Small-pox and inoculation
hospitals, London.*

WHILE joyful here we meet,
Our annual course complete.
Of charity ;
May all now feel its fire ;
Its sacred acts admire ;
And, while we tune the lyre,
Still lib'ral be.
How godlike to bestow,
On those whom pain and woe,
Would soon destroy !
Heav'n wills that all be fed,
Hence blessings round us spread :
That the vast plenty shed
All might enjoy

Dire foe to blisters ease,
How dreadful's the disease
Which spoils the face !
And, like a raging flame,
Darts through the vital frame.—
Its ill, which waxes a name,
All ills embrace.
Succoured in such distress,
These objects oft address
The skies in prayer ;
For those who heard their cry ;
Who, (pity in their eye)
Did their fierce wants supply
With pious care.



Inoculation hail !
 May thy kind power ne'er fail ;
 Beauty's chief friend.
 From thee fly grief and pain :
 Thou bid. Health cheer each vein.
 The graces, and their train,
 On thee attend.
 Thrice happy those most be
 Who have recourse to thee
 In life's sweet bloom :
 While most who shun thy aid,
 Of crowded towns afraid,
 In the sequestered shade
 Their years consume.

While thus the hymn we raise
 This charity to praise,
 Ye Angels hear !
 Lays that to virtue tend ;
 Which good deeds recommend,
 May to yon spheres ascend,
 And soothe your ear.—
 With ~~George~~ we'll close the strain :—
 Long be our Patron's * reign :
 One glorious day !
 With GEORGE we'll CHARLOTTE join ;
 Bright wreathes for them entwine.—
 For ever may their line
 The scepter sway !

S O N G 126. *The Bath Ghost.*

IN the days of our fires,
 Strange fights and wild-fires
 Affrighted the girls and the boys ;
 But of late old Sir Nick
 Has found a new trick,
 And only appears in a noise :

That

* His Majesty graciously condescended to be the patron of
 these hospitals.

That it whilom befel,
 As we all know too well,
 At a Quaker's, whose spirit within
 Was put to the rout
 By a spirit without,
 That made a most terrible din :

Being forely afraid,
 He called to his aid
 All sorts of good people to save him ;
 Who readily went,
 With a pious intent,
 For fear lest the devil should have him.

The peers and the commons
 Submit to his summons,
 For the sake of so worthy an host :
 Much company came,
 Who were brought by the same
 Of this terrible noise of a ghost.

Secure, by their charms, from danger and harm,
 From danger and harm, —
 The danger was not in the air,
 But how the spirit was there,
 Believe it was right,
 Whilst they made it day with their eyes :

How blest is our isle,
 Where such graces do smile ?
 What nation can boast so much merit,
 Where beauties so bright,
 In the dead of the night,
 Defy both the flesh and the spirit ?

Thus strengthened, mine host
 Did vapour and boast,
 And bounce like a stout valiant jaylor ?
 In his own wise conceit,
 Was wholly as great,
 If not greater than Fox or the Nailor.

But

But dreadful, alas!

When midnight was past,

Which by constant experience 'tis found,

And children can tell,

Before they can feel,

That ghosts, like the watch, take their round.

Then a noise from afar,

Like a drumming to war,

Made every visage look pale;

The blood from each part

Flew swift to the heart,

And the spirits found vent at the tail.

Tho' shocking the smell,

Yet, it happened full well,

For it kept all the ladies from fainting;

But to shew us each face,

What a pity it was,

That HOGARTH was not there with his painting?

Thus we fairly, I think;

Account for the stink;

But what the strange drumming should be,

Oh! hard to believe it,

Who would ever conceive it?

'Twas the captain's great dog and a flea.

S O N G 127.

W H E N LUNA, pale with solemn mein,
O'erlook'd the spreading trees;

And all attentive was the scene,

Nor whispered once a breeze:

Upon a dewy bank reclin'd,

Poor DAMON breath'd his sighs,

'Till tears relieved; then ' Fate unkind,

' And wretched me' he cries.

' Farewell my CLOE, farewell all

' That used to charm thy swain;

' Nor time, nor admonition's call,

' Can ease thy DAMON's pain.

' Nor

- ‘ Nor thou, my pipe, whose echoing voice
‘ Has charmed my love and me,
‘ And, when the tune was CLOE’s choice,
‘ Redoubled melody.
- ‘ O how can I forget each scene,
‘ (Or thinking fail to die)
‘ Of sportive innocence between
‘ My faithful love and I !
‘ How charming passed each pleasing hour,
‘ In which the fragrant grove,
‘ The pulsing stream, and mantling bower,
‘ Beheld our mutual love !
- ‘ How sweet the smile that deck’d her face,
‘ When near her lips I drew !
‘ But smiles and kisses (cruel case,)
‘ From henceforth all adieu.
‘ The blushing rose was in her cheek,
‘ The diamond in her eye ;
‘ And with her silver and filken neck,
‘ No less she could vie.
- ‘ So tender, so pure, so true, so fair,
‘ To virtue’s rule’s so bound,
‘ Go search, but search in vain to meet
‘ With like the village round ;
‘ So made to charm her shape and air,
‘ When tripping o’er the green,
‘ The sighing swains surveyed the fair,
‘ And call’d her beauty’s queen.
- ‘ Forgive me then, each nymph and swain,
‘ Nor blame my sighs sincere,
‘ But, when ye pass where CLOE’s lain,
‘ Let pity drop a tear.’
Thus DAMON told his tale severe,
‘Till inward turned the tide ;
Then, overcome with deep despair,
He broken hearted dy’d.

SONG 128 *On Lotteries.*

A LOTT'RY, like a magic spell,
 All ranks of men bewitches,
 Whose beating bosoms vainly swell
 With hopes of sudden riches:
 With hope to gain TEN THOUSAND POUND
 How many poll to ruin,
 And for an empty, airy sound,
 Contrive their own undoing!

Those on whom wealth her stores had shed,
 May firmly bear these crosses;
 But they who earn their daily bread,
 Oft sink beneath their losses.
 'Tis strange, so many fools we find,
 By tickets thus deluded,
 And by a trifling turn of mind
 From life's best bliss excluded.

For life's best blessing, calm content,
 Attends not on his numbers,
 Who dreams of gross, cent. per cent.
 And sets his heart on numbers.
 Thro' all life's various stages, care
 Our peace will oft disquiet;
 Like a free-gift it comes, we ne'er
 Need be in haste to buy it.

He who, intent on shadowy schemes,
 By them is deeply bubbled,
 Deserves to wake from golden dreams,
 With disappointment doubled.
 Unmoved by Fortune's fickle wheel,
 The wise man chance despises;
 And prudence courts with fervent zeal—
 She gives the highest prizes.

SONG 129. *The toast; a catch.*

GIVE the toast, my good fellow, be blithsome
 and gay,
 And let the brisk moments pass jocund away!
 Here's the king—take your bumpers, my brave Irish
 souls,
 Who guards your fair freedom, should grace your full
 bowls.
 Let him live—long and happy, see LEWIS is brought
 down,
 And taste all the comforts (no cares) of a crown.

SONG 130. *On the Royal Nuptials.*

HYMEN to thee our pray'rs ascend;
 To thee fair Albions sov'reigns bend;
 Thy fragrant roses strow:
 Their hands let smiling concord join;
 VENUS a myrtle wreath intwine
 For GEORGE — CHARLOTTE's brow.

See the brisk hours on rosy wing
 From morn's bright portal jocund spring,
 To hail the happy day;
 Whilst slow retires the Hesperian star,
 Phœbus impatient mounts his car,
 And beams his brightest ray.

Look through the radiant lists of time:
 Seest thou in any age or clime
 A nation blest'd like this?
 A king whose will's the people's voice,
 A queen whose worth's the people's choice,
 Accumulate its bliss.

Whilst, glad to cull each blooming flow'r,
 And deck, bright pair, your nuptial bow'r,
 Light frisk the purple loves,
 Reason with joy the work sur vey
 And virtue, smiling as thy gaze,
 Their busy care approves.

Though

Though idle fops, still prone to change,
 Like the gay bee incessant range,
 'Tis folly deems them free :
 Ye know to yield in virtue's cause ;
 To bend the will to reason's laws
 Is real liberty.

No wild desires can joy impart ;
 They please the sense, ne'er reach the heart,
 Evaporate and cloy :
 Who still pursue but never fix,
 Nor mental charms with sensual mix,
 Possess, but ne'er enjoy.

HYMEN, far nobler gifts are thine ;
 Each social joy, each bliss divine,
 That glads the human breast :
 Thine is th' extatic mutual glow ;
 'Tis you the sacred gift bestow,
 In blessings married.

To monarchs power, to subjects
 Nature with bliss distinguishes,
 From her eternal spring
 But, link'd in HYMEN's silken chain,
 Monarchs the various bliss attain
 Of subject and of king.

Though sense and mind, which man compose,
 Designed as friends, disjointed as foes,
 To different objects tend ;
 Yet bound in HYMEN's sacred ties,
 The low, the high, discording joys
 Of sense and reason blend.

See the gay bubbles round us play ;
 Still as we grasp they flit away,
 Emblems of human days !
 But children lasting pleasures give ;
 In them to future times we live,
 And gather future joys.

If such the bliss of HYMEN's state ;
 What joys, blessed pair, on you await !
 Beauty and friendship joined ;
 Beauty, to fill each raptur'd sense :
 Whilst friendship's vital powers dispence
 The rapture to the mind.

And, when we look to that dread hour
 When GEORGE and CHARLOTTE are no more.

This hope illumes the breast :
 Still in their offspring they shall sway ;
 We in our sons shall hail this day,
 In future ages blessed.

S O N G 131. *On the same occasion.*

SHE comes ! I see her from afar,
 Refulgent as the morning star,
 Or as the mid-day sun, when he
 Conduct her, ~~across the sky~~
 Lay the ~~angel's hand~~
 Heav'n's ~~chariot~~
 Th' obedient ~~angel~~
 And pay due homage ~~to her~~

Inured too long to martial noise,
 She comes to taste the envy'd joys
 Of glory and repose ;
 No more to hear the orphan's cry,
 The heart-felt pang, the plaintive sigh,
 Nor dread approaching foes.
 Boast then, O ! boast the triumph of thine eyes ;
 The best of princes is CHARLOTTE's prize.

And see ! the royal youth appears,
 Mature in glory, ripe in years,
 Britannia's darling care.—
 Tell me, ye envious distant pow'rs,
 What ye can boast a king like ours,
 What ye a queen so fair ?
 Illustrious march, thou hast gained from Heav'n
 Its choicest gift ; What more could it have giv'n ?
 Immortal

Immortal HYMEN, to whose care
 Belong the solemn rites, prepare
 To crown the happy day !
 Ye muses, sweep the sounding lyre !
 Exert your warm poetic fire
 To chase the hours away,
 'Till GEORGE receive her to the nuptial bed ;
 'Till innocence with royal virtue wed.

And, when in living verse ye tell
 How Britain rul'd, how Gallia fell,
 In his auspicious reign,
 Her beauty's empire shall be sung :
 Her merit, praised by ev'ry tongue,
 Shall close the grateful strain :
 " Long may she boast the triumph of her eyes ,
 " Long may the best of princes be her prize !"

SONG : 32. *Hunting.*

THE morning is charming, all nature is gay,
 Away, my brave boys, to your horses away ;
 For the prime of our pleasure, and questing the hare,
 We have not so much as a moment to spare.

CHO. *Hark ! the lively toned horn,
 How melodious it sounds, how melodious it sounds,
 To the musical song, to the musical song of the hur-
 ry-mouth'd hounds.*

In yon stubble field we shall find her below ;
 Soho ! cries the huntsman ; hark to him, soho !
 See ! see where she goes, and the hounds have a view ;
 Such harmony HANDEL himself never knew.

CHO. *Gates, hedges, and ditches, to us are no bounds,
 But the world is our own while we follow the
 hounds.*

Hold, hold, 'tis a double ; hark, hey ! Bowler, hey !
 If a thousand gainsay it, a thousand shall iye ;

G

His

His beauty surpassing, his truth has been tryed,
At the head of the pack an infallible guide.

CHO. *At his cry the wide welkin with thunder resounds,
The darling of hunters, the glory of hounds.*

O'er highlands and lowlands, and woodlands we fly,
Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry;
So match'd in their mouths, and so even they run,
Like the trine of the spheres, and the race of the sun.

CHO. *Hail, joy, and felicity, dance in the rounds,
And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.*

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,
That the hare (though a stout one) begins to decline;
A chase of two hours or more she has led,
She's down, look about ye, they have her, she's dead.

CHO. *How glorious a death to be honoured with sounds
Of harts, and dogs to the triumph of hounds.*

Here's to the hunters, and here's to their lives,
May they be rewarded by their sweethearts or wives;
May they be happy in the world, and in the next,
As the most happy men they are in the West.

CHO. *And free from the care which the many surrounds,
Be happy at last when they see no more hounds.*

SONG 133. *For the Catch-Club at the Phoenix in Werburgh-street.*

Tune: Come let us prepare: which see after this song.

WHEN the deity's word,
Throughout Chaos was heard,
And in order uprose this vast ball, fir,
The spheres sung his praise,
Who from discord could raise,
This Harmony, Harmony all, fir.

Each child of the earth,
The chorus sung forth,

Te-deums were gratefully given ;
 Land, sea and skies rung,
 With creation's glad song ;
 And Harmony echo'd thro' Heaven.

'Tis music whose charms
 Each fierce passion disarms,
 As we find by unhappy king SAUL, fir,
 When his harp DAVID tuned,
 Madness sunk at the sound,
 For sense comes at Harmony's call, fir,

The spider inflam'd,
 Tarantula nam'd,
 With his sting will each victim, appal, fir.
 But music is sure,
 The sad patient to cure,
 For health comes at Harmony's call, fir.

TIMOTHEUS had skill,
 To curb PHILIP's son's will,
 With a touch made his heart rise or fall, fir,
 He in tune put his breast,
 Then let love do the rest,
 For love comes at Harmony's call, fir.

LURIDICE's swain,
 By his sense-lulling strain,
 Could the forest's wild tenants enthrall, fir.
 Nay stones we can prove,
 Will obedient move,
 At Harmony's, Harmony's call, fir.

Man and beast will decay,
 Rocks and seas sink away,
 'The great globe must to ruin resign, fir,
 Yet in Heaven above,
 Still will music and love,
 Eternal in Harmony join, fir.

This night let us strive,
 To keep humour alive,

But first we'll this bumper dispatch, fir,
 Let him, who sings best,
 Sing a song for the rest,
 Or join as he ought in a catch, fir.

S O N G 154. *Sung by Free-Masons, after
 making an entered apprentice.*

C O M E, let us prepare,
 We brothers that are
 Met together on merry occasion;
 Let's drink, laugh and sing,
 Our wine has a spring:
 Here's a health to an Accepted Mason.

CHO. *Let's drink, laugh, &c.*

The world is in pain,
 Our secret to gain,
 But still let them wonder and gaze on,
 * 'Till they're shewn the light,
 They'll ne'er know the right
 Word, or sign of an Accepted Mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what;
 Why so many great men in the nation
 Should aprons put on,
 To make themselves one
 With a free and an Accepted Mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
 Have laid by their swords,
 This our myst'ry to put a good grace on;
 And ne'er been asham'd
 To hear themselves nam'd
 With a free and an Accepted Mason.

Antiquity's

* *The three last lines of this verse are sometimes sung thus:*

They ne'er can divine,
 The word or the sign,
 Of a free and an Accepted Mason.

Antiquity's pride
 We have on our side,
 It makes each man just in his station;
 'There's nought but what's good,
 To be understood
 By a free and an Accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere,
 We're just to the fair,
 They'll trust us on ev'ry occasion;
 No mortal can more
 The ladies adore
 Than a free and an Accepted Mason.

Then join hand in hand
 To each other firm stand,
 Let's be merry, and put a bright face on:
 No mortal can boast
 So noble a toast,
 As a free and an Accepted Mason.

*No mortal can boast
 So noble a toast,
 As a free and an Accepted Mason.*

Thrice repeated in due form

To all the worthy fraternity round the globe.

SONG 135.

O Greedy MIDAS, I've been told,
 That what you touch you turn to gold;
 O had I but a pow'r like thine,
 I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.
I'd turn, &c.

Each purling stream should feel my force;
 Each fish my fatal power mourn;
 And wond'ring at the mighty change,
 Should in their native regions burn.

Nor should there any dare t'approach
 Unto my mantling, sparkling shrine,
 But first should pay their votes to me,
 And stile me only god of wine.

SONG. 136. *The Wishes*

SINCE wishing's the fashion, shall we baulk the
 strain,
 And, while bards are wishing, in silence remain?
 By Jove 'twould be shameful, it never shall be,
 Then join worthy Britons in wishing with me.
Then join, &c.

The first wish I make (to the heav'ns let it ring)
 Is honour, and pleasure, and health to the king;
 May he reign long and happy, each gift may he share,
 And his fame be as great, as his virtue is rare.

The next I beg is for the dear one I love o'er,
 In safety to pass all the joys of our shore;
 May the pleasures of her presence, her beauty, transcend,
 An amiable comfort, companion, and friend.

All rapture and purity, oh! may their bed,
 By the loves and the graces, with roses be spread:
 May an offspring succeed (can we better desire it)
 As bright as the mother, as wise as the sire.

May the seasons press forward, their senses to greet,
 And the hours dance around them, with down on their
 feet;
 No cloud to o'ershade 'em, no thorn in their ways,
 But love, wealth, and glory, increase with their days.

SONG 137.

COME, let us drink, and drown all sorrow,
 For perhaps we may not, for perhaps we may not,
 For perhaps we may not meet here to morrow.

He

He that goes to bed, goes to bed, goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do,
Falls as the leaves do in October.

This will cure the head-ach, the cough and the phthisic,
This is to all men, this is to all men,
This is to all men the best of physic.

S O N G 138. *The Pimpiad.*

Tune. Come let us prepare, &c. *which see in page 112*

YE pimps all draw near,
And I'll make it appear,
That a pimp is no rascally station;
And that pimps we are all,
(I aver) great and small,
From the head to the tail of the nation.

The priest it is plain,
For the lucre of gain,
Dame religion ~~exalts to the sky, fir,~~
And will meekly declare,
That no nymph is so fair,
Tho' he knows all the time—'tis a lye, fir.

The grave judge on the bench,
Will swear there's no wench
Like justice, so safe and so sound, fir,
Tho' he looks without guile,
Yet he knows all the while
She's been pox'd by the lawyers all round, fir.

The doctor so grave,
Is as arrant a knave,
And a pimp to a lady call'd health, fir,
Tho' the son of a whore,
Has debauch'd her before,
And now sells her for chariot and wealth, fir.

The player I ween,
 Pimps for tragedy's queen,
 And for comedy seldom refuses ;
 The manager's soul
 Is a pimp to his coal,
 And the poet's a pimp to the muses.

The soldier and tar,
 Are the pimps of the war,
 And the beau is a pimp by profession ;
 The statesman, 'tis true,
 Give the devil his due,
 Is no pimp—but the bawd of the nation.

S O N G 139. *The Kildare Hunt, a can-
 tata.*

RECITATIVE.

WHILE I see over his bags the sordid slave,
 Who looks the night of woe,
 Improves his time in the chase,
 But ah, no happiness can find ;
 Such the effects of vain desire,
 Still wanting what we can't acquire.

A I R.

Tune: *Let the tempest of war:* which see in the first vol.

*May the joys of my soul, be exempt from controul,
 Unincumber'd with fear or with pain ;
 With the sons of the chase, I'd each pleasure embrace,
 Of the bottle, the bowl, or the plain.*

*Then to Kildare away, where the bucks ever gay,
 Share the charms of the bowl and the field :
 With them I'd enjoy, what can never annoy,
 The pleasures which either can yield.*

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

But ah ! too soon the rosey cheek,
Of ruddy youth will fade away,
And wrinkled age infirm and weak,
Bring on the winter of decay.

FRENCH-HORN AIR.

*Then ye bucks who love the sport,
To the Kildare hunt repair,
There the fons of mirth resort,
Free from sorrow void of care ;*

Horns sounding.

Joy abounding ;

Echo fills the air.

Nature joins the jovial lay,

Haste,—nature's strains obey.

Lo ! the deer—

Trembling—

Now for courage—

And implorers—

Horns sounding, &c.

See with eager joy the hounds,

Snuff the sportive chase pursue ;

Hill and dale their cry resounds,

While the flying deer's in view.

Horns sounding, &c.

Foremost in the jovial train,

*View a martial form and mien ; **

Hark his voice delights the plain,

As his presence glads the scene.

Horns sounding, &c.

G 5

Thus

*Twas † ORION sam'd of yore,
Taught each azure bill the cry,
'Till the gods—could gods do more?
Made him ranger of the sky.*

Horns sounding, &c.

SONG 140. *The Loyal Toasts.*

*Wrote before the cessation of arms. Tune: Push about the
brisk bowl, &c. which see in the first volume.*

SIX subjects as loyal the kingdom can prize,
To toast it they met at the star:
Divinity, phyfic, a lawyer, likewise
A merchant, mechanic, and tar, and tar,
A merchant, mechanic, and tar.

The bowl being brought, then their bumpers they
charg'd,
And me
I'm
With

Then phyfick took up his gold-headed cane,
And with gravity took up his glass:
Here's wishing our subjects united remain,
'Then the foes of our land's but a farce, a farce, &c.

The lawyer he eagerly then took a snuff,
Th' expedition he had in his view:
Here's to HAWKE, and all other that stick by the fluff,
What e'er they attack to subdue, subdue, &c.

Here's wishing the war on with vigour may go,
Said the merchant, tho' assurance us fleece:
Two years more such conquests, shall make them to
know,
That on our own terms, we'll have peace, have
peace, &c.

The

† *A constellation in the Southern hemisphere.*

The mechanic he wish'd that Great Britain's allies,
With zeal and true courage may fight;
Like Britons of old, who so freedom did prize,
And bravely defended their right, their right, &c.

Plague them, quoth JACK TAR, who'd hurt GEORGE
and PITT,
Make a cell in the bastile their room;
The worth of true freedom know, by wanting it,
And cuckoi'd by priests be their doom, their doom,
&c.

BRITANNIA appearing she did them caress,
Boys! I have a son of my own;
On whose royal bosom, freedom is impress,
'Tis GEORGE the third now on the throne, &c.

SONG 141. *On the birth of the Prince of
Wales.*

TO GEORGE and CHARLOTTE, happy pair,
A son is born, a royal heir,
Bring ev'ry jem from chrystals bred,
To crown the lovely infant's head:
Britons all hail th' auspicious morn,
When GEORGE and CHARLOTTE's son was born.

SONG 142. *On the conquest of the Ha-
vannah.*

Tune: The Twitcher; which see in page 39.

NOW England's victorious,
Our conquests more glorious,
Than those of ELIZA or ANNA;
Freedom drew Honour's sword,
Courage gave us the word,
And our hearts of oak form'd the Havannah, brave boys,
And our hearts of oak form'd the Havannah.

For Quebec, Montreal,
Martinique, Senegal,
With sorrow each Frenchman looks wan-ah!
And I'll hold ten to one,
That each whisket-cheek'd don,
Seems as queer for the loss of Havannah, *brave boys,*
Ec.

France and Spain would intrigue
In a family league,
And Austria must join in the clan-ah!
Yet though Polish count BRUHL
Clubb'd the weight of his skull,
All their heads could'nt save the Havannah, *brave boys,*
Ec.

Our ground we made good,
For determin'd we stood,
To conquer or die to a man-ah! — *121*
With our ~~brave boys~~ and theirs
We ~~have~~ ~~the~~ ~~ears~~,
And ~~dun~~ ~~the~~ ~~ears~~ ~~at~~ ~~Havannah~~ ~~brave boys,~~

Our commanders we knew
Were resolv'd to go through,
Unanimity strengthened their plan ah!
Along Cuba's coast,
But we Briton's won't boast,
Nor shall Spaniards now boast the Havannah, *brave*
boys, Ec.

Once Spain in bravado
Sent here an Armado,
But DRAKE drubb'd them out of their plan ah!
In return for their treat,
We dispatch'd a stout fleet,
To drubb the dons out of Havannah, *brave boys, Ec.*

See BRITANNIA advance,
Conquests wreath on her lance,

Magnanimity

Magnanimity marshals her plan ah !
 Fame rejoiced spreads her wings,
 Hark exulting she sings,
 British heroes have won the Havannah, *brave boys, &c.*

S O N G 143. *The Pease-Soup-Maker ; or,
 a new m/s at the B--df--rd head.*

*Tune : Ye medley of mortals, &c. which set next after
 this song.*

OF late we have heard of a laird in high station,
 Determin'd to give a treat to the nation ;
 A m/s of pea-e soup, he has order'd, 'tis said,
 To be cook'd in a trice at the old B—df—rd head.

Sing tantara-rara cooks all, cooks all.

Sing tantara-rara cooks all.

The cooks all attended his call, you may guess,
 Where puzzling their brains, how to cook up the m/s ;
 Each politic noddle reflected and reason'd,
 That the people would certainly like it well season'd.

But my laird of the Boot us'd to oatmeal and water,
 To crowdy and gruel—knew nought of the matter,
 Most strongly advis'd 'em with frugal patience,
 To leave out the seas'ning, and save the expence.

If this is the case then, how Britons will look !
 Turn sick at the porridge, and rail at the cook ;
 For who but a Sc—tf—n could relish such stuff ?
 So prithee my laird—make it season'd enough.

If the true Attic salt should be wanting, I fear
 The French will rejoice, and the Hollanders sneer ;
 Poor England dejected would sink down her head,
 And Sc—tf—n grow fat on the Englishmen's bread.

Then rouse hearts of oak !—from your lethargy rise !
 'Tis time, my good friends, you should open your eyes ;
 You have fought—you have conquer'd—your honour
 increase,
 Nor suffer your fame to be soil'd with a p—e.

Ne

No longer let bunglers in cook'ry pretend,
To poison their tastes for their own private end :
Insipid soup meagre, or crowdy, or sallad,
Are not strong enough for Englishmens palate.

Let your soup, if you have it, be lasting and strong,
To stick to the ribs of the old and the young :
High season'd and rich, it will add to your vigour,
And give you fresh courage to draw sword or trigger.

Then 'bate not a grain of your seas'ning at least,
Your spirit maintain e're your pow'rs decreas'd :
To be gull'd of your glory, ne'er let it be said,
But down with the boot, and the old B—d—d head.

SONG 144. *The Masquerade.*

Wrote by Mr. GARRICK, and sung originally at Ranelagh-gardens, near London.

YE medley of mortals that make up the throng,
Spare your wit for a moment and list to my song ;
What you'd not expect here, my wit shall be new,
And what is more strange ev'ry word shall be true.

*Sing tantara rara truth all, truth all,
Sing tantara-rara truth all.*

Not a toy in the place you'll buy cheaper than mine,
Bring your lasses to me, and you'll save all your coin ;
The ladies alone, will pay dear for my skill,
For if they will hear me, their tongues must lie still.

Sing tantara-rara, mute all, &c.

Tho' our revels are scorn'd by the grave and the wise,
Yet they practise all day, what they seem to despise ;
Examine mankind, from the great, to the small,
Each mortal's disguis'd, and the world is a ball.

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The parson, brimful of October and grace
With a long taper pipe, and a round ruddy face ;

Will

Will rail at our doing—but when it is dark,
The doctor's disguis'd, and led home by the clerk.
Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The fierce roaring blade, with long sword and cock'd
hat,
Who with zounds ! he did this, and d's-blood he'll do
that ;
When he comes to his trial he fails in his part,
And proves that his looks are but masks to his heart.
Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The beau acts the rake, and will talk of amours,
Shews letters from wives, and appointments from
whores :
But a creature so modest, avoids all disgrace,
For how would he blush, should he meet face to face ?
Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The courtiers and patriots, 'mongst other fine things,
Will talk of their country, and love of their kings ;
But their masks will drop off, if you make but then peep,
And shew king and country all centered in self.
Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

With an outside of virtue, Miss SQUEAMISH the
prude,
If you touch her, she faints ; if you speak, you are rude ;
Thus she's prim, and she's coy, 'till her blossoms are
gone,
And when mellow, she's pluck'd by the coachman or
JOHN.
Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

With a grave mask of wisdom, say physic and law,
In your case there's no fear, in your cause there's no
flaw ;
'Till death and the judge have decreed, they look big ;
Then you find you have trusted—a full-bottom'd wig.
Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

Thus life is no more than a round of deceit,
Each neighbour will find, that his next is a cheat ;
But

But if, O ye mortals, these tricks ye pursue;
You at last cheat yourselves—and the devil cheats you.
Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

SONG 145. *The Congress: or, a devise
to lower the land tax.*

HERE you may see the happy congress,
All now is done with such a bon-grace,
No English wight can surely grumble,
Or cry, our tr—ty makers fumble.
Doodle, doodle, doo, paw paw paw, paw paw.

Who would not for a p—ce like this,
Replete with ev'ry kind of blifs,
Give all our c—q—fts, all our gain-a,
And glory in the highland thane-a.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

*Our manly wisdom, we'll change with you;
Talk English, we'll be sure to do;
On oatmeal, we'll be sure to feed;
And Smithfield, we'll be sure to bleed.*

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

A tartan plaid each chield shall wear-a,
With bonnets blue we'll deck our hair-a,
And make an act, that no one may put
A felt, or beaver, on his caput.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Then strut with Caledonian pride,
SHAKESPEARE and MILTON fling aside,
On bag-pipes play, and learn to sing all,
'Th' achievements of the mighty FINGAL.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

In gratitude all this we owe-a,
For saving us from beaten foe-a,
And is the least we surely can do,
For to regain lost Newfoundl—do.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

SONG

SONG 146. *The Political Bagpiper.**Tune: The flowers of Edinburgh.*

BRA' JOHN O'BOOT was a bonny muckle mon,
 Fra' Scotland he came wi' his broadsword in his
 hand,

He came at the head of a bra' bonny clan,
 Who the de'il could his muckle muckle suit with-
 stand?

He looked so neat,
 And he kissed so sweet,
 That a dame of renown soon gave ear to his suit;
 Then his pipe he lugg'd out,
 And ye need not to doubt,
 But in concert he play'd—with her German flute.

Quoth he bonny lassie, your flute gangs weel,
 And keeps gude time wi' my bagpipe clear;
 Sic music as this is can surely never fail,

In time to accord with an English ear;

For what music so sweet,
 Or what harmony compleat,
 As the bagpipe join'd with the German flute?
 Then turning up her eyes,
 Strait the muckle dame replies:

“When the bagpipe's play'd by my JOHN O'BOOT.”

Play away, bonny lad, I have good store of gold,
 Your bag shall be full, while your pipe it can play,
 You ne'er shall return to a climate so cold,

For your kisses are warmer and sweeter than May;

Quoth he, do not mourn,
 For I ne'er will return,
 While here I can taste of the golden fruit:

Then his pipe he essay'd,
 And another lilt he play'd,
 In concert sweet—with her German flute.

Away

Away English fools, 'ye no more shall pretend,
 In music to vie with a bonny highland mon;
 Nor more shall the lasses of England commend,
 The fam'd Irish-jigg, when compar'd to my JOHN;
 For a quick merry strain,
 That enlivens each vein,
 Who the de'il with a Scotsman shall e'er dispute?
 But his bagpipe alone,
 Has too much of the drone,
 And of need must be join'd—with my German flute.

Come on, bonny lads, then with pleasure advance,
 Your poor empty scrips, and your wallets disown;
 JOHN O'BOOT bears the bell, fir, and leads up the dance,
 In the grand masquerade at the thistle and crown:
 There sweet-meats and wine,
 Shall intreat you to dine;
 Your hunger asswage, and your spirits recruit,
 While more soft to the ear,

~~Heard the bagpipe so clear,
 In concert with the German flute.~~

A fine English strain accords to the strain,
 A better, sure never was play'd on before;
 The French-horn, at a distance, would join it amain,
 And the Spanish-guitar play an overture in score;
 But woe to the land,
 If they join in the band,
 Soon th' fiddle would be broke, and the fiddlestick to boot;
 For an Englishman born,
 Should despise a French-horn,
 Tho' his ear may be tickled by a German flute.

S O N G 147. *The Grumblers of Britain.*

*Tune: The roast beef of old England: which see in the
 second part of this volume.*

GOOD people attend (if you can but spare time)
 To a grumbling poet, who grumbles in rhyme,
 To sit down in silence—is now deem'd a crime.

*O the rum grumblers of England!
 And O the old-English grumblers!*

When

When Statesmen miscarry and things go awry
The coffee-house grumblers their rancour let fly,
And snarl, snap and worry—yet know not for why.
O the rum grumblers, &c.

Muckle glee fills the heart of brave Sawney the Scot,
Because he has stily the upper hand got,
The Englishman grumbles—because he has not.
O the rum grumblers, &c.

Some grumblers possess'd of more money than sense,
Complain of the land-tax, the war and expence,
That conquest brings ruin—they plead for defence.
O the rum grumblers, &c.

The poor people grumble about the strong beer,
Our soldiers and sailors too grumble for fear,
Of losing the dollars—they hope to bring here.
O the rum grumblers, &c.

The Pittamites grumble at HOO ANZU's new print,
With countenance crabbed, they just don't like it,
And swear from JOHN BULL—he has piller'd the hint.
O the rum grumblers, &c.

Old FORMAL exclaims thus against the qu—n's a—,
“What pity the author unpunish'd should pass?”
“Let them grumble, cries HAL—while I add to the
mass.”

O the rum grumblers, &c

Thus grumbling and growling from morning 'till
night,
The nation remains in a terrible plight;
For grumbling will never—set matters to right.
O the rum grumblers, &c.

Then let us not into such strange madness fall,
And loudly for peace, and no peace rave and bawl;
But pray for a good one—or else none at all.
O the rum grumblers of England!
And O the old-English grumblers!

SONG 148.

On making a memorable general peace, written by the Earl of C—; in the FABLE of which there is so interesting a MORAL, (exclusive of its striking drollery) that the public will be highly pleased with this, among the many other choice pieces of humour, which are not to be found in any other collection.—Tune: A begging we will go: which see in the second part of this volume.

TWO Welchmen, partners in a cow,
Resolv'd to sell her dear:
They laid their heads together how
To do't at Ludlow fair,

*Fal de rol, de rol, de rol, de rol, de rol,
de rol, de rol, de dol, dol da.*

'Twas on a sultry summer's day,
When on they drove the beast;

And having...
The late...
...

The cow, a creature of no breeding,
The place with grafs being flor'd,
Fed by, and while she was a feeding,
Let fall a mighty t—d.

ROGER, quoth HUGH, I'll tell thee what,
Two words and I have done :
If thou wilt fairly eat up that,
The cow is all thy own.

'Tis done, quoth ROGER, 'tis agreed,
And to't he went a-pace;
He was so eager fet, 'tis said,
That he forgot his grace.

He labour'd with his wooden spoon,
And up he flopp'd the stuff;
'Till by the time that half was done,
He felt he had enough.

He

He felt, but scorning to look back,
Would seem to want still more;
And then he made a fresh attack,
As vigorous as before.

But stopping short a-while, he cry'd,
How fares it, neighbour HUGH?
I hope by this thou'rt satisfy'd,
Who's master of the cow.

Ay, ay, quoth HUGH, the devil choke thee,
For nothing else will do't;
I'm satisfy'd that thou hast broke me,
Unless thou wilt give out.

Give out, quoth ROGER, that were fine,
Why what have I been doing!
Yet I will tell thee, friend of mine,
I will not seek thy ruin.

My heart ~~now~~ turns against such gains,
I know ~~thou'r~~ piteous poor;
Eat thou the half that still remains,
And 'tis as 'twas before.

God's blessing on thy heart, quoth HUGH,
That proffer none can gainsay,
With that he readily fell to,
And eat his share of tansey.

And now, quoth HUGH, there is no doubt
Of either side much winner;
So had we been, quoth HUGH, without
This d—n—d confounded dinner.

The MORAL.

Thus princes war with equal rage,
Through sacred thirst of power;
This gains a battle, that a siege,
So 'tis as 'twas before.

Our fate we farther must allow,
This moral to afford ;
At length they join to eat the cow,
Their subjects eat the t—d.

S O N G 149. *The Dargle.*

*Sung in the admired pantomime called, A trip to the
Dargle; or, the Irish wedding: performed at the theatre
royal in Crow-street.*

C O M E haste to our wedding ye friends and ye
neighbours,
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay ;
Forget all your sorrows your cares and your labours,
And let ev'ry heart beat with pleasure all day.
Love's votaries all
Attend to my call,
Come revel in raptures that never can cloy :

Come——see,
~~Who all the~~ *Who all the* ~~of the Dargle enjoy~~ *of the Dargle enjoy*

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,
Still rule uncontroll'd in the breasts of the great ;
To those turbulent passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the fools of the state :
We boast of no wealth
But contentment and health ;
In mirth, love and friendship our moments employ.
Come——see, &c.

Yet reason we mix with each innocent pleasure,
And temp'rately drink of the full flowing bowl,
Be liberal not licentious our measure,
Lest fatal excess should o'erwhelm the free soul :
Then fly at my bidding
To this happy wedding,
No care shall intrude, our bliss to annoy,
Come——see, &c.

SONG 150. *A new Buck's Song.*

Tune: Ye medley of mortals, &c. which see in page 122.

COME mirth call on music, call music on song,
Come frolic-filled fancy bring genius along;
Come MOMUS, come COMUS, come BUCKS, hark away;
Here's to NIMRON our founder, a brusher, hurra.

*Sing tantara-rara, hurra, hurra,
Sing tantara-rara, hurra.*

Heroic SEMIRAMIS, Babylon's queen,
Great NIMRON's regalia and records had seen,
She the order renew'd, came herself as a guest,
And always from thence wore a Buck at her breast.

She call'd a divan, her spouse NINUS dethron'd,
'Cause no Buck he would be, for no monarch was own'd.
To her ladies this speech made, let Bucks alone win ye,
And each fool be nick-nam'd from NINUS a Ninny.

'Tis by women each Buck, at true honour arrives,
The first race of Bucks were made Bucks by their wives:
When for glory the Greeks round the world us'd to roam,
Each wife a true Buck, dubb'd her hero at home.

This order like light quickly spread o'er the earth,
Its harbingers Friendship and Freedom went forth;
Great NIMRON appear'd, in our lodge, took his post,
Love and Wit his supporters, and Honour his host.

From the archives of Ægypt our charter he brought,
That wealth springs from industry, to his Bucks taught;
Instructions through life for our sake did advise;
And that golden rule formed, to be merry and wise.

He stamp'd the Bucks charter; he formed the first
grand,
Unanimity gave, as the word of command:
To each ranger, each forester, this did premise,
Since Bucks you're become, boys, be merry and wise.

From

From BACCHUS our name is, tho' some say from Jove,
For he was the first like a Buck who made love;
To a bull for the sake of EUROPA he turns,
And bequeath'd to the man she should marry, his horns.

CADMUS, THESEUS, HERCULES, JASON, and others,
Set sail in their Argo, like brave Bucks and brothers.
The ladies of Colchis elected each stranger,
As JASON was chose by MEDEA her ranger.

Some say that ACTEON, because he wore horns,
Must needs be a Buck, but that tale each Buck scorns;
Had he been one of us, in DIANA's surprise,
He'd not stood like a fool, but—been merry and wise.

To conclude, let us rise Bucks, and hand in hand
join,
And a Buck's unanimity shew by this sign!
We bow to our grand, and acknowledge his sway,
And pronounce in full chorus, *nem. con.* We obey.

End of the first part of VOL. II.



WIT,

Wit, Women, *and* Wine;

Or, the

Mirth-loving SONGSTER:

A COLLECTION of

All the New SONGS not inserted in the
first Part of this Volume;

ALSO,

Several original Songs, Odes, Cantatas, Car-
ches, Ballads, &c. satirical, political, comical,
tragi-comical, farcical and pastoral, in the Irish,
Scotch, Italian, and English Taste, never before
published

WITH

SENTIMENTS, and HOB NOBS.

*Of WIT WOMEN and WINE, our Songs we'll raise,
The triple alliance we're boasting;
With Wit we can celebrate Beauty's praise,
While with Wine we those Beauties are teasing.*

Second Part of the second Vol. of APOLLO.

D U B L I N :

Printed by and for JAMES HOEY, junior. 1763



THE
E D I T O R,
TO THE
R E A D E R.

THIS part completes the Second Volume of *APOLLO, or the SONGSTER'S UNIVERSAL LIBRARY*; wherein are such a variety of new Songs, that the editor doubts not but it will meet with a favourable reception from the public, that hath received the first three parts of this work with so much indulgence.

He has ~~only to regret that several of his ingenious~~ friends, whose avowal would have done him honour, (actuated by the innate modesty which ever accompanies good sense) have begged to have their names concealed. What he begs leave, therefore, to acquaint the reader withal is, That in this collection he has spared no labour in procuring both ORIGINALS and other VALUABLE SONGS, which were only at present to be had in manuscript. And he has also thought it his duty to rescue some other valuable performances from the hands of the ignorant, where in many, very many instances, he found them so maimed and distorted, that the parent must have blushed to own his offspring.

This last office the editor considered as a debt due to merit and genius; for as detached songs, wherein the writers have so far succeeded as to meet with general approbation, are subject to be often transcribed, it too frequently happens that violence is done both to the

sense and harmony ; and what is still more cruel, these elegant little performances (which happen not to be written to an old tune) generally fall into the hands of the crotchet mongers, between whom and the fell hand of the engraver, sense falls a victim to sound and illiterate folly ; as the intelligent reader must have often observed with concern, when from the mis-spelling and other barbarities, he has been at a loss to recover either the poetry or sentiment.

It is highly incumbent on him to return his hearty thanks to all those who have from time to time furnished him with original Songs, without which assistance he must have miscarried in a design that has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations : and as this work is new in the manner of its execution, and an improvement upon all collections hitherto published, it is hoped the future numbers necessary for the completion of his design, will meet with the same countenance from all lovers of song.

~~If any part of the Third Volume~~ are in great forwardness, ~~if any gentleman is disposed to~~ favour the editor with new songs, directed for JAMES HOEY, junior, postage free, they will be gratefully received, and proper care taken to have them inserted correctly.



A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS

SONG 151. *The Union of LOVE, WIT,
and WINE.*

WITH women, wit, wine, I defy
ev'ry care,
For life without these is a bubble of
air;
Each helping the other, in pleasure I
roll,
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my
foul.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never shall alter my conduct for them;
I care not how much they my measures decline,
Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
'Tis the spring tide of life, and the fuel of love;

G ;

And

And VENUS ne'er look'd with a smile so divire,
As when MARS bound his head with a branch from the
vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half di-
vine,
First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with wine,
Then giving and taking in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

S O N G 152. *The blind eat many a fly*
modernized from CHAUCER.

FROM sweet bewitching tricks of love
Young men your hearts secure,
Let from the paths of love you rove
In dotage premature.

Look at each lass
Through wisdom's glass,
Nor trust the naked eye;
Gallant's beware,
Look sharp, take care,
The blind eat many a fly.

Not only on their hands and necks;
The borrow'd white you'll find;
Some belles, when interest directs,
Can even paint the mind:
Joy in distress
They can express,
Their very tears can lie,
Gallants beware, &c.

There's not a spindler in the realm
But all mankind can cheat,
Down to the cottage from the helm,
The learn'd, the brave, and great.

With

With lovely looks
And golden hooks,
T'entangle us they try;
Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was earth of parchment made;
Wes every single stick a quill,
Each man a scribe by trade:
To write the tricks
Of half the sex,
Would suck the ocean dry.
Gallants beware, &c.

SONG 153. CHAUCER'S *Recantation*.

RECITATIVE.

OLD CHAUCER, ~~once~~, *to this re-echoing grove,*
Sung "of the sweet bewitching tricks of love;"
But toon he found he'd sullied his renown,
And arm'd each charming hearer with a frown;
'Thus self-condemn'd a-new his lyre he strung,
And in repentant strains this recantation sung.

AIR.

*Long since unto her native sky
Fled heav'n descended constancy;
Nought now that's stable's to be had,
The world's grown mutable and mad.
Save women—they, we must confess,
Are miracles of steadfastness;
And every witty, pretty dame,
Bears for her motto—STILL THE SAME.*

*The flowers that in the vale are seen,
The white, the yellow, blue and green,
In brief complexion idly gay
Still set with ev'ry setting day,
Dispers'd by wind, or chill'd by frost,
Their odours gone, their colour lost:*

*But what is true, tho' passing strange,
That women never—fade nor change.*

*The wise man said that all was vain,
And folly's universal reign;
Wisdom it's wot'ries oft enthralles,
Riches torment, and pleasure falls;
And 'tis, good lack, a gen'ral rule,
That each man soon or late's a fool:
In women 'tis the exception lies,
For they are wond'rous, wond'rous wise.*

*This earthly ball with noise abounds,
And from it's emptiness it sounds;
Fame's deaf'ning din, the hum of men,
The lawyer's plea, the poet's pen:
But women here no one suspects,
Silence distinguishes that sex;
For, poor dumb things! so meek's their mould,
You know them as you know a scold.*

*An hundred voices, an hundred tongues,
An hundred pair of iron lungs,
Five heralds, and five thousand cryers,
With throats whose accent never tires,
Ten speaking trumpets of a size
Would deafness with their din surprize,
Your praise, sweet nymphs, shall sing and say,
And those that will believe it—may.*

SONG 154. *The Tryal of CHAUCER'S
Ghost: sung by one man and two women.*

FIRST WOMAN.

THOU traitor, who with the fair sex hast made
war,
Come lither, and hold up your hand at the bar:
By a jury of damsels you now must be try'd,
For having your betters traduc'd and bely'd.

SECOND

SECOND WOMAN.

How could'st thou such base defamation devise,
And not have the fear of our sex in your eyes!
Is all decency gone—all good breeding forgot?
Speak, varlet, and plead—Art thou guilty or not?

The MAN.

Not guilty I plead—but submit to the laws,
And with pleasure I yield to these fair ones my cause;
But still, that my trial more just may appear,
Speak louder and faster, or how should I hear?

FIRST WOMAN.

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm each bright toast,⁴
By the conjuring up of an old English ghost;
And made fully CHAUCER, without a pretext,
Snarl posthumous nonsense against the fair sex?

SECOND WOMAN.

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm each bright maid,
With that common-place trash, that each virgin ~~man~~
fide;
And without fear or wit, most assuming and bold,
Hast dar'd to suggest that we paint and we scold.

The MAN.

For want of experience, when I was but young,
Perhaps such strange falsehoods might drop from my
tongue;
But when I recanted from all my sins past,
I thought I had made you amends at the last.

FIRST WOMAN.

I'll promise you, friend, you shall duly be paid
For the ample amends that you lately have made:
I find by your shuffling the whole charge is true,
So I bring you in guilty without more ado.

SECOND WOMAN,

Ironical wits, like destroyers of game,
When they hide in a bush, 'tis to take surer aim—
By his shuffling I find too the whole charge is true,
So I bring him in guilty as willing as you.

The MAN.

Convicted I stand, and submit to my fate;
And fain would repent, but I find it too late:
If death then, alas! is to be my reward,
Why then I must die—but, by Jove, I'll die hard.

SECOND WOMAN.

Since to lengths so unbounded his malice he carried,
To hang him were kindness—

FIRST WOMAN.

No let him be married
To some musty old maid, that's the de'il of a shrew,
That will scold him, and beat him, and cuckold him
too.

SECOND WOMAN.

And beat him,

FIRST WOMAN.

And cuckold him too.

BOTH TOGETHER.

To some musty old maid, that's the de'il of a shrew,
That will scold him, and beat him, and cuckold him
too.

SONG 155.

O'ER the bowl we'll laugh and sing,
Melancholy hence away,
Ring, 'tis almost empty,—ring;
Fill it, landlord, let's be gay.

Wake,

Wake, ye genial sons of mirth,
 Now's the time to baffle care;
 Tho' we're mortals now on earth,
 Let us fancy heaven here.

Happiness we all pursue,
 Where is more than dwells in wine?
 Each full bumper gives a new
 Pleasure to the theme divine:
 * Why should wealth or care perplex us,
 Both alike to us were sent,
 Woman too will often vex us,
 Wine alone can give content.

SONG 156.

YOUNG STREPHON the gay,
 Came to me t'other day,
 Endeav'ring a passion to show,
 But tho' I was young,
 I had learnt from a song,
 The way his intentions to know.

He told me his mind
 Was to honour inclin'd,
 And swore he would make me his bride;
 If I would but go
 To the meads near yon brow,
 Where sweet purling rivers do glide.

I told him in truth,
 Tho' so handsome a youth,
 I soon would the matter decide;

To

* The last four lines of this song are sometimes sung thus.

*Why should men with sorrow pine,
 Lose a life of joy and ease?
 When his bliss is still refining,
 In fulltime delights like mine.*

To church first we'd go,
And then near to the brow,
I'd readily walk by his side.

I said this to prove
If he really did love;
But no more of STREPHON I saw:
So maids now beware,
To no man give ear,
'Till fast bound in HYMEN's good law.

S O N G 157. *The Bacchanalians.*

WINE, wine, is alone the brisk fountain of mirth,
Whence jollity springs, and contentment has
birth;

What mortals so happy as we who combine,
And fix our delight in the juice of the vine;
No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

Our laws are our own, not enforce'd by the crown,
And we stand to them fair, 'till we fairly fall down:
At acts of repeals we disdain to repine,
Nor grudge any tax, but the tax on our wine;
To CÆSAR, and BACCHUS, our tribute is due,
'Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

His worship so grave here may revel and roar,
The lawyer speak truth who ne'er spoke so before,
The parson here stript of his priesthood's disguise,
And CLOE's scorn'd lover get drunk and grow wise;
The husband may learn here to combat the shrew,
So glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

The chace of the bottle few accidents wait,
We seldom break necks, tho' we oft crack a pate;
If wars rise among us they soon again cease,
One bumper brings truce, and another brings peace:
'Tis this way alone we life's evils subdue,
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

SONG 158. *Woman for Man: addressed
to the Bachelors.*

WINE, wine we allow the brisk fountain of mirth,
It frights away care, and gives jollity birth;
Yet while we thus freely great BACCHUS approve,
Let's pay the glad tribute to VENUS and love;
For do what you will, nay, or say what you can,
Who loves not a woman, the wretch is no man.

To the charms of that sex let us chearful resign
Our youth, and our vigour, they're better than wine;
There's merit, I own, in a gay sparkling glass,
But can it compare with a lovely kind lass?
No, it cannot compare, you may say what you can,
Who prefers not a woman, the wretch is no man.

Th' enchantments of beauty what force can repel,
Th' eyes powerful magic, the bosom's soft spell,
The look so endearing, the kind melting kiss,
Th' enjoyments of love, are all raptures and bliss.
Then who woman refuses, rejects nature's plan,
He may say what he will but the wretch is no man.

May scandal, misfortune, and direful disgrace,
Be the portion of all th' effeminate race;
Like Ireland what nation on earth can they find,
Whose nymphs are so fair, so inviting and kind?
Then who women refuse, or reject nature's plan,
May they suffer like brutes, nor be pity'd by man.

From a striking example my moral shall spring,
Who'd act like a man, let him copy his king;
Like GEORGE in his youth, the gay spring-tide of life,
Let ev'ry good fellow now take him a wife;
When by HYMEN you're blest, rest securely, for then
You'll have nothing to do, but to prove yourselves
men.

SONG. 159. *Madam POMPADOUR.*

TH Y ruin, O LEWIS, they subjects relate,
 Whilst Mademoiselle guides the helm of the state.
 ROCHESTER said so, one rul'd Charles of yore,
 But she could not compare with your fam'd POMPA-
 DOUR.

On Persia's fair plains, there's SEMIRAMIS the bold.
 Was just, fir, the same; so tradition has told,
 And Rome too could boast of fair JULIA the whore,
 But she could not compare with your fam'd POMPA-
 DOUR.

Rome and Greece lost their glory, and kingdoms
 must fall,

When brimstones in power roll, and the ball;
 France's insolent valour, and Lewis's fall;
 And perdition's fire, and the fam'd POMPADOUR.

The grand monarch he heav'd a sigh,
 Most wretched made by POMPADOUR:
 Must France then fall, must LEWIS die?
 Has virtuous England ne'er a whore.

Yes, England has her fav'rite toasts,
 That trudge up the mall here.
 Miss KITTY FALCON rules the roast,
 And is the reigning girl here.

Though eke a prince and eke a lord,
 Have had with her great sport, fir,
 But yet 'tis true upon my word,
 They hiss her from the court, fir.

Then boast no more, our salique law,
 A brimstone France now rides-a.
 Whilst PIRR here guides the lion's paw,
 For the noblest beast provides-a.

Such

Such, such as these to guide the helm,
Would make the nations wonder ;
Then France behold the rising reign,
To whom you must knock under.

SONG 160.

STINT me not in love or wine,
I'll have full draughts of either;
Round me springs the mantling vine,
BACCHUS, haste you hither.

See the grape bleeds to replenish my cup,
I'll drink it, SILENUS; I'll drink it all up:
And tho' my feet stagger, and tho' my eyes roll,
Ye Bacchanals bring me another full bowl.

Trace with your bumpers. Vagabond
The party floor dates;
Send **To my arms embrace.**

See blooming young **HEBE** is now on the wing,
As ripe as fall fruit: as wanton as spring;
Ye fawns and ye dryads, far hence from the grove,
'Tis silence and solemn that is sacred to love.

Steering 'tween joy and joy;
Care I though I banish;
Time and fate shall ne'er destroy;
Others blaze and vanish.

Ye graces and fatyrs, my chaplet prepare,
With myrtle and ivy come bind up my hair ;
While I in due justice your pains will requite,
By drinking all day, and by loving all night.

SONG 161. *Hunting.*

HARK, hark, the huntsman sounds his horn,
A call so musical chides the drone.

Ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton.

The clangor wakes the drowsy morn,
The woods re-echo the sprightly tone,
Ton, ton, &c.

The loud-tongu'd cries the concert fill,
Our steeds with neighing salute the dawn,
We mount, and now we climb the hill,
Then swift descending we sweep the lawn.

The distant stag our accents hears,
Our accent's fatal to him alone.
He rousing starts, and wing'd with fears,
~~Forakes the thicket to seek the down.~~

~~Altho' DIANA claims the field, no more~~
The woods and forests tho' all her own,
The groves to VENUS let her yield,
Where we may follow her sportive son.

What joy to trace the blooming lass,
Thro' darksome grotto's with moss o'er-grown,
What harmony can ours surpass,
When joining chorus with dove-like moan.

In various sports the day thus spent,
Fatigu'd with pleasures when night comes on,
Our limbs tho' tir'd, our hearts content,
With wine regaling, all cares we drown.

SONG 162.

Tune : Farewell to Lochaber, &c. *which see, Song 164.*

THE sportsman may boast of his well-scented
hound ;

Each day let the coxcomb in dawdling confound ;

The

The statesman may vaunt of political schemes :
 Let poets be fool'd by their fancy-form'd dreams ;
 Let the night-wasting learned their volumes unfold,
 Give the toper his bottle, the miser his gold ;
 'Gainst learning, wealth, drinking, wit, state, I protest,
 'Tis woman, dear woman, she's worth all the rest.

Tho' birds in shrill symphonies, sing o'er our heads,
 And FLORA's gay paintings enamel the meads ;
 Tho' the fruits are so pleasant, so thick grow the trees,
 So warm shines the sun, and so cool breathes each
 breeze ;
 The odour of spices, the pure chrystal stream,
 Each nice gift of nature I nobly esteem ;
 Yet birds, fruit, spice, flowers, can ne'er stand the test,
 With woman, dear woman, she's worth all the rest.

In sickness, in prison, in want, in despair,
 What would we feel, if fond woman were not there ?
 The nostrum of nature, the medicine of life,
 In every affliction, the cure is a wife ;
 For think not, ye fair, that these praises are paid
 To the miser-like virgin, the green-sickness maid ;
 Tho' so delicate shap'd, yet imperfect's your plan,
 And you useless exist, 'till you're finish'd by man.

SONG 163. *BACCHUS triumphant, or,
 the Lover's adieu to the Fair-Sex.*

TO PHILLIS and CLOE, and all the gay throng,
 Too long the soft lay has been rais'd ;
 Too long their beauty has flow'd the vain song,
 Too long has their beauty been prais'd.
 Great BACCHUS, repentant, thy pardon I ask,
 Forgiveness I humbly implore ;
 And if e'er for a female I quit a full cask,
 May I never enjoy one drop more,—great god.
 May I never enjoy one drop more.

Ye fops and ye fribbles, your title I own,
 To sing all the charms of the fair;
 Their beauties to praise, is your province alone,
 Alone make their beauties your care:
 For who in his senses that mortal can blame,
 Who strives his own merit to raise;
 For women and fops are so nearly the same,
 Its in theirs that he sings his own praise.—sweet miss.

Tho' wit, sparkling wit, some rare females possess,
 Tho' kindness may add to their store;
 Good-nature and smiles has a bumper no less,
 And sparkles a hundred times more:
 With virtue unsully'd, adorn'd tho' she be,
 Tho' modestly blooms in each feature,
 A bottle is not more immodest than she,
 Its virtue's ten thousand times greater,—dear boys.

~~Their beauty attracting, I freely confess,~~
~~Their sex I must own has its charms:~~
 I own for a moment they're able to bless,
 And melt us away in their arms:
 Yet lasting the pain is and transient the joy,
 The raptures are instantly past;
 But wine, happy juice! is sure never to cloy,
 Its pleasures 'till doom's-day shall last,—brave souls.

Then adieu to their charms, to their beauties adieu,
 All thoughts of the sex I resign;
 I fight in thy cause, to thy int'rest am true,
 And yield me eternally thine;
 And if ever, great master, thy colours I fly,
 Or e'er like a lover I pine,
 May greatest of curses! my hog'shead run dry,
 Nor more be replenish'd with wine,—blest wine.

S O N G 164.

FAREWEL to Lochaber, and farewell my JEAN,
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony a day been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.

These

These tears that I shed, are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir,
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's neething like leaving my love on the shore:
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd,
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd.
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my JENNY, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be!
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should look to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

S O N G 165. *The Button Hole.*

I'M a hole, tho' too narrow when first I am try'd,
 Yet the thing I am made for can stretch me out
 wide;

Tho' at the first entrance perhaps I may tease ye,
 Soon after I commonly prove for to please ye.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'm long in my shape, and my depth can't be found,
 But when I'm stretch'd open, my form is more round;
 Tho' I'm nothing but mouth, yet no teeth can you find:
 I am chiefly before, tho' I'm sometimes behind.

And as for my colour, if e'er you have seen
 The whimsical coat of the stage HARLEQUIN,
 It's white and it's red, and it's black and it's brown,
 Not a colour on that but on me may be found.

Some whimsical fools, who quite bare chuse to have
me.

An act in their favour, petition'd there might be :
Then the k—g and the state took me into their care,
And declared with one voice they would choose me with
hair.

I was form'd in an instant, but was not compleat ;
There was something still wanting they found out not yet ;
Then the members rose up, all like creatures bewitch'd,
And cry'd, it's worth nothing, if 'tis not well stitch'd.

To modest folks ears I would give no offence ;
Tho' the meaning is double, you may draw from hence,
You may think what you will, but my song's not ob-
scene,
For 'tis nought but a button-hole, troth, that I mean.

S. O N G 166. *The Vindication.*

THE wicked wits, as fancy hit,
All satyrise the fair ;
In prose and rhyme, and strains sublime,
Their foibles they declare :
The kind are bold ; the chaste are cold ;
These prudish ; those to free ;
Ye curious men, come tell us then,
What should a woman be !

But hard's the task, and vain to ask,
Where optics are untrue ;
The muse shall here th' indicted clear,
And prove the crimes on you :
The rake is cloy'd, when she's enjoy'd,
On whom his wish was plac'd ;
The fool deny'd, affects the pride,
And rails to be in taste.

But not like these, the men of bliss,
Their sure criterion fix ;
No ; wisdom cries, my sons arise,
And vindicate the sex !

'Tis theirs to prove these sweets of love,
Which others never share;
And evidence, that none have sense,
But who adore the fair.

Ye blooming race, with ev'ry grace,
Celestially impress!

'Tis yours to quell the cares that dwell
Within the human breast;
At beauty's voice, our souls rejoice,
And rapture wakes to birth;
And Jove design'd th' enchanting kind,
To form a heaven on earth.

Oh, ev'ry art to win the heart,
Ye dear inspirers try;
Each native charm, with fashion arm,
And let love's light'nings fly;
And hence, ye grave, your counsel save,
Which youth but sets at nought;

~~For woman still will have her will, and should not be denied;
And so I think she ought.~~
~~Who gives~~

SONG 167.

GIVE us glasses my wench, give us wine and
we'll quench,

The remembrance of pain and of grief;
To the winds with our care, for we'll never despair,
While a bottle can give us relief,

In our revels and joys we'll forget the proud boy,
Let Lethe its miracle work;
For as hollow I find, as the bottle's her mind;
And her heart is as light as a cork.

ARIADNE the gay, in despair as they say,
For the bully that left her behind:
Wou'd have hang'd, or have drown'd, but in BACCHUS
she found,
A new lover as constant as kind.

These

These are fables, my dear, but the moral is clear;
It was wine that her peace did restore;
When he left the poor lass, why she took to her glass
And she never remembered him more.

SONG 168. JEMMY JOHNSON. *By a lady.*

Tune: Nancy Dawson: which see in the first volume.

OF all the men I ever saw,
In court, in army, church or law,
There's none for whom I care a straw,
Excepting JEMMY JOHNSON.
What tho' with others I can flirt,
My mind in absence to divert,
My constancy they ne'er can hurt,
So true to JEMMY JOHNSON.

Now there's the king's geographer,
~~I think of his biographer,~~
 Or else historiographer,
 Who envies JEMMY JOHNSON.

He speaks so softly and so sweet,
He looks so tender and so neat,
But yet in charms he cannot beat,
Or equal JEMMY JOHNSON.

THO WIDDERBURN pleads well his cause,
Is read in books and CUPID'S laws,
And swears in me he sees no flaws,
But loving JEMMY JOHNSON.
For me he quits his gown and band,
For me point ruffles grace his hand,
Yet ev'ry charm I can withstand,
But those of JEMMY JOHNSON.

Once in a tye he hid his face,
For me, the bag, it now gives place,
But yet, alas! it wants the grace
And air of JEMMY JOHNSON.

Poor

Poor BOSWELL languishes all day,
His eyes tell what his tongue would say,
But he shall never win away

My heart from JEMMY JOHNSON.

Dear gentle youth then cease to mourn,
For thee my heart can never burn,
Then to your tye you may return,

And I to JEMMY JOHNSON.

My beau, my buck, I soon must spare,
So easy, free, and debonaire,
For tho' my flirting he shall share,

My heart is JEMMY JOHNSON'S.

The German count must now give o'er,
Refrain from wit, and joke no more,
When prosp'rous gales shall waft on shore,

And bring me JEMMY JOHNSON.

O lord C—NBR—L lie for shame,

Your heart is harder than your name,

Yet you may serve to feed the flame,

That burns for JEMMY JOHNSON.

I feign would have your love obey,
But since that cannot be, you say,
Then you may be my Chichibay,

'Till I see JEMMY JOHNSON.

But there's my constant viscount yet,
My NEWNY why should I forget,
Him, for a while I soon must quit

Again for JEMMY JOHNSON.

But when alas ! prince FERDINAND,
Shall heroes to the war command,
Then with the rest he'll be at hand,

Instead of JEMMY JOHNSON.

But from my lad I'll never part,
He has arrested my whole heart,
For sweeter far than toat or tart,

Is lovely JEMMY JOHNSON.

SONG 169.

LIFE is chequer'd—toil and pleasure,
 Fill up all the various measure.
 See the crew in flannel jerkins,
 Drinking, toping flip by firkins;
 And as they raise the flip
 Up to their happy lip,
 On the deck is heard no other sound,
 But prithee JACK, prithee DICK.
 Prithee SAM, prithee TOM,
 Let the cann go round.

CHORUS.

*Then hark to the boatswain's whistle, whistle,
 Then hark to the boatswain's whistle,
 Bustle, bustle; bustle, my boy,
 Let us stir, let us toil,
 But let's drink all the while,
 For labour's the price of
 For labour's, &c.*

Life is chequer'd—toil and pleasure,
 Fill up all the various measure.
 Hark the crew with sun-burnt faces
 Chanting black-ey'd SUSAN's graces;
 And as they raise their notes
 Through their rusty throats,
 On the deck, &c. *With the Chorus as before.*

Life is chequer'd—toil and pleasure,
 Fill up all the various measure.
 Hark the crew their cares discarding,
 With husle-cap, or with chuck-farthing;
 Still in a merry pin,
 Let them lose or win,
 On the deck, &c. *With the chorus as before.*

A L L

*All the SONGS in LOVE IN A VILLAGE:
the new comic Opera. Wrote by Mr.
BICKERSTAFF.*

S O N G 170.

ROSSETTA. **H**OPE! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy:
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

LUCINDA. Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind;
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.

Both. Kind deceiver flatter still.
Deal out pleasures unpossess;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

S O N G 171. *Sung by ROSSETTA*

WHENCE can you inherit
So slavish a spirit?
Contin'd thus, and chain'd to a log!
Now fondl'd now chid,
Permitted, forbid,
'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For shame you a lover!
More firmness discover;
Take courage, nor here longer mope:
Resist and be free,
Run riot like me,
And to perfect the picture elope.

H

S O N G

SONG 172. *Sung by ROSSETA.*

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice;
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 'Till first he's made my choice.
 Let parent's rule cry nature's laws,
 And children still obey;
 And is there then no saving clause,
 Against tyrannic sway.

SONG 173. *Sung by LUCINDA.*

WHEN once love's subtle poison gains,
 A passage to the female breast;
 Like lightning rushing thro' the veins
 Each with, and ev'ry thought's posselt.
 To heal the pangs our minds endure,
 Reason in vain it's skill applies;
 Nought can afford the heart a cure.
 But what is pleasing to the eyes.

SONG 174. *Sung by young MEADOWS.*

OH! had I been by fate decreed
 Some humble cottage swain;
 In fair ROSSETTA's sight to feed,
 My sheep upon the plain,
 What blifs had I been born to taste,
 Which now I ne'er must know:
 Ye envious pow'rs! why have you plac'd
 My fair one's lot so low?

SONG 175. *Sung by ROSSETTA*

GENTLE youth, ah, tell me why
 Still you force me thus to fly;
 Cease, oh! cease to persevere,
 Speak not what I must not hear,

To my heart it's ease restore,
Go and never see me more.

SONG 176. *Sung by young MEADOWS.*

STILL in hope, to get the better,
Of my stubborn flame I try;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,
And confess myself a slave.

SONG 177. *Sung by HAWTHORN.*

THERE was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd and sung, from morn till night,
No lark more blythe than he;
And this the burthen of his song,
For ever us'd to be;
I care for nobody, not I,
If no one cares for me.

SONG 178. *Sung by HAWTHORN.*

LET gay ones and great,
Make the most of their fate,
From pleasure to pleasure they run:
Well, who cares a jot,
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light;
The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.

SONG 179. *Sung by HAWTHORN.*

THE honest heart where thoughts are clear,
 From fraud, disguise, and guile;
 Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
 Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave,
 Is but an empty thing:
 What more than mirth would mortals have?
 The chearful man's a king.

SONG 180. *Sung by HODGE.*

WELL, well, say no more,
 Sure you told me before;
 I know the full length of my tether;
 Do you think I'm a fool,
 That I need go to school?
 I can spell you and put you together.

A word to the wife,
 Will always suffice,
 Adniggers go talk to your parrot,
 I'm not such an elf,
 Though I say it myself,
 But I know a sheep's head from a carrot

SONG 181. *Sung by LUCINDA.*

CUPID god of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless lover's part;
 Seize, oh seize some kind occasion,
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall;
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.
 What is grandeur? foe to rest;
 Childish munificence at best.

Happy I in humble state,
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.

S O N G 182. *Sung by MARGERY.*

HOW happy were my days till now,
I ne'er did sorrow feel;
I rose with joy to milk my cow,
Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I sung,
'Till he pretended love, and I,
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh the fool, the silly, silly fool,
Who trusts what man may be?
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

S O N G 183. *Sung by HAWTHORN.*

THE court and the city, fine folk may extol;
Where beauties all shining, a paradise make;
But shew me the belles, at a play or a ball,
To equal the lads at a fair or a wake:
Behold, in a garden, the roses new blown,
Such freshness smiles here upon every face;
While flow'rs in a chimney, your fair ones in town,
Look wither'd, and bear the dark hue of the place.

S O N G 184. *A Medley.*

Gardener.

THOSE who in gardens take delight,
Attend to what I say,
To pleasure you with main and might,
I'll labour ev'ry day.
All sort of gardener-craft I know,
Though it be ne'er so nice;
With me your fruits and flowers shall grow,
As 'twere in paradise

H 2

House

House-maid.

I pray ye gentles, list to me,
I'm young and strong and clean to see,
I'll not turn tail to any she
For work that's in the county;
Of all your House the charge I take,
I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake,
And more can do, than here I'll speak,
Depending on your bounty.

Huntsman.

A Huntsman I am, with a merry-ton'd horn,
Come here in the search of a place;
Hark away jolly sportsmen I'll rouse you each morn
To enjoy the delights of the chase—my brave boys.

Laundry-maid.

To get up neat, both great and small;
I would not brag, but where I might;
No driven snow shall be more white.

Footman.

Behold a blade who knows his trade
In chamber, hall, and entry;
And, what tho' here, I now appear,
I've serv'd the best of gentry.
A footman would you have,
I can dress, and comb, and shave,
For I a handy lad am,
On a message I can go,
And slip a billet doux.
With your humble servant, madam.

Cook maid.

Cook-maid.

Who wants a good cook, my hand they must cross,
 For plain wholesome dithes, I'm ne'er at a loss;
 And what are your soups, your ragouts, and your sauce,
 Compar'd to the fare of old *England*, &c.

Groom.

Clear the course my boys, clear the course, and make
 room,
 Ye gents. of the turf, have you need of a groom?
 Let me ride your match and you'll certainly win,
 I'll teach you to take the knowing one's in.

Dairy-maid.

To prove the market ben't afraid,
 In me you'll find a dairy-maid,
 What e'er you can expect her;
 I've often had the piece before,
 And always gave content and more,
 Can have a good character.

Carter.

If you want a young man, with a true honest heart,
 Who knows how to manage a plough and a cart,
 Here's one for that purpose, come take me and try;
 You'll say you ne'er met with a better than I.
 Ge ho Dobbin, &c.

C H O R U S.

My masters and mistresses hither repair,
 What servants you want you will find in our fair;
 Men and maids fit for all sorts of stations there be;
 And as for the wages we shan't disagree.

SONG 185. *Sung by* LUCINDA.

WE women like weak Indians trade,
 Whose judgment tinsel shew decoys
 Dupes to our folly we are made,
 While artful man the gain enjoys:
 We give our treasure to be paid,
 A paltry, poor return in toys.

SONG 186. *Sung by* EUSTACE.

THINK my fairest how delay,
 Danger ev'ry moment brings:
 Time flies swift, and will away;
 Time that's ever on its wings
 Doubting, and suspense, at best,
 Lover's late repentance cost,
 Let us eager, to be blest,
 Seize occasion e'er 'tis lost.

SONG 187. *Sung by* LUCINDA.

BELIEVE me, dear aunt,
 If you rave thus and rant,
 You'll never a lover persuade;
 The men will all fly,
 And leave you to die,
 Oh, terrible chance! an old maid—

How happy the lass,
 Must she come to this pass,
 Who ancient virginity 'scapes.
 'Twere better on earth,
 Have five brats at a birth
 Than in hell be a leader of apes.

SONG 188. *Sung by* Justice WOODCOCK.

WHEN I follow'd a lass that was froward and shy,
 Oh! I stuck to her stuff, 'till I made her comply;
 Oh!

Oh! I took her to lovingly round the waist,
 And I smack'd her lips, and I held her fast,
 When hugg'd and haul'd
 She squeal'd and squall'd;
 But though she vow'd all I did was in vain,
 Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again:
 Then hoity toity,
 Whisking, frisking,
 Green was her gown upon the grass:
 Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.

S O N G 189.

EUSTACE. **L**ET rakes and libertines resign'd,
 To sensual pleasures range:
 Here all the sex's charms I find,
 And ne'er can cool, or change.

LUCINDA. ~~Let vain coquets, and prudes conceal,~~
~~What most their hearts desire;~~
~~With pride my passion I reveal,~~
 Oh! may it ne'er expire.

BOTH. The sun shall cease to spread its light,
 The stars their orbits leave;
 And fair creation sink in night,
 When I my dear deceive.

S O N G 190. *Sung by ROSSETTA.*

HOW blest'd the maid, whose bosom
 No head-strong passion knows;
 Her days in joy she passes,
 Her nights in calm repose.
 Where e'er her fancy leads her,
 No pain, no fear invades her,
 But pleasure,
 Without measure,
 From ev'ry object flows.

SONG 191. *Sung by Young MEADOWS.*

IN vain I ev'ry art assay,
To pluck the venom'd shaft away,
That wrankles in my heart ;
Deep in the centre fix'd and bound
My efforts but enlarge the wound,
And fiercer make the smart.

SONG 192.

ROSSETTA. **B**E gone—I agree,
From this moment we're free,
Already the matter I've sworn ;

Y. MEAD. Yet let me complain,
Of the fates that ordain,
A tryal so hard to be borne.

ROSSETTA. ~~But I am not the same~~
~~As I was when I first saw you~~
~~And I am not the same~~
~~As I was when I first saw you~~

Y. MEAD. No callow maid we find ;
Then thus I obey,
Tear your image away,
And banish you quite from my mind.

SONG 193. *Sung by Young MEADOWS.*

O ! How shall I in language weak,
My ardent passion tell !
Or form my falt'ring tongue to speak,
That cruel word, farewell !
Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
My Thoughts can never stray :
Go where I will my constant heart,
Must with my charmer stay.

SONG 194. *Sung by ROSSETTA.*

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid :
Wou'd you hurt a harmless maid ?

Lead

Lead an innocent astray ?
 Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.
 Men too often we believe,
 And should you my faith deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

S O N G 195. *Sung by* HAWTHORN.

ONS ! neighbour ne'er blush for a trifle like this !
 What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss ?
 The greatest and gravest—a truce with grimace—
 Would do the same thing, were they in the same place.
 No age, no profession, no station is free ;
 'To sovereign beauty mankind bend the knee :
 That power resistless, no strength can oppose :
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

S O N G 196. *Sung by* HAWTHORN.

MY Dolly was the fairest thing ;
 Her breath disclos'd the sweets of Spring ;
 And if for summer you wou'd seek,
 'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek.
 Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
 Of fruitful autumn was the type :
 But, when my tender tale I told,
 I found her heart was winter cold.

S O N G 197. *Sung by* LUCINDA.

O H Hymen propitious, receive in thy train,
 A pair unteduc'd by the selfish and vain ;
 Whom neither ambition, nor interest draws,
 But love's cordial subjects, submits to thy laws :
 Our souls for the sweets of thy union prepare,
 And grant us thy blisses unblended with care :
 Let mutual compliance endear all our days,
 And friendship grow stronger as passion decays.

SONG 198. *Sung by HODGE.*

WAS ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixen ?
 Zawns! Madge don't provoke me, but mind what
 I say ;
 You've chose a wrong person for playing your tricks on,
 So pack up your awls and be trudging away :
 You'd better be quiet,
 And not breed a riot ;
 S'blood must I stand prating with you here all day ?
 I've got other matters to mind ;
 May hap you may think me an afs ,
 But to the contrary you'll find :
 A fine piece of work by the mas's !

SONG 199. *Sung by ROSSETTA.*

PLEASE gay seducers, pride-makers
 In triumph of the fair,
 To show us what the world
 And the higher spheres

Where then to shun a shameful fate,
 Shall hapless beauty go ;
 In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry state,
 Poor Woman finds a foe !

SONG 200. *Sung by MARGERY.*

SINCE Hodge proves ungrateful, no farther I'll seek,
 But go up to town in the waggon next week ;
 A service in London is no such disgrace,
 And register's office will get me a place :
 BET. BLOSSOM went there, and soon met with a friend,
 Folks say in her silks she's now standing an end.
 Then why should not I the same maxim pursue ?
 And better my fortune as other girls do.

SONG

SONG 201.

HAWTHORN. **W**E L L, come let us hear what the
 swain must possess,
 Who may hope at your feet to implore
 with success ?

LUCINDA. { He must be first of all,
 ROSSETTA. { Straight, comely, and tall.

LUCINDA. Neither awkward,
 ROSSETTA. Nor foolish ;

LUCINDA. Nor apish,
 ROSSETTA. Nor mulish :

LUCINDA. { Nor yet thou'd his fortune be small.
 ROSSETTA. {

HAWTHORN. What think'st of a captain ?

LUCINDA. All bluster and wounds !

HAWTHORN. What think'st of a 'squire ?

ROSSETTA. To be left for his hounds.

LUCINDA. { The youth that is form'd to my mind,
 { Must be gentle, obliging and kind,
 { Of all things in Nature love me,
 ROSSETTA. { Have sense both to speak and to see,
 { Yet sometimes be silent and blind.

HAWTHORN. 'Fore George a most rare matrimonial
 receipt.

ROSSETTA. { Observe it ye fair in the choice of a mate ;

LUCINDA. { Remember 'tis wedlock determines your
 fate.

SONG 202. *Sung by* HAWTHORN.

THE world is a well furnish'd table,
 Where guests are promiscuously set ;
 We all fare as well as we're able,
 And scramble for what we can get.

My

My familie holds to a tittle,
 Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste,
 But if I'm content with a little,
 Enough is as good as a feast.

S O N G 203. *Sung by ROSSETTA.*

TIS not wealth, it is not birth,
 Can value to the soul convey ;
 Minds possess superior worth,
 Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.
 Like the sun true merit shows,
 By nature warm, by nature bright ;
 With inbred flames, he nobly glows,
 Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

S O N G 204. *Sung by ROSSETTA.*

THE traveller benighted,
 And led thro' weary ways,
 The traveller benighted,
 With his lantern surveys.
 The rising prospects viewing,
 Each look is forward cast ;
 He smiles, his course pursuing,
 Nor thinks of what is past.

S O N G 205. *Sung by LUCINDA.*

IF ever a fond inclination,
 Rose in your bosom to rob you of rest,
 Reflect with a little compassion,
 On the soft pangs which prevail'd in my breast.
 Oh where, where wou'd you fly me,
 Can you deny me, thus torn and distressed ;
 Think when my lover was by me,
 Wou'd I, how cou'd I, refuse his request ?
 Kneeling before you, let me implore you ;

Look

Look on me sighing, crying, dying;
 Ah! is there no language can move?
 If I have been too complying!
 Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

SONG 206. *Sung by HODGE.*

A Plague of those wenches, they make such a pother,
 Whenonce they have let'n a man have his will;
 They're always a whining for something or other,
 And cry he's unkind in his carriage;
 What thof if he speaks them ne'er so fairly;
 Still they keep teasing, teasing on
 You cannot persuade 'em,
 'Till promise you've made 'em;
 And after they've got it,
 They tell you—add rot it!
 Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone;
 And then to be sure, fir,
 There is but one cure, fir,
 And all the discourse is of marriage.

SONG 207. *Sung by Young MEADOWS.*

HOW much superior beauty awes,
 The coldest bosoms find:
 But with resistless force it draws,
 To sense and sweetness join'd.
 The casket, where, to outward show,
 The workman's art is seen,
 Is doubly valu'd, when we know
 It holds a gem within.

SONG 208. *Sung by ROSSETTA.*

WHEN we see a lover languish,
 And his truth and honour prove,
 Ah! how sweet to heal his anguish,
 And repay him love for love

SONG 209.

Y. MEADOWS. **A**LL I wish in her obtaining,
 Fortune can no more impart ;
 ROSSETTA. Let my eyes, my thoughts explaining,
 Speak the feelings of my heart.
 Y. MEADOWS. Joy and pleasure never ceasing,
 ROSSETTA. Love with length of years increasing.

Together. Thus my heart and hand surrender,
 Here my faith and truth I plight;
 Constant still, and kind and tender,
 May our flames burn ever bright.

SONG 210. *Sung by HAWTHORNE.*

IF ever I'm catch'd in those regions of the East
 That seat of confusion and strife,
 May I not know the sweets of a London brook,
 Nor the pleasures the country affords?
 May I not let them take me, to punish my sin,
 Where gaping, the Cockney's they fleece,
 Clap me up with their monsters, cry, masters walk in,
 And shew me for two pence a piece.

SONG 211. *Sung by ROSSETTA.*

GO, naughty man, I can't abide you,
 Are then your vows so soon forgot?
 Ah now I see if I had try'd you ;
 What would have been my hopeful lot.
 But here I charge you—Make them happy ;
 Bless the fond pair and, crown their bliss:
 Come be a dear good-natur'd pappy ;
 And I'll reward you with a kiss.

SONG

SONG 212.

EUSTACE. **T**HE merchant whose vessel, the winds
made their sport,
At last thus arrives with his treasure in port;
His labour requited his duty he pays :
His dangers are past and his heart is at ease.

LUCINDA. Were monarchs contending to make me a
bride,
Undazled I'd look on their splendour and
pride ;
Refus'd should their crowns and their pa-
laces be,
Contented to live in a cottage with thee.

Both. On earth, if there's aught of substantial
delight,
'Tis sure when like us a fond couple unite;
When bless'd in each other their struggles
are o'er,
And pleasures are heighten'd by pains gone
before.

SONG 213. *Sung by* HAWTHORN.

HENCE with cares, complaints and frowning,
Welcome jollity and joy ;
Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ :
Let's to friendship do our duty,
Laugh and sing some good old strain ;
Drink a health to love and beauty,
May they long in triumph reign.

End of the Songs in *Love in a Village*.

SONG 214.

THE heroes preparing to finish the war,
 And bid to the camp an adieu ;
 Now sheath up their swords, and rejoice, O ye fair,
 To think of returning to you.

With smiles then, ye lasses, embellish your charms,
 Your lovers with raptures will come ;
 O take the brave fellows close into your arms,
 And tenderly welcome them home.

SONG 215.

WHY heaves my fond bosom, ah ! what can it
 mean ?
 Why flutters my heart that was once so serene ?
 Why this sighing and trembling when DAPHNE is near ?
 Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear ?

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace
 The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face ;
 Each moment I view thee, more beauty I find,
 With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy mind.

Untainted with folly, unfully'd by pride,
 There native good humour and virtue reside ;
 Pray heavens that virtue thy soul may supply
 With compassion for him who without thee must die.

SONG 216.

To the tune of the foregoing.

'TIS love, spite of laws, will its empire maintain,
 No council confines it, no rules can restrain ;
 Then cease, rigid parents, your daughters to chide,
 In vain are all precepts, love's still the best guide.

What's fortune, fame, titles, wealth, equipage,
 birth ?
 Like plants, but the simple productions of earth ;
 But

But love, like the sun, beams a light thro' the whole,
And as one warms the earth, t'other lights up the soul.

When mutual endearments we mutually prove,
And the fond pair receive and return equal love ;
Then each tender fibre with extasy swells,
And the furious embrace thro' each artery thrills.

When words inly murmur'd proclaim the swift bliss
And life, at each lip, is kept in by a kiss ;
'Till sighs, like soft breezes, love's tempests succeed,
As in calms after whirlwinds, all nature seems dead.

Ye youth, who NARCISSUS-like, doat on dear self,
Ye beauties, perplex'd betwixt merit and pelf,
Wou'd you wish not to waste, but enjoy ev'ry day,
'Tis love, not self-love, must shew you the way.

Youth flies like a shaft that swift skims 'mid'st the air,
No trace will remain that it ever pass'd there ;
Then, while you are young, be not youthful in vain,
Did you once taste the bliss, oh ! you'd taste it again.

You cannot keep beauty as misers hoard gold,
'Tis too late to repent, to repent when you're old ;
Ask your heart what you're made for ? 'twill beat quick
to man ;
While then fit for enjoyment, enjoy all you can.

S O N G 217. *Invitation to COMUS's court.*

C O M E hither, come hither, ye languishing swains,
Here's a balm will cure, and relieve all your pains :
To the fountain of pleasure, in rapture resort,
'Tis the summons of Humour to COMUS's court.
'Tis COMUS invites, then the summons obey,
A-while leave your cares, and to pleasure away.

There PHÆBUS shall sing, and old MOMUS shall
laugh,
And his bottle of nectar brave BACCHUS shall quaff ;
While Time, honest Time, for a-while shall be still,
And sit down like a soul 'till he tipples his fill.

Nor

Nor Care, nor Mistrust shall intrude on our joys,
For COMUS invites,—then away my brave boys.

Sould losses or crosses perplex ye, besure
Ply the glass briskly round, for misfortunes a cure :
ÆSCULAPIUS of old had recourse to the bowl,
And the doctor, they say, was a special good soul ;
While Health, rosy Health, fills the bumpers around,
For without 'em, he swears, there's no blifs to be found

Then away, my brave fellows, to COMUS's shrine,
Where Friendship and Humour incessantly join ;
Where Freedom and Mirth with the bottle unite
To beguile all your cares, and with rapture delight .
Then hark to the call, and the summons obey,
'Tis COMUS invites,—to his Temple away.

SONG 218. CATO'S *advice*

WHAT CATO advises, most certainly wise is,
Not always to labour, but sometimes to play,
To mingle sweet pleasure with search after treasure,
Indulging at night for the toils of the day :
And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser,
His bags to encrease, while his health does decay ;
Our souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten,
And pass the long ev'nings in pleasure away.

All chearful and hearty, we set aside party,
With some tender fair the bright bumper is crown'd ;
Thus BACCHUS invites us, and VENUS delights us,
While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd :
See here's our physician, we know no ambition,
But where there's good wine and good company
found ;
Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,
'Tis sunshine and summer with us the year round.

SONG

SONG 219. CYMON and IPHIGENIA :
a cantata.

RECITATIVE.

N E A R a thick grove, whose deep embowering
shade,
Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
A chrystal stream, with gentle murmur flows,
Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose :
Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
And lull'd in sleep, fair IPHIGENIA lay.
CYMON, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove ;
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought :
But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
He gap'd,—he star'd,—her lovely form survey'd ;
And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue :

A I R.

*The stream that glides in murmurs by,
Whose glassy bosom shows the sky,
Completes the rural scene ;
But in thy bosom charming maid,
All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
Too lovely IPHIGENE.*

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and starts, poor CYMON—trembling stands ;
Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands ;
Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear ;
Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
O CYMON ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;
Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain :
Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
The clown transported, was not silent long ;
But thus with extacy pursu'd his song.

A I R.

A I R.

*Thy jetty locks that careless break,
 In wanton ringlets down thy neck ;
 Thy love inspiring mien ;
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape, enchant me so,
 I die for IPHIGENE.*

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd she listens, nor can trace from whence,
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense ;
 She gazes,—finds him comely, tall and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his aukward gait ;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead,
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

*Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire ;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate the human soul.
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state,
 Had made our lives of too long date ;
 But blest with beauty, and with love,
 We taste what angels do above.*

S O N G 220.

Tune : By Jove I'll be free: which see in the first vol.

TH O' I love you, yet think not my judgment so
 weak,
 To doat on your waist, or your rose-dimpled cheek ;
 The black curling locks which your white neck inlay,
 Your love-pouting lips, or your eye-darting ray :
 'Tis not for those charms which so common are seen,
 'Tis somewhat more secret, but—*guess what I mean.*

Platonics, corporeal embraces disdain,
 Their mental enjoyments no passion profane,

The

The mind of a mistress perhaps may enchant,
 Yet still flesh and blood will meer flesh and blood want :
 Each sex sighs for more than to see and be seen ;
 What more is't they sigh for ? why—*guess what I mean.*

Can a dinner's warm steams fill the hungry with cheer ?
 Or the sight of a bank dry up poverty's tear ?
 The jingling of guineas, or fame of a feast,
 They care not to hear of, unless they could taste :
 'Tis thus with the lover, not what he has seen,
 But what he can taste of, that's—*guess what I mean.*

We wise seeming mortals, five senses retain
 In the pay of the will, to be pimps to the brain ;
 One sense, like the serpent, devours the rest,
 As man's most inclin'd to hear, smell or taste ;
 But to touch is the point—yet I'll not be obscene,
 For to touch is no more than to—*guess what I mean.*

How sweet the sensation ? how thrilling the bliss,
 When breast joining breast, we blend souls in a kiss :
 All madness the lover, the fair all delight,
 Ev'ry sense then in one they extatic unite :
 What's that sense of all senses ? why—here drops the
 scene,
 'Tis something, that's certain, but—*guess what I mean.*

S O N G 221.

Tune : On a time I was great.

PU S H the bottle about, drink my toast, and away
 Round the brim let the liquor be flowing ;
 We're robbing of life, while we drinking delay,
 So prithee, dear brothers, keep going.
 Here's a health to that man, who for strength feareth
 none,
 Who values no mortal for riches alone,
 Who ne'er treads on the weak, nor gives sorrow a frown,
 He, he's a true son of the bottle.

The science of drinking is better by half
 Than the ethics of old ARISTOTLE ;
 I look at all life, and at all life I laugh,
 Except in the life of a bottle :

Let

Let scholiasts with scholiasts, explain and confound,
 The motion of matter, the world's wheeling round,
 But make them once drunk, and the secret is found,
 Such wonders are work'd by the bottle.

The sportsman arouz'd when the horn calls away,
 Thro' thickfets, o'er quickfets will bound, fir,
 His warm-wishing wife may in vain court his stay,
 Her requests in loud hallooings are drown'd, fir :
 His sport is but dull to the sport that we boast,
 So ho !—here's a bumper,—hark, hark to the toast,
 Hit it off, and be quick, lest the scent should be lost,
 And we're cast in the chace of a bottle.

Let lawyers perplex, and let schoolmen declaim,
 Let patriots for liberty rattle ;
 Let hot-headed heroes run mad after fame,
 But let us coolly stick to our bottle :
 Shew us wine, 'tis enough, we fall eagerly to't,
 Let those take their rest, who their temper 'twill suit,
 We've liberty, Honour, law, learning to boot,
 In the pleasing contents of a bottle.

Should sickness, despair, and captivity join,
 I'd equal the antients in thinking ;
 No cordial, no comfort I'd ask but for wine,
 No freedom demand but for drinking :
 Stood death like a drawer to wait on me home,
 Or bailiff-like dare he rush into the room,
 I'd try for a moment to tip him a hum,
 'Till I bumper'd the last of my bottle.

SONG 222. *A Buck's song.*

*Tune : Ye medley of mortals, &c. which see in the first
 part of this vol. page 122.*

BROTHER Bucks all attend to the theme I shall
 sing,
 And in chorus so loud make the cieling to ring,
 From

From thence to the skies let your voices resound,
While each heart glows with mirth, and the bumpers
go round.

*Sing tantara-rara bucks all, bucks all,
Sing tantara-rara, bucks all.*

But first to our grand let us due homage pay,
And may each grateful buck his lov'd edicts obey :
May his breast fraught with candour, be open and free,
And may all in high station be as honest as he.

From sacred records our sanction we trace,
Of old NIMROD the buck, who was fond of the chase.
But since that our order's so general become,
Bucks are ev'ry where made both abroad and at home.

Thus the nearer our sanction to glory arrives,
Some are bucks at a lodge, some at home by their
wives ;
For it plainly appears, and is very well known,
That each married man has a lodge of his own.

Let him therefore who rails at our high appellation,
Whate'er be his worth, or whate'er his station,
Weigh maturely the point,—and pray hard for good
luck,
Or its twenty to one but *incog*,—he's a buck.

Now to bucks of all sects our music let's tune,
Here's the bucks of the *Sun*¹, and the bucks of the
*Moon*²,
Here's the lodge at the *Phoenix*³, and likewise to those
Of our order so true at the *Bottle and Rose*⁴.

I

Here's

¹ *The Sun in Dame-street.*

² *The Moon next door to the Sun in Dame-street.*

³ *The Phoenix in Werburgh-street.*

⁴ *The Rose and Bottle in Dame-street.*

Here's the politic buck, whose high antlers well
 tip'd,
 Shakes his purse at the world while his doe's fairly
 leap'd;
 Here's a glais of condolence to each plodding cit,
 'That's familiarly buck'd by a lord or a wit.

Here's Sir GRAVITY too in a bumper so clear,
 Who oft at our sanction casts many a sneer;
 Tho' in public he rails, yet in private we know,
 He's a buck ev'ry inch,—I appeal to his doe:

Now to bucks of all kinds we have toasted success,
 Here's the sweet pretty does, for can true bucks do less?
 'Then join in the chorus with accents so shrill,
 And may each jelly buck—have a doe at his will.

SONG 223. *The Doe; or, Modern lass
 in high dress.*

COME all ye bucks and lads of fire,
 Come see a modern nymph's attire;
 Here's ev'ry thing to please your eyes,
 And ev'ry joyous passion rise.

See how my fable locks bedeck
 In wanton curls my iv'ry neck;
 Behold my brawney shoulders bare;
 Behold my bubbies round and fair.

Look down my back, e'en to my waist,
 With thousand joys your fancies feast;
 Through plackets see my hips how plump;
 And ev'ry motion of my rump.

See how my hoop's contriv'd to show
 The beauties of my limbs below;
 My well-shap'd leg and taper thigh,
 And more, perhaps, if wind blows high.

So little skill our grandames knew,
 They would not set a foot to view;

And

And strait would make a wond'rous rout,
If bubbly peep'd from tucker out.

But we their offspring, far more sage
Than that prepos't'rous prudish age,
All naked, like our mother EVE,
Will show the charms kind nature gave.

S O N G 224.

Tune: Ye medley of mortals, &c. which see in the first part of this vol. page 122.—The 2d and 3d verses of this song, mark'd with inverted commas, are borrow'd from Song 150, in page 131.

COME, my bucks, let to-night be devoted to
drinking,
To-morrow's too soon to be troubled with thinking;
Inspired by BACCHUS, I'll sing to his praise,
And crown'd with a bumper, instead of the bays,
*Sing tantara rara bucks all, bucks all,
Sing tantara-rara bucks all.*

“ From BACCHUS our name is, tho' some say from
“ JOVE,
“ For he was the first (like a buck who made love)
“ To a bull for the sake of EUROPA he turns,
“ And bequeath'd to the man she shou'd marry his horns.
“ 'Tis by women each buck at true honour arrives,
“ The first race of bucks were made bucks by their
“ wives,
“ When for glory the Greeks round the world us'd to
“ roam,
“ Each wife a true buck, dubb'd her hero at home.

Had the son of fair THETIS, instead of the brine,
Been plung'd over head in a hogthead of wine,
He'd have march'd among mortals, secure from all evil,
A buck, when he's drunk, is a match for the devil.

Bat why shou'd the ancients still fill up my lays?
 'Tis fit that the moderns, a modern shou'd praise;
 With claret my rosy-crown'd temples I'll 'noint,
 And a health take to him, who first drank a half-pint.

Were grapes on the mount of Parnassus but growing,
 Or Helicon's conduit with French claret flowing;
 Nay wou'd Phœbus but drink like an honest good fel-
 low,
 Like BACCHUS we'd honour his buckship APOLLO.

What are misses, the muses, to nine mouldy casks?
 Or the tea-tables splendor, to splendid full flasks?
 What is PEGASUS good for? Yes, he shall be mine,
 I'll keep him as porter to fly for my wine.

In daisiey-deck'd meads, when the birds whistle round,
 How shrill is their music, how simple the sound?
 Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat landlord's roar,
 And a good fellow's order, *Boy, six bottles more.*

Can music or verse, love or landschape bestow,
 A six bottle sound, or a six bottle show;
 Cou'd I meet them at midnight, their bottoms I'd try,
 Who first shou'd give out, faith the bottles, or I.

This tuning and piping, no longer I'll bear it,
 What's all pipes of music, to one pipe of claret?
 By my soul, bucks, I love it, and why, would you
 Drink only as I've done, you'll all love it too.

SONG 225. *The Windsor Apparition: or,
 the Knight of the Blasing-Star.*

[*This song was wrote on the installation of the Earl of B—
 a knight of the garter, at Windsor.*]

YE patriots of Albion, vouchsafe your attention,
 To a wonderful tale I shall presently mention:
 I sing of king EDWARD, of antient renown,
 Whose ghost has appear'd at fair Windsor town.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Not many days since, as you very well know,
Was presented at Windsor a grand raree-show :
When a proud Caledonian, in gallant attire,
March'd out of the chapter-house into the choir.

But first it is proper my muse should unfold,
As brief as she can what old annals have told
Of EDWARD, this monarch of very great fame ;
The king whom I mean was third of the name.

This EDWARD in battle was famous for prowess,
As the marquiss of GRANBY, or Prussia's king now is :
Two crown'd heads at one time, his pris'ners he got,
Proud PHILIP of France, and false DAVY the Scot.

His army at Cressy led up such a dance,
By the dint of his valour he conquered half France.
And if any one doubts whether these things have been,
His sword in the abbey is still to be seen.

For true English courage his value was such,
That no honours he thought for a warrior too much ;
And therefore an order for those did erect,
Who their king or their country could bravely protect.

Such heroes as these royal EDWARD did deck,
With a collar of SS, which hung round their neck ;
Besides which, they wore, to reward their exploits,
On their breast a bright star, on their leg *boni soits*.

Thus attir'd, (like a hero in ages of yore,)
Proud SAWNEY march'd on, as I told you before :
When all of a sudden, this meteor to spy,
The ghost of king EDWARD stalk'd frowningly by.

I presume, quoth the king, this new dignify'd star,
Has bravely distinguished himself in the war :
No such thing ! say a patriot of true Brunswick-race,
He would sell our glory to purchase a p—e.

And shall dastards like these, the stern monarch re-
join'd
Receive the reward for true valour design'd ?

I :

Forbid

Forbid it, ye pow'rs that my grand institution
Should ennoble a Scot who deserves ex——n.

S O N G 226. *The Toast.*

WHEN BACCHUS, jolly god, invites
To revel in the ev'ning rites,
In vain his altar I furround,
'Tho' with Burgundian incense crown'd.

No charms has wine without the lass;
'Tis love gives relish to the glass;
While all around in jocund glee,
In brimmers toast their favourite she.

'Tho' ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
My heart still whispers CLOE's name:
And thus with me, by am'rous stealth,
Still ev'ry glass is CLOE's health.

S O N G 227. *Hunting.*

HARK! away! 'tis the merry-ton'd horn
Calls the hunters all up with the morn:
To the hills and the woodlands they steer,
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS of HUNSMEN.

*And all the day long,
This, this is our song;
Still bellowing,
And following,
So frolick and free;
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the bounds,
No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.*

Round the woods when we beat how we glow,
While the hills they all eccho, hillo!
With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
Then our shouts they resound to the skies.
And all the day long, &c.

When

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb
Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,
What a joy from our labours we feel?
Which alone they who taste can reveal.

And all the day long, &c.

At night when our labour is done,
Then we will go hollowing home,
With a hollo, hollo, and a huzza,
Resolving to meet the next day.

And all the day long, &c.

SONG 228. *The Batchelor's Choice.*

IF ever, oh! HYMEN, you grant me a wife,
Let this be her portrait,—she'll hold me for life;
Youth, beauty, good nature, averse to conceit,
Her sense quite refined, and in person quite neat.

I'd have her with prudence be chearful and free,
Nor reserv'd like a drone, or at least not to me;
Obliging and easy, compliant with smiles,
Misted by no passions allur'd by no wiles.

If the fair I describe, in the isle can be found,
For no other I'll wed, If I search the world round,
When summon'd by HYMEN I'll gladly away,
To hear the soft promise to "love and obey."

SONG 229. *The Maiden's Choice.*

IF ever, oh! HYMEN, I add to thy tribe,
Let such be my partner my muse shall describe:
Not in party too high, nor in stature too low,
Not the least of a clown, nor too much of a beau.

Be his person genteel, and engaging his air,
His temper still yielding, his soul too, sincere;
Not a dupe to his passion 'gainst reason to move,
But kind to the sweetest in the passion of love.

Let honour (commendable pride in the sex,)
 His actions direct, and his principles fix ;
 No groundless suspicion must he ever surmise,
 Nor with jealousy read ev'ry look of my eyes.

If such a blest youth should approve of my charms,
 And no thought of interest his bosom alarms ;
 Then in wedlock I'll join with a mutual desire,
 And prudence shall cherish the wavering fire.

Thus time shall glide on unperceiv'd in decay,
 Each night shall be blissful, and happy each day ;
 Such a partner, grant heav'n, with my pray'r O com-
 ply !
 Or a maid let me live, and a maid let me die.

S O N G. 230. *Voi Amante : Arondeau.*

DEAREST creature, of all nature,
 Oh ! I rage, I burn, I smart ;
 Cease to grieve me, soon relieve me,
 Or, too sure you'll break my heart.

Love, like war, has in its power,
 Both a kind and fatal hour :
 Save me then, O ! conquering fair !
 Think thy captive worth thy care,

Musick's charms shall still invite thee,
 Love's alarms will sure delight thee ;
 Can I part, my dear, my treasure,
 All my joy, and all my pleasure.

S O N G. 231. *Signor CATGUTTINA's La-
mentation. A Burletta.*

RECITATIVO.

VERE is mine lose, mine pretty dammoscina.
 Dat she no come to make my shirt look clean-a
 Vat is the reason she no come before,
 To mend my preeches, vish so much are tore.

AIR.

Tune. Dearest creature, of all nature : which see on the
opposite page.

*Dammoseina, neat and clean a,
O my lovely beauteous lass,
Put some stitches in my preeches,
Or de folks—will see mine a—se.*

*Bring some soap to wash and scower,
And some starch, or else some flower ;
Haste, O haste, mine lofty fair,
Vile I curl and pinch mine air.*

Dammoseina, neat &c.

*Vid mine fidel I'll delight ye,
Music charms will sure invite ye,
Come, O come, mine dammoseina,
To your faithful CATGUTTINA.*

Oh ! O————— !

Dammoseina, neat &c.

RECITATIVO.

*Vas ever man before in such a plight :
Vat must I do ? to night, is op'ra night—
But hark !—I hear her knocking at de door,
Come in you little, pretty, faucy ore.*

ITALIAN AIR. *She.*

*Eh ! signor, vat you call a me,
If you say such worts encore,
I will so cuff and maul ye,
I'll teach you call me ore,
I heard you say so just as I
Was coming at de door.*

RECITATIVO. *He.*

*Begar mine angels I vas in jest,
For ven I call you ore—I lose you best.*

ITALIAN AIR.

*Come den mine dammoscina,
 Here take mine rosel'd shirt,
 And wash it nice and clean-a,
 For ah ! 'tis black as dirt ;
 Den make mine preeches whole and tight,
 And I will—kiss you for't.*

S O N G 232.

TO CÆLIA thus, fond DAMON said,
 See here a mossy carpet laid ;
 And then her hand he press'd.
 Free from the world's intruding eye,
 Here lurks my dear no busy spy,
 He look'd and sigh'd the rest.

She started with a feign'd surprize,
 While pleasure sparkled in her eyes,
 Sure DAMON does not mean.
 The shepherd stop'd her with a kiss,
 And clasp'd her panting breast to his,
 My dear, we are not seen.

Then by a thousand kisses more,
 A thousand tender oaths he swore,
 His love should never end :
 She call'd on all the pow'rs above,
 None heard her but the god of love,
 And he was DAMON's friend.

And is here then no help she said,
 By DAMON to be thus betray'd ?
 Then hung her head and blush'd,
 O DAMON will you yet be good ?
 The shepherd smil'd and said he would,
 She sigh'd and all was hush'd.

S O N G 233.

This song has two additional verses, as may be seen on comparing it with other copies.—Tune: 'The hounds are all out.' &c. which see next after this.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be.
 For what can this world more afford,
 Then a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
 And a cellar as sociably stor'd,
My brave boys, and a cellar &c.

My vault-door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
 Broach that cask, aye that cask we will try;
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,
 And as bright as her cheek to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,
 'I will light us each bottle to hand;
 And the foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
 For I hate that a bumper should stand.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozing drops seem
 The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,
 From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste stream,
 Like stucco-work cut out of moss.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be stro'd,
 I sit my companions among,
 Like grape-blessing BACCHUS, the goodfellow's god,
 And a sentiment give, or a song.

I charge soil in hand, and my empire maintain,
 No ancient more patriot like bled;
 Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,
 And myself for my bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound those pipes, they're in tune, and yon bins are
 well fill'd—

View that heap of old hock in the rear;
 Those bottles of burgundy, mark how they're pil'd,
 Like artillery tier over tier.

My

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
 All gloriously rang'd in review,
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
 As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like MACEDON's madman my drink I'll enjoy,
 In defiance of gravel and gout ;
 Who cry'd, when he had no more worlds to subdue—
 I'll weep when my liquor is out.

When the lamp is brimful, see the flame brightly shines,
 But when wanting moisture, decays ;
 Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
 Or else there's an end of my blaze.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear should be shed,
 No HIC JACET be cut on my stone ;
 But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
 And say, *A choice fellow is gone.*

SONG 234. *Hunting.*

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does
 peep,
 Why how now you sluggardly sot ?
 How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep
 While we all on horseback have got ?
My brave boys, while we all &c.

I cannot get up, for the over-night's cup
 So terribly lies in my head ;
 Besides, my wife cries, my dear, do not rise,
 But cuddle me longer a-bed.

Come, on with your boots, and saddle your mare,
 Nor tire us with longer delay ;
 The cry of the hounds, and the sight of the hare,
 Will chase all our vapours away.

SONG

S O N G 235.

W H I L E the vessel so cruelly lies,
 Impatient to hurry me o'er,
 And tear me from all that these eyes
 Can ever esteem and adore.

O ! charmer, receive the fond lays,
 Which thy softness has tenderly stole,
 Nor refuse what so fully conveys
 Each secret recess of my soul.

Let each doubt, each suspicion, my dear,
 In that bosom be ever suppress'd,
 Nor suffer one shadow of fear,
 Oh ! SALLY, to rise in your breast.

Believe, matchless maid, a fond youth,
 Tho' the ocean shall set us apart,
 An Irishman's pride is his truth,
 And his principal glory his heart.

On what distant shore could I find,
 Let truth all impartial declare,
 A maid with so spotless a mind,
 Or a face so enchantingly fair.

Let hurricanes dreadfully rise,
 And the face of all nature deform,
 Still love shall soar up to the skies,
 And safely ride over the storm.

In winter's most boisterous gale,
 What dangers, O say, can I prove
 When honour alone swells the sail,
 And the bark is directed by love.

The fates shall indulgently guard,
 A lover who ne'er can grow cold,
 And heav'ns all approving reward
 Such flames as it's smiles to behold.

SONG. 236. *On the charms of Love.*

LET him, fond of fibbing, invoke whom he
 chafes,
 Fine golden lock'd Phœbus, or misses the muses;
 Or some name in the classical kingdom of letters,
 Poets often are apt to make free with their betters.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

But I scorn to say aught, save the thing which is true,
 No beauty's I'll plunder, yet give mine her due;
 She has charms upon charms, such as few people may
 view,
 She has charms——for the tooth-ach, and eke for
 the ague.

Her lips, she has two, and her teeth they are white,
 And what she puts into her mouth they can bite;
 Black and all black her eyes are, and sprightly they
 spark;
 Yet they're shut when she sleeps, and she's blind in the
 dark.

Her waist is so—so—I'll not waste words about it,
 Her heart is within it, her stays are without it;
 Her breast are so pair'd, two such breasts when you see,
 You'll swear that no woman yet born e'er had three.

Her ears from her cheeks equal distance are bearing,
 'Cause each side her head should go partners in hearing;
 The fall of her neck's the downfall of beholders,
 Love tumbles them in by the head and the shoulders.

Her legs are proportion'd to bear what they've carry'd,
 And equally pair'd as if happily marry'd;
 Yet wedlock will sometimes the best friends divide,
 By her spouse thus she's serv'd, when he throws them
 aside.

Not too short, nor too tall, but I'll venture to say,
 She's a very good size, in the middling way;

She's

She's, ay, that she is, she is all—but I'm wrong,
Her all I can't say, 'cause I've sung all my song.

SONG 237. *The School of ANACREON.*

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met, the social band,
Round fam'd ANACREON took their silent stand:
My sons (began the sage) be this the rule;
No brow austere must dare approach my school;
Where LOVE and BACCHUS jointly reign within;
Old care, be gone! Here sadness is a sin.

AIR.

*Tell not me the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, on him that's great;
Wealth and wisdom I despise,
Cares surround the rich and wise:
The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
And BACCHUS, god of wine and mirth,
Me their friend and fav'rite own,
And I was born for them alone:
Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,
Give 'em to the fools I hate.*

*But let love, let life be mine,
Bring me woman, bring me wine:
Speed the dancing hours away,
Mind not what the grave-ones say:
Gayly let the minutes fly;
In wit and freedom, love and joy;
So shall love, shall life be mine,
Bring me woman, bring me wine.*

SONG 238. *The Spinning Wheel.*

AS I sat at my spinning-wheel,
A bonny lad there passed by,
I kenn'd him round, and I lik'd him weel;
Gued feth he had a bonny eye:
My heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Most

Most gracefully he did appear,
 As he my presence did draw near.
 And round about my slender waste
 He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd :
 To kiss my hand he down did kneel,
 As I sat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk white hand he did extol,
 And prais'd my fingers long and small,
 And said, there was no lady fair,
 That ever could with me compare :
 Those pleasing words my heart did feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he would never be deny'd,
 But did declare his love the more,
 Untill my heart was wounded fore ;
 That I my love could scarce conceal,
 But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

As for my yarn, my rock and reel,
 And after that my spinning-wheel,
 He bid me leave them all with speed,
 And gang with him to yonder mead :
 My panting heart strange flames did feel,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

He stopp'd and gaz'd, and blithly said,
 Now speed the wheel, my bonny maid,
 But if thou'st to the hay-cock go,
 I'll learn thee better work I trow :
 Gued feth, I lik'd him passing weel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

He lowly veil'd his bonnet oft,
 And sweetly kiss my lips so soft ;
 Yet still between each honey kiss,
 He urg'd me on to farther bliss :
 'Till I restless fire did feel,
 Then let alone my spinning-wheel.

Among the pleasant cocks of hay,
 Then with my bonny lad I lay,
 What damsel ever could deny,
 A youth with such a charming eye ?
 The pleasure I cannot reveal,
 It far surpass the spinning-wheel.

S O N G 239. *A newer Spinning Wheel.*

YOUNG COLLIN fishing near the mill,
 Saw SALLY underneath the hill,
 Whose heart love's tender pow'r could feel :
 Dear maid, th' enraptur'd shepherd cries,
 I see love sporting in thy eyes :
 But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Thy cheeks, says he, like peaches bloom,
 Thy breath is like the Spring's perfume,
 On thy sweet lips my love I'll seal :
 Yon stately swans, so white and sleek,
 Are like to SALLY's breast and neck ;
 But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Tho' fair one, beauty's transient power
 Fades like the new-blown gaudy flower,
 Not so where virtue loves to dwell :
 For where sweet modesty appears,
 We never see the vale of years ;
 She smil'd and stop'd her spinning-wheel.

The pomp of state, the pride of wealth,
 Says she, I scorn for peace and health,
 Where honest labour earns her meal :
 Who tells the flatterers common tale,
 Can never o'er my heart prevail.
 And make me leave my spinning-wheel.

The swain who loves the virtuous maid,
 Alone can make young SALLY kind ;
 For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel :
 It is the voice, says he, of love,
 Come hasten to the church above ;
 She blush'd and left her spinning-wheel.

S O N G

SONG 240. *The newest Spinning Wheel.*

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
 Blith JOCKEY to young JENNY came,
 But tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
 She careless turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Her milk white hand he did extol,
 And prais'd her fingers long and small :
 Unusual joy her heart did feel ;
 But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender waist,
 His arms he clasp'd, and her embrac'd ;
 To kiss her hand he down did kneel,
 But yet she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice, she bid him rise,
 He blest'd her neck, her lips, and eyes :
 Her fondness she could scarce conceal,
 Yet still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

'Till bolder grown, so close he press'd,
 His wanton thought she quickly guess'd ;
 Then push'd him from her rock and reel,
 And angry turn'd her spinning-wheel.

At last when she began to chide,
 He swore he meant her for his bride ;
 'Twas then her love she did reveal,
 And flung away her spinning-wheel.

SONG 241. JENNY GROLIER.

Tune : When I was a young one, &c. in Thomas and Sally, which see in the first vol.

YE crambo companions, who love songs rehearse,
 In something between common sense, prose and
 verse,
 Your jingle, your jargon, your fiction forbear,
 Attend truth's description of JENNY GROLIER.

One

One morn some choice spirits in holy-day mirth,
By Fancy invited assembled on earth;
Wit promis'd, it seems, e'er they quitted the air,
He would make up the party with JENNY GROLIER.

In pleasure's pavilion 'twas fix'd they should meet,
Buck BACCHUS would butler be, Plenty would treat;
'Their Hostess Delight for the desert took care,
So gave Genius a card to bring JENNY GROLIER.

Love gaz'd as she graceful swum dancing along;
Humour whisper'd to Harmony—encore her song;
Admiration endeavour'd his joy to declare;
Taste joyously toasted smart JENNY GROLIER.

Judgment enamour'd most rapturous kiss'd her;
Merit acknowledg'd the lady her sister;
Nem. Con. 'twas allow'd by the company there,
'They all were related to JENNY GROLIER.

Come SULLIVAN—hold, I'll not borrow from art,
Her picture is pencil'd, and set in my heart;
But figure—what's that? To perfections so rare,
As the dance, song, and spirit of JENNY GROLIER.

S O N G 242. *Hum-bug.*

Tune: Ye medley of mortals &c. *which see in page 122.*

THAT life is a joke, JOHNNY GAY has express'd,
Come on then? Let us make the most of a jest;
In this world's great journey, all mortals are jogging,
Where some are hum-bug'd, and some others hum-
buging.

*Sing tantara-rara hum-bug, hum-bug,
Sing tantara-rara hum-bug.*

The courtier puts on a political face,
And obliging familiarly leers on his grace,
'Then cries, I'm your friend, sir, depend on my word,
But if you depend, you're hum-bug'd, *by the Lord.*

Tho'

Tho' in public, the prude wears the gravest grimace,
 Yet, in secret, she'll open her arms to embrace,
 And then honestly owns, as her fellow she'll hug,
 That life, without loving, is all a hum-bug.

When the husband will melt at his wanton wife's
 tears;
 When the virgin will pity her flatterer's prayers;
 When the love of a whore is believ'd by her cully;
 All three are in justice bumbug'd for their folly.

When pretty miss struts in the fashion's parade,
 So prim she appears, that you'd swear she's a maid;
 But, when wed, ask her spouse, and he'll answer you
 glum,
 That her maidenhead, pishah! it was only a hum.

From mother to daughter this hum-bug is gone,
 Women ever for wedlock vote *nemine con*
 So wedlock and hum-bug alike we may call,
 That's right, says the parson, I'll hum-bug you all.

Let me tell you that life's no more than a trouble,
 Each pleasure at best but a hum-buging bubble;
 But hold, I've forgot what I thought to be at,
 So my bumper I'll drink; there's no hum-bug in that.

SONG 243. *A new hum-bug ballad.*

To the same tune, as the foregoing.

THE sages of old, and the learn'd of this day,
 About life, and so forth, have said, and will say.
 Yet in spite of their maxims, as things turn about,
 Some hum themselves in, and some hum themselves out.

*Sing tantara-rara a hum, a hum,
 Sing tantara-rara a hum.*

This nation has often been humbug'd and hipp'd,
 We didn't fail steddly, our helm was unship'd;
 But now to an end of our jars we are come,
 And the French find our fighting's no longer a hum.

With



With passions and fashions, and this thing and that,
We would be, we should be; but who can tell what;
'This world's a large hive, where to labour we're come,
But like bees, enjoy nothing, excepting our hum.

With ladies when jemmys and jessamys mix,
They talk, and they walk just like things of no sex;
Yet even these things, sometimes husbands become;
No, no, they're not husbands, for there lyes the hum.

Some men, all their youth, will live single through
spite;
But when maggots of marriage old batchelors bite,
Then they cunningly chuse their own servants—but
mum,
Instead of a maid, they may meet with a hum.

We all in our turns meet with pleasures and pains,
To be humm'd, and to hum, are our losses and gains:
When bit we complain, but when biting we're mum,
And—but our bottle is out boys, and that's the worst
hum.

S O N G 244. *On being mum.*

To the same tune as the foregoing.

YE gossips, who blab out the secrets of state,
Ye tell-tales, who over the tea-tables prate,
Ye boasters of favours, from beauties o'ercome,
Be wiser, poor praters, henceforward be *mum*.

Sing tantara-rara mum all, mum all,

Sing tantara-rara mum all.

When the girl grants her lover one favour too many,
As girls to their lovers can scarce refuse any,
When she's left, she may pout, she may glout, and
look glum,
Yet she's still thought a maid, if she still is but *mum*.

Ye wives, who have husbands neglecting their duties,
That time give the bottle that's due to your beautis;
Would

Would you cure them? take care, when in drink they
reel home,
To receive them with smiles, and resolve to be *mum*.

It is good to hold fast, to hold much, or hold long,
But the best hold of all is to hold fast your tongue;
'Tho' wits by their words good companions become,
Can they get half so much as the man who is *mum*?

The servant, who sily keeps silent, will rise,
His ears he must doubt; nor give faith to his eyes:
Ask the fine waiting-maid, how the rich could become,
She will curtsey and answer, *because I was mum*.

When the wealth wanting husband the rich lover
views,
As the fashion is now to grow fond of his spouse,
By the hopes of a pension his jealousy's dumb,
And the hopes of a pleasure keeps madam bride *mum*.

But enough has been said, and enough has been sung,
Remember, dear friends, keep good watch o'er your
tongue;
I've no more to say, to an end I am come,
My chymes are all out, I must henceforth be *mum*.

S O N G 245. *On the taking of the Havannah;
in the character of a sailor.*

Tune: As I derrick'd along: which see hereafter.

C O M E on, brother tar, and I'll tip you a slave,
'Tis by valour and glory inspir'd;
Great deeds have been done by us sons of the wave,
And the London gazette we've tir'd.
The Spaniards and French who our isle would invade,
Our credit to sink, and ruin our trade;
At last for their pride have been cursedly paid;
We have drubb'd them, and ta'en the Havannah.

The

The force of our balls make our enemies fly,
 Whenever we happen to meet 'em ;
 The pride of a tar is to conquer or die ;
 We ne'er see our foes but we beat 'em :
 Not their thunder united our coasts dare annoy,
 Their ships we will take, and their harbours destroy,
 Where ever our king shall those heroes employ,
 Who drubb'd them, and took the Havannah.

ALBEMARLE and brave POCOCK fresh laurels have won,
 By conquering VALESICO at Moro ;
 They tatter'd their jackets, they ruin'd the Don,
 And took of his treasure great store-o.
 When Britons agree, who their blows can withstand !
 We thump them at sea, and we've thump'd them by
 land :
 Let POCOCK and KEPPEL those brave boys command,
 Who drubb'd them, and took the Havannah.

S O N G 246.

*Tune : Johnny Adair of Kiltiernan : which see in the first
 vol. beginning thus—It was in July forty-five.*

WHEN learned folks in rhimes make a rout,
 They invoke the gods of the Greeks, sir ;
 On PEGASUS jump and gallop about,
 As if wanting to break their necks, sir.
 But simple me, so high can't sing,
 To PARNASSUS I make no pretences ;
 All I can say is, god blest the king,
 May his subjects keep in their senses.

For in vanity's spite our thoughts run astray,
 We are troubled with fits of the mother ;
 We'll be wise men to-morrow, tho' silly to-day,
 The next day, nor one thing nor t'other.
 When we lost Port-Mahon, our spirits were dash'd,
 Nay, crazy we were for a season ;
 And madmen like, 'till we got heartily thrash'd,
 We could not recover our reason.

'Tis true it is pity, and pity 'tis true ;
 But I beg you'll believe a poor poet ;
 In the glass of self-love, tho' we've wisdom in view,
 Yet we're most of us mad, but won't know it.
 Law and physic by some folks are thought to be bad,
 Because their effects may annoy them ;
 Yet lawyers and doctors we won't set down mad,
 But we'll *Item* all those who employ them.

More or less to the scurvy mankind are a prey,
 If you please to believe your physician ;
 And a man when he's mad, I will venture to say,
 Is but in a scurvy condition.
 Wine makes our blood good, and good blood makes us
 found,
 If you'll *Recipe tantum sufficit* ;
 Since for madness, my friends, I've this remedy found,
 Let none be so mad as to miss it.

SONG 247. *An old song referred to for
 the tune in the first part of this vol. page 128.*

THERE was a jovial beggar,
 He had a wooden leg ;
 Lame from his cradle,
 And forced for to beg :
*And a begging we will go,
 We'll go, we'll go,
 And a begging we will go.*

A bag for his oatmeal,
 Another for his salt ;
 And a pair of crutches,
 To shew that he can halt.

A bag for his wheat,
 Another for his rye ;
 A little bottle by his side,
 To drink when he's a dry.

To Pimlico we'll go,
 Where we shall merry be ;
 With ev'ry man a can in's hand,
 And a wench upon his knee.

And when we are dispos'd
 To tumble on the grass,
 We've a long patch'd coat,
 To hide a pretty lass.

Seven years I begg'd
 For my old master WILK,
 He taught me to beg
 When I was but a child.

I begg'd for my master,
 And got him store of pelf ;
 But JOVE now be praised,
 I now beg for my self.

In a hollow tree
 I live and pay no rent ;
 Providence provides for me,
 And I am well content.

Of all occupations,
 A beggar lives the best ;
 For when he is a weary,
 He'll lay him down and rest.

I fear no plots against me,
 I live in open cell ;
 Then who would be a king,
 When a beggar lives so well.

S O N G 248. *The Roast-Beef of Old Eng-
 land: A cantata. Taken from a celebrated print
 done by the ingenious Mr. HOGARTH.*

RECITATIVE.

T WAS at the gate of Calais, HOGARTH tell,
 Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
 K A mea-

A meagre Frenchman, Madame GRANDSIRE's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase that way took :
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
 On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :
 Good father DOMINICK by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
 Who when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd ;
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chaps and thus the knight address'd.

AIR.

(Tune : A lovely lass to a fryar came, &c. which see
 hereafter.)

*Oh rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.*

*Renown'd Sir Loin, oft-times decreed,
 The theme of English ballad ;
 On thee e'n kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate :
 Then how much more thy taste doth exceed
 Soup meagre, fregs, and sallad.*

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen ;
 Like GARRICK's frighted HAMLET, gaping flood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

AIR.

AIR. Foot's minuet.

*Ah, sacre Dieu! wat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and white?
 Begar it is de roast beef from Londre;
 Oh! grant to me won letel bite.*

*But to my guts if you give no breeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return and let me feast my eyes.*

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray;
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread.
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descri'd,
 In blund'ring accents dolefully he cry'd.

AIR. (Tune: Ellen a Roon.)

*Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy sight is,
 My joy that so light is,
 To view thee, by pailsfuls, runs out at my eyes.*

*While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 Ah! hard hearted I am!*

*Why did I come to you?
 The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from starving.*

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor SAWNEY sat,
 Who fed his nose, and stretch'd his ruddy pate;
 But when Old-England's bulwark he esp'd,
 His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside:
 With listless hands, he blest his native place,
 Then scrub'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

AIR.

(Tune: The Broom of Cowdenknows: which see here-
after.)

How hard, oh! SAWNEY, is thy lot,
Who was so blithe of late,
To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great.
O the beef! the bonny, bonny beef,
When roasted nice and brown;
I wish I had a slice of thee,
How sweet it would gang down.

Oh CHARLEY! hadst thou not been seen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me;
I would the d-d had pick'd mine ey'n,
E'er I had gang'd wi' thee,
O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But see my muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite;
Where smiling freedom guards great GEORGE'S throne,
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.
'Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,
In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

(Tune: When mighty roast-beef, &c. which see next af-
ter this.)

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.
O the roast beef of Old-England,
And O the Old-English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma who stood by like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, "Son, to attempt it you're surely too blame."
O the roast beef, &c.

*But deaf to advice he for glory did thirst,
 An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
 Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.
 O the roast beef, &c.*

*Then Britons be valiant, the moral is clear ;
 The ox is Old-England ; the frog is monsieur ;
 Whose puffs and bravadoes we never need fear.
 O the roast beef, &c.*

*For while by our commerce and arts we are all
 To the Sir Loin trucking bet on our table,
 The French may d'en burst like the frog in the pail.
 O the roast beef, &c.*

SONG 249. *And old song.*

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's
 food,
 It enobled our veins, and enriched our blood ;
 Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good :
*O the roast beef of old-England,
 And O the old-English roast beef.*

But since we have learnt from all-conquering France,
 To eat their ragoos, as well as to dance,
 We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaisance :
O the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old, were robust, stout and strong,
 And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
 Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song :
O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name ?
 A sneaking poor race, half begotten,—and tame,
 Who sully those honours that once shone in fame :
O the roast beef, &c.

When good queen ELIZABETH sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown:

O the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again;
As witness the vaunting armada of Spain:

O the roast beef, &c.

Oh! then they had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And, when wrongs were a'cooking, to do themselves
right;

But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night.

O the roast beef, &c.

SONG 250. *In imitation of the foregoing,
and to the same tune.*

WHEN humming brown beer was the English-
man's taste,

Our wives they were merry, our daughters were chaste;
Their breath smelt like roses whenever embrac'd.

*O the brown beer of Old-England,
And O the old English brown beer.*

Ere coffee and tea found its way to the town,
Our ancestors they by their fires sat down,
Their bread it was white, and their beer it was brown.

O the brown beer, &c.

Our heroes of old, of whose conquests we boast,
Could make a good meal of a pot and a toast:
Oh, did we so now, we should soon rule the roast.

O the brown beer, &c.

When the great Spanish fleet on our coast did appear,
Our sailors each one drank a jorum of beer,
And sent them away with a flea in their ear.

O the brown beer, &c.

Our clergymen then took a cup of good beer,
 Ere they mounted the rostrum, their spirits to cheer;
 Then preach'd against vice, tho' courtiers were near.
O the brown beer, &c.

Their doctrine were then authentick and bold,
 Well grounded on scripture, and fathers of old;
 But now they preach nothing but what they are told.
O the brown beer, &c.

For since the geneva and strong ratafee,
 'They are dwindl'd to nothing, but stay—let me see;
 Faith nothing at all but meer fiddle-de-dee.
O the brown beer, &c.

S O N G 251.

MY charming SYLVIA see
 Of what I am possess;
 Somewhat above your knee,
 And yet below your breast.

Oh! let me enter in
 That lovely tender part,
 'Tis beneath your chin,
 I mean my SYLVIA's heart.

And if that be too high,
 An humbler fate I'll meet,
 Permit me then to lie
 Beneath my SYLVIA's feet.

S O N G 252. *Description of Bartholomew-Fair, in London.*

WHILE gentlefolks strut in their silver and fattins,
 We poor folks are tramping in straw hats and
 pattens;
 Yet as merrily old English ballads can sing o,
 As they at their opperores outlandish ling o;
 Calling out, bravo, ankeoro and caro,
 Tho'f I will sing nothing but Bartlemew fair o.

Here was, first of all, crowds against other crowds
driving,
Like wind and tide meeting each contrary striving;
Shrill fiddling, sharp fighting, and shouting and shriek-
ing,
Fifes, trumpets, drums, bagpipes, and barrow-girls
squeaking,
Come my rare round and sound, here's choice of fine
ware o,
'Though all was not found sold at Bartlemew fair o.

There was drolls, hornpipe dancing, and showing
of postures,
With frying black puddings, and op'ning of oysters;
With salt-boxes, solos, and gallery folks squawling;
'The tap-house-guests roaring, and mouth-pieces baw-
ling.
Pimps, pawnbrokers, strollers, fat landladies, sailors,
Bawds, bailies, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers and
taylors.

Here's PUNCH's whole play of the gunpowder plot,
fir,
Wild beasts all alive, and pease-porridge all hot, fir:
Fine sausages fried, and the black on the wire;
'The whole court of France, and nice pig at the fire.
Here's the up-and-downs, who'll take a seat in the
chair o,
Tho' there's more up and downs than at Bartlemew
fair o.

Here's WHITTINGTON's cat, and the tall dromedary,
The chaise without horses, and queen of Hungary;
Here's the merry-go-rounds, come who rides, come
who rides, fir,
Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fire-eating besides, fir.
The fam'd learn'd dog that can tell all his letters,
And some men, as scholars, are not much his betters.

This world's a wide fair, where we ramble 'mong
gay things;
Our passions like children are tempted by play-things;
By

By sound and by show, by trash and by trumpery,
The fal-lals of fashion, and Frenchify'd frumpery.
What is life but a droll, rather wretched than rare o?
And thus ends the ballad of Bartlemew fair o.

S O N G 253.

A H! NANCY 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes,
And lay by those terrible glances;
We live in an age that's more civil and wise,
Than to follow the rules of romances.

When once your round bubbies begin to pout,
They'll allow you no long time of courting;
And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out,
For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.

S O N G 254. *Sent to a lady with a pair of
silk garters.*

June. Beauteous maid reward my passion: *which see in
the first vol.*

DAPHNE, my fair, except from me,
The humblest of thy martyrs,
A wreath to bind each ivory knee;
A filken pair of garters.

May never these their trust beguile,
In slips to ladies shocking;
Nor ever quit, o'er hill, or stile,
Their old ally, the stocking.

“ Now *boni soit qui mal y pense*
“ Quoth EDWARD, knighthood's donor,
“ When shuffled off in mazy dance,
“ The garter slipp'd its owner.

“ And let it not, my lords, be told
“ To worthy knight's disgrace,
“ That smiles among my barons hold
“ E'er flush'd a lady's face.

“ Nor ’ere shall waggery deride,
 “ Or fling his jests upon her,
 “ Lord, Earls, and dukes, shall kneel with pride,
 “ To wear this badge of honour.

“ Hence if we trust historic fame,
 “ Truth’s general recorder,
 “ Th’ original of knighthood came,
 “ And garters sacred order.”

May these around the bed-post strung
 In love’s prophetic charms,
 Paint to thy dream the shepherd young,
 Who’ll fold thee to his arms.

If happy then some lover new,
 Shall please thy wand’ring sight,
 O may he love, as DAMON true,
 And bless thee with delight.

Should DAMON e’er behold that day,
 The sight would all unnerve him.
 Yet do not thou his gift repay,
 His own will better serve him.

S O N G 255.

Tune. Guildford stile.

THUO’ wisdom will preach about joy, fir,
 Faith folly will practise as well :
 Men are simple, and life but a toy, fir,
 In toying it is we excel.
 Is it worth our while,
 Through learning to toil ?
 Or trouble our heads how to think ?
 Thought ne’er was design’d,
 To puzzle the mind,
 So only let’s mind who’s to drink.

King

King SOLOMON, I'm not profane, fir,
 Was a wife, yet a whimsical elf;
 He never thought any thing vain, fir,
 'Till he was past pleasure himself.
 He used to say,
 'There's a time to play,
 To labour, to love, and to think;
 Let those in their prime,
 Remember their time,
 At present 'tis time we should drink.

A pox on reflection, be jolly,
 Dispassionate dullness despise;
 Did you once know the pleasure of folly,
 You'd ne'er be so weak, to be wise.
 Let the trumpet of fame,
 Those heroes proclaim,
 Who never at cannon-balls blink,
 By the busy in trade,
 Be cent per cent made,
 'Tis cent per cent better to drink.

Come about with a bumper boys hearty
 To our king and our country success;
 To oblivion tois envy and party,
 May freedom our fire-sides bless.
 Here's a health to those,
 Who face our foes,
 To those who dare speak as they think;
 To such sort of men,
 Again and again,
 Again and again boys we'll drink.

SONG 256. *Taste.*

Tune: Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window:
which see next after this.

YE learned o'er classics, who pore night and day,
 And life time in school phrases waste;
 Etymologies ye can unriddle, then say,
 From whence is derived the term *Taste*.

When

When genius, wit, learning, and science are shown,
 We know which it is we'd be at ;
 But since *Taste* has been term'd as a phrase on the town,
 We neither know this thing nor that.

Over catalogues poring the auction folks see ;
 Hark ! Sir, something the connoisseur,—speaks
 About RAPHAEL, CORREGGIO, VANDYKE, MONAMI,
INTAGLIAS, MOSAICS, ANTIQUES.
His honour observes quite the things to be sure ;
'Tis immense, 'tis prodigious, 'tis vast ;
 Then the handling, disposing, fore-ground, and con-
 tour,
 Oh ! he talks all in all, who talks TASTE.

To the lucky, enrich'd by large plunder from WHITE'S,
 Each supple-kneed sycophant bows ;
 While science and learning are stared at for frights,
 They are creatures which no body knows.
 In vain may a genius petition his grace,
 On the pavement his hours he'll waste ;
 The porter will flap-to the door in his face,
 For merit we know is not TASTE.

Not by reason or passion, but fashion we think,
 By fashion we swear and we pray ;
 By fashion we dine, and by fashion we drink,
 For each vice like a dog has it's day.
 Once SHAME-PEAR could please, now op'ras endear,
 And of pounds large subscriptions we waste ;
 Like pillory felons, we're nail'd by the ear,
 For forging that phantom call'd TASTE.

To be sure ARISTOTLE had something to say,
 But to heed him 'tis not worth our while ;
 We don't want to talk now, but only to play,
 So the classic in taste must be HOYLE.
 By rhetoric rules would you study to speak,
 The time while you read runs to waste ;
 'Tis from wagers alone that your proofs you must seek,
Done first, is the logic in TASTE.

We have been so well-bred, so immensely polite,
 So refin'd by our French friends in France;
 That we really believ'd it ill manners to fight,
You'll allow it is sans complaisance.
 But the GENIUS OF ENGLAND awaken'd our youth,
 In fame's trumpet blew LIBERTY's blast;
 OLD HONOUR unshak'd the STANDARD OF TRUTH,
 And we've prov'd ourselves BRITONS at last.

S O N G 257. *An old song.*

YOUNG ROGER came tapping at DOLLY's win-
 dow,

Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump.

He begg'd for admittance, she answer'd him no,

Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.

My DOLLY, my dear, your true love is here,

Dampaty, dampaty, damp.

No, no, ROGER, no, as you came you may go,

Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump.

O what is the reason, dear DOLLY, he cry'd,

Humpaty, &c.

That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd,

Trumpaty, &c.

Some rival more dear, I guess has been here,

Crumpaty, &c.

Suppose there's been two, Sir, pray what's that to you?

Numpaty, &c.

O! then with a sigh, his sad farewe'll he took.

Humpaty, &c.

And all in despair, he leap'd into the brook,

Plumpaty, &c.

His courage he cool'd, he found himself foel'd,

Mumpaty, &c.

He swam to the shore, and saw DOLLY no more,

Dampaty, &c.

O! then

O! then she recall'd, and recall'd him again.

Numpaty, &c.

Whilst he, like a madman, ran over the plain,

Stumpaty, &c.

Determin'd to find a damsel more kind,

Plumpaty, &c.

While DOLLY's afraid, she must die an old maid.

Mumpaty, &c.

SONG 258.

LONG time I served young ROSALIND.
But when her pow'r she knew,
The little tyrant grew unkind,
And I my love withdrew.

Now reason all my bosom sway'd,
Pride fortyfy'd my soul;
I swore——when from her ambuscade,
The little wheedler stole.

I view'd her face, I paus'd a while,
I heard, and was reprov'd;
She woo'd me to her with a smile,
I kiss'd her, and I lov'd.

When ROSALINDA's face commands,
How vain th' essays of men!
She frowns—we break love's silken bands,
She smiles—we love again.

But yet, ye fair, be not inclin'd,
Like her your pow'r to prove;
Few nymphs can charm like ROSALIND,
Few swains like me can love.

SONG 259. *To make a Connoisseur.*

*June: Ye are the mortals etc. which see in the first
vol. page 122.*

W Ould I be a Connoisseur, both a genius
and a fool.

At operas and assemblies, a peer of the
You must half word, and hard word, and
be understood.

Nod, wink and look wise, your a true *Con-*
Sing tantara vera taste all, etc.
Sing tantara vera taste all, etc.

The money you squander your judgment confirms;
You need not know science, repeat but the terms;
The labour of learning belongs to the poor,
Do but pay, that's enough for a true *Connoisseur*.

At your own table grac'd with exotics supreme,
If music's the subject, or painting the theme;
All artists but *Irish* ones, praise and procure,
By your troop of lead captains you're dubb'd *Connoisseur*.

When for words you are lost, fill it up with grimace,
And show your vast wisdom, by winking your face;
Make poor merit blush, but be bold and secure,
And all BRONZES out BRONZE, like a nice *Connoisseur*.

The worth of a man, the wise say is his pence,
'Twas said so, and so it will centuries hence;
Then rich toly I'll praise (pretty pimp) the procures,
Full work for the wits, when she forms *Connoisseurs*.

SONG 260. *The Rover reclaim'd.*

W HEN artless first among the fair,
I saw CLARINDA'S shape and air,
Enraptur'd with her form divine,
I pray'd the gods to make her mine.

But when CLEORA, beauteous maid,
Appear'd, and I her charms survey'd ;
CLARINDA vanish'd from my breast,
And she alone my mind possess'd.

Soon BETSY, with her rolling eyes,
From fair CLEORA snatch'd the prize,
Which SALLY from fair BETSY tore,
Then KITTY, and an hundred more.

Thus long a roving youth inclin'd,
Beauty nor wit could fix my mind ;
When charming POLLY caught my sight
And fill'd my soul with new delight.

Here fix'd, my rambling I give o'er,
Of all but her I think no more ;
In whom alone each charm I find,
Wit, beauty, and a gentle mind.

SONG 261. *By* LADLE SKIMMER, *ad-*
miral's cook.

Tune: Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window :
see in page 217.

NO more let French dishes appear in our mess,
Nor the taste of an Englishman spoil ;
We drub the French fellows whatever we dress,
Be it either to roast, bake, or broil.
At Cherburgh we gave them a dish of our soup,
They swore it was damn'd four sauce ;
Then we toss'd up Cape Breton, and flew'd Gaudaloupe,
And a hash made at Havre de Grace.

We gave them a belly-full lately near Brest,
And CONFLANS from Toulon had a treat ;
The twenty-four pounders they could not digest,
Our balls we confess are forced meat.

Ent

But we can fall to tho', on what monfieurs got,
 You fee we fet down at our eafe;
 And this place, and that place, they all go to pot,
 For we help ourfelves juft where we pleaſe.

In Eaſt-Indies, I fancy, we cook'd the thing right,
 Pondicherry our taſte ha, p'd to hit,
 LALLY ſent word, his ſcheme would the Engliſhmen
 bite,

But, *au contraire*, he found himſelf bit.
 It was juſt for a whet, when we took Senegal,
 Then our ſtomach for fighting increaſed;
 Since we garniſh'd Quebec with the town Montreal,
 Martinico has made up the feaſt.

Up hill how our *Hearts of Oak* hollowed along,
 Yo ho-ing they tow'd up each gun;
 Roaſt beef and king GEORGE was the jolly tars ſong,
 And they croſs'd the French lines for fun.
 LA TOUCHE, the French governor, as I've heard ſay,
 Thinks our company would him diſgrace;
 He the Engliſh deteſts, ſo keeps out of the way;
 Cauſe he ſcorns to look us in the face.

Thus may old England's enemies ever be ſnubb'd,
 May her ſons thus unanimous join;
 If they do—I'll be damn'd, if they ever are drubb'd,
 Tho' the dons, or don devils combine.
 Come lads look, bright victory ſhines on the ſcene,
 With our fighting we won't make a ſuſ,
 May the ſons, and ſons ſons, of our good king and
 queen,
 Have ſtout honeſt ſubjects like us.

S O N G 262. *Advice to PHILLIS.*

HOW ſweet are the roſes of June,
 The pink and the jeſſamine gay;
 But drip, drip of their poiſons, how ſoon,
 How ſudden thoſe ſweets will decay:

Just such is the maid in her prime,
 Adorn'd with the bloom of fifteen;
 But robb'd of her beauty by time,
 No traces of youth can be seen.

Then, PHILLIS, be wise whilst you may,
 To DAMON's addresses prove kind,
 Relent, or believe what I say,
 Too late you will alter your mind,
 When next the fond youth shall declare
 The passion which glows in his breast,
 With him to the altar repair,
 Nor longer refuse to be blest.

S O N G. 263. *On the siege of Pondicherry.*

Tune: On a time I was great.

AS NEPTUNE one day o'er the rising waves rode,
 The genius of England he met, fir;
 Complaisantly he bowed to the *Sea-swelling god*,
 But his majesty spoke in a pet, fir.
 Hark you, fir, quoth the coral-crown'd king, is this
 true,
 That the English are rulers at sea;
 You may like it, indeed, it is better for you;
 But what do you think 'tis for me?

The goddess-born guardian his face-beaming smiles,
 Replied, father of oceans be mild, fir;
 Your offspring, you know, are the sea-circled isles,
 And England's your eldest born child, fir.
Zounds, what's all this noise? calls the *Salt-water lord*;
 He was told, they were English broadsides that
 had roar'd,
 We'll go see them, says NEPTUNE then, come buck
 on board,
 Steer tritons to Pondicherry.

In a sea-sprinkled mist, they sail'd o'er the town ;
 'Cause, unseen, they resolv'd to review them ;
 Our balls knock'd, like nine-pins, monsieurs up and
 down,

Nay, the wind of our bullets o'erthrew them ;
 Their bones wanted flesh, and their skins wanted clothes,
 At the famine faced French, NEPTUNE turn'd up
 his nose ;

Crying, zounds, why these fellows are beat without
 blows,

They cannot keep Pondicherry.

On the beef-eating English, he then cast his eyes,

He was sick of surveying soup-meagres ;

Since at Troy I assist'd, by Styx, the god cries,

I never beheld finer figures ;

O'erjoy'd he observ'd, hearts of oak fore and aft,

How they stout to their guns stood, and loaded so
 merry ;

He tofs'd up his trident, transported and laugh'd,

Saying, ho, boys for Pondicherry.

Then a flag from the walls, was wav'd to and fro,

And three jolly cheers our tars gave it ;

Cousin, cousin, cries NEPTUNE, why I told you so,

The town see, your British boys have it ;

Go triton, quoth he, find out trum; et-tongued fame,

And make in old England my fav'rites merry ;

Away on the wind, with spread wings went the dame,

And sounded out Pondicherry.

SONG 264. *On the Cock-lane Ghost.*

WITH wonder each year we the old year out do,
 We scorn to consider how far a tale's true ;

'Tis enough that 'tis talk'd of, and that the thing's new.
Which nobody can deny.

There's a time we are told to suit each inclination,

When cunning works best on credulity's passion ;

Now that work is well timed, for a ghost is in fashion.

Which nobody, &c.

For

For Greek-giving oracles this ghost a match is,
 With thumping, and so forth, he questions dispatcher;
 But some must be clawed off, he shows when he scratches.

Which nobody, &c.

This ghost is a ghost of an odd composition,
 As he never appears, he is no apparition;
 But with blows, like Free Malons makes known his
 condition.

Which nobody, &c.

With wonder the multitude wide mouth receive it,
 But yet for a much greater wonder I'll give it,
 If a man, with the ghost, of good sense, should believe it.

Which nobody, &c.

We can't yet unriddle what this ghost is hatching,
 Nor can the learn'd find out, tho' nightly they're
 watching,
 How, without flesh and blood, it can come by its
 scratching.

Which nobody, &c.

Tho' this tale-telling ghost with a baby begun,
 What work will he make if his rapping goes on,
 And he should discover what grown folks have done.

Which nobody, &c.

To hinder its blabbing there's one thing I would do,
 And that, if they please too, all easily cou'd do,
 It is only behaving henceforth as we should do.

Which nobody, &c.

The SONGS in the Dramatic Opera of
KING ARTHUR, with the additional
ones, as sung at the Theatre Royal in
Crow-street.

SONG 265. *Sung by the the Priests of*
WODEN.

WODEN, first to thee,
A milk white deed in battle won,
We have sacrific'd.

CHOR. *We have sacrific'd*

Let our next oblation be,
To THOR, thy thundering son,
Of such another.

CHOR. *We have sacrific'd*

A third; (of Friezland breed was he)
To WODEN's wife, and to THOR's mother:
And now we have atton'd all three,
We have sacrific'd.

CHOR. *We have sacrific'd*

DUET.

The white horse neigh'd aloud:
To WODEN thanks we render
To WODEN we have vow'd:
To WODEN, our defender.

[*These four lines in chorus*]

AIR.

The lot is cast, and TANFAN pleas'd:
Of mortal cares you shall be eas'd.

CHORUS.

*Brave souls to be renown'd in story,
Honour prizing, death despising,
Fame acquiring, by expiring,
Die and reap the fruit of glory.*

SONG

SONG 266. *Sung by the first Priest.*

I Call ye all,
 To Women's all;
 Your temples round
 With ivy bound,
 In goblets crown'd,
 And plenteous bowls of burnish'd gold;
 Where you shall laugh,
 And dance, and quaff
 The juice that makes the Britons bold.

SONG 267. *Sung by the Priest.*

POW'RS who take a dreadful pleasure,
 In the steel-form'd array of fight;
 'Trumps that sound their warlike measure,
 Rout and ruin, fear and flight,
 To our wonted fame restore a while!
 Give the British host to wield;
 Cause their squares to sink before us,
 Theirs the fight, and ours the field.

SONG 268 *Sung by the British soldiers
after a victory.*

COME if you dare, our trumpets sound;
 Come if you dare, the foes rebound;
 We come, we come, we come, we come
 Says the double, double, double beat of the thund'ring
 drum.

Now they charge on again,
 Now they rally again:
 The gods from above the mad labour behold,
 And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

CHOR. *Now they charge, &c.*

The fainting Saxons quit their ground,
 Their trumpets languish in the sound;

They

They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly,
Victoria, victoria, the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,

To the plunder we run :

We return to our lairs like fortunate traders,

Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders.

CHOR. *Now the victory's won, &c.*

S O N G. 269. *Sung by PHILIDEL.*

HITHER this way, this way bend,
Trust not that malicious fiend :
Those are false deluding lights,
Wasted far and near by sprites ;
Trust them not, for they'll deceive ye ;
And in bogs and marshes leave ye.

CHOR. of PHILIDEL'S spirits. } *Hither this way, this way bend.*

CHOR. of GRIMBALD'S spirits. } *This way, this way bend.*

AIR. *Sung by PHILIDEL.*

If you step, no danger thinking,
Down you fall a far-long sinking.
'Tis a fiend who has annoy'd ye ;
Name but Heav'n, and he'll avoid ye.

CHOR. of PHILIDEL'S spirits. } *Hither this way, this way bend.*

CHOR. of GRIMBALD'S spirits. } *This way, this way bend.*

PHILIDEL'S spirits. } *Trust not that malicious fiend.*

GRIMBALD'S spirits } *Trust me I am no malicious fiend.*

PHILIDEL'S spirit } *Hither this way, &c.*

S O N G

SONG 270. *Sung by GRIMBALD.*

LET not a moon-born elf mislead ye,
 From your prey, and from your glory:
 Too far, alas! he has betray'd ye:
 Follow the flames, that wave before ye:
 Sometimes sev'n, and sometimes one;
 Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

See, see the footsteps plain appearing,
 That way OSWALD chose for flying:
 Firm is the turf, and fit for bearing,
 Where yonder pearly dewes are lying:
 Far he cannot hence be gone:
 Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

SONG 271. *Sung by one of MERLIN'S
 spirits.*

THIS way turn, the fiends avoiding,
 Or in bogs and pits you'll fall:
 Once decoy'd in, there destroy'd in,
 MERLIN can't your doom recall.

SONG 272. *Sung by PHILIDEL, and
 others.*

COME follow, follow, follow me.
 CHOR. *Come follow, &c.*
And me. And me. And me. And me.

And green sward all your way shall be.

CHOR. *Come follow, &c.*

No goblin or elf shall dare to offend ye.

CHOR. *No, no, no, &c.*

No goblin or elf shall, &c.

TRIO. We brethren of air,

You heroes will bear,

To the kind and the fair that attend ye.

CHOR. *We brethren, &c.*

SONG

SONG 273. *Sung by a Shepherd.*

HOW blest are shepherds, how happy their lasses,
 While drums and trumpets are sounding alarms!
 Over our lowly sheds all the storm passes;
 And when we die, 'tis in each others arms.
 All the day on our herds, and flocks employing:
 All the night on our flutes, and in enjoying.

Bright nymphs of Britain, with graces attended,
 Let not your days without pleasure expire;
 Honour's but empty, and when youth is ended,
 All men will praise you, but none will desire
 Let not youth fly away without contenting;
 Age will come time enough, for your repenting.

SONG 274. *Duet between two shepherds.*

SHEPHERDS, shepherds, leave decoying,
 Pipes are sweet a summer's day;
 But a little after toying,
 Women have the shot to pay.

Here are marriage vows for signing,
 Set their marks that cannot write:
 After that, without repining,
 Play and welcome, day and night.

CHORUS.

*Come, shepherds, lead up a lively measure;
 The cares of wedlock, are cares of pleasure;
 But whether, marriage bring joy, or sorrow,
 Make sure of this day, and hang to-morrow.*

SONG 275. *Sung by PHILIDEL.*

WE must work, we must haste;
 Noon tide hour is almost past.
 L

Spruce

Sprites that glimmer in the sun,
 Into shades already run,
 OSMOND will be here anon.

SONG 276. *Sung by PHILIDEL.*

THUS, thus I infuse
 These sov'reign dews.
 Fly back, ye films, that cloud her sight;
 And you, ye crystal humours bright,
 Your noxious vapours purg'd away,
 Recover and admit the day.
 Now cast your eyes abroad, and see
 All—but me.

SONG 277. *Sung by airy spirits.*

A man spirit.

OH fight, the mother of desires,
 What charming objects dost thou yield!
 'Tis sweet when tedious night expires,
 To see the rosy morning gild
 The mountain tops, and paint the field!
 But when CLORINDA comes in sight,
 She makes the summer's day more bright,
 And when she goes away 'tis night.

Woman.

'Tis sweet the blushing morn to view,
 And plains adorn'd with pearly dew:
 But such cheap delights to see,
 Heaven and nature
 Give each creature;
 They have eyes, as well as we;
 This is the joy, all joys above,
 To see to see, that only she,
 That only she we love!

Man.

And if we may discover
 What charms both nymph and lover,

'Tis

'Tis when the fair at mercy lies.
 With kind and amorous anguish,
 To sigh, to look, to languish,
 On each other's eyes !

S O N G 278. *Sung by CUPID.*

WHAT ho, thou genius of the clime, what ho!
 Ly't thou asleep beneath those hills of snow ?
 Stretch out thy lazy limbs ; awake, awake,
 And winter from thy furry mantle shake.

S O N G 279. *Sung by the Genius of Ice-land.*

WHAT power art thou, who from below
 Hast made me rise, unwillingly, and slow,
 From beds of everlasting snow !
 See't thou not how stiff and wond'rous old,
 Far unfit to bear the bitter cold,
 I can scarcely move or draw my breath :
 Let me, let me, freeze again to death.

S O N G 280. *Sung by CUPID.*

THOU doating fool, forbear, forbear,
 What, dost thou dream of freezing here ?
 At Love's appearing, all the sky clearing,
 The stormy winds their fury spare :
 Winter subduing, and Spring renewing,
 My beams create a more glorious year.

S O N G 281. *Sung by the Genius of Ice-land.*

GREAT Love, I know thee now ;
 Eldest of the gods art thou :
 Heav'n and earth by thee were made,
 Human nature is thy creature,
 Every where thou art obey'd.

SONG 282. *Sung by CUPID.*

NO part of my dominions shall be waste ;
To spread my sway, and sing my praise,
Ev'n here I will a people raise,
Of kind embracing lovers and embrac'd.

SONG 283. *Chorus of Iceland peasants.*

SEE, see, we assemble
Thy revels to hold :
Tho' quiv'ring with cold,
We chatter and tremble.

SONG 284. *Sung by CUPID.*

TIS I, 'tis I, 'tis I that have warm'd ye :
In spite of cold weather,
I've brought you together :
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I that have arm'd ye.

*CHO. 'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has
warm'd us ;
In spite of cold weather,
He brought us together :
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has arm'd us.*

SONG. 285. *A duet.*

SOUND a parley, ye fair, and surrender,
Set yourselves and your lovers at ease ;
He's a grateful offender
Who pleasure dare seize :
But the whining pretender
Is sure to displease.

Since the fruit of desire is possessing,
'Tis unmanly to sigh and complain :
When we kneel for redressing,
We move your disdain :
Love was made for a blessing,
And not for a pain.

SONG

SONG. 286. *Sung by the first Syren.*

O Pass not on, but stay,
 And waste the joyous day
 With us in gentle play :
 Unbend to love, unbend thee
 O lay the sword aside,
 And other arms provide ;
 For other wars attend thee,
 And sweeter to be try'd.

SONG 287. *Duet by the two Syrens.*

TWO daughters of this aged stream are we ;
 And both our sea-green locks have comb'd for
 thee :
 Come bathe with us an hour or two,
 Come naked in, for we are so :
 What danger from a naked foe ?
 Come bathe with us, come bathe, and share
 What pleasures in the floods appear :
 We'll beat the waters 'till they bound,
 And circle, round, around, around,
 And circle, round, around.

SONG 288. *A trio, by Nymphs and Syl-
 vans.*

HOW happy the lover,
 How easy his chain,
 How pleasing the pain,
 How sweet to discover
 He sighs not in vain.
 For love every creature
 Is form'd by his nature
 No joys are above
 The pleasure of love.

In vain are our graces,
 In vain are your eyes,
 If love you despise ;
 When age furrows faces,
 'Tis time to be wise
 Then use the short blessing,
 That flies in possessing :
 No joys are above
 The pleasures of love.

S O N G 289. *Sung by ÆOLUS.*

YE blust'ring brethren of the skies,
 Whose breath has ruff'd all the watry plain,
 Retire, and let Britannia rise,
 In triumph o'er the main.
 Serene and calm, and void of fear,
 The queen of islands must appear :
 Serene and calm, as when the spring
 The new-created world began,
 And birds on boughs did softly sing
 Their peaceful homage paid to man ;
 While EURUS did his blasts forbear
 In favour of the tender year.
 Retreat, rude winds, retreat
 To hollow rocks, your stormy seat ;
 There swell your lungs, and vainly, vainly threat.

S O N G 290. *Sung by PAN and a Nereid.*

ROUND thy coasts, fair nymph of Britain,
 For thy guard our waters flow :
 PROTUS all his herd admitting,
 On thy greens to graze below :
 Foreign lands thy fishes tasting,
 Learn from thee luxurious feasting.

SONG 291. *Trio.*

FOR folded flocks, on fruitful plains,
 The shepherds and the farmers gains,
 Fair Britain all the world outvies :
 And PAN, as in Arcadia, reigns,
 Where pleasure mixt with profit lies.

Tho' JASON's fleece was fam'd of old,
 The British wool is growing gold ;
 No mines can more of wealth supply :
 It keeps the peasant from the cold,
 And takes for kings the Tyrian dye.

SONG 292. *Sung by COMUS, and three
 peasants.*

By COMUS.

YOUR hay is mow'd, and your corn is reap'd ;
 Your barns will be full, and your hovel's heap'd :
 Come, my boys, come ;
 Come, my boys, come ;
 And merrily roar out harvest home ;
 Harvest home ;
 Harvest home ;
 And merrily roar out harvest home.

CHOR. *Come, my boys, come, &c.*

First man.

We ha' cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again,
 For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten ?
 One in ten,
 One in ten ;
 For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten ?

CHOR. *One in ten, &c.*

Second man.

For prating so long like a book learn'd set,
 Till pudding and dumpling burn to pot,

L 4

Burr.

Burn to pot,
 Burn to pot,
 Till pudding and dumpling burn to pot.

CHOR. *Burn to pot, &c.*

Third man.

We'll tose off our ale 'till we canno' stand,
 And hoigh for the honour of old England :
 Old England,
 Old England ;
 And hoigh for the honour of old England.

S O N G 293. *Sung by VENUS.*

Fairest isle, all isles excelling,
 Seat of pleasure and of love ;
 VENUS here will chuse her dwelling,
 And forsake her Cyprian grove.

CUPID from his fav'rite nation,
 Care and envy will remove ;
 Jealousy, that poisons passion,
 And despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs sweet complaining,
 Sighs that blow the fire of love ;
 Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
 Shall be all the pains you prove.

Every swain shall pay his duty,
 Grateful every nymph shall prove ;
 And as these excell in beauty,
 Those shall be renown'd for love.

S O N G 294. *By VENUS and CUPID.*

VENUS. **C**OME hither, urchin ! where hast
 been ?

CUPID.

CUPID. Good mother while with you I stay,
 Ev'ry dart,
 Gives pleasure to the wounded heart,
 But to pain them in your absense, is my pas-
 time and my play.

VENUS. Learn, you little silly elf,
 When you venture to divide
 From my fond and fost'ring side,
 You but stray to lose yourself.

CUPID. From your side
 Never will I more divide.

S O N G 295. DUET.

CUPID. **L** O V E and Beauty when united,
 Rule supreme in ev'ry heart.

VENUS. You're forgot, and I am slighted
 Pow'rless both when once we part.

CUPID. For you, with me,

VENUS. For I, with you ;

Both. With you, with you,
 The subjected world subdue :
 Gods and mortals we keep under,
 Never, therefore, let us sunder.

S O N G. 296. *By a man and woman.*

Woman.

Y O U say, 'tis love creates the pain
 Of which so sadly you complain ;
 And yet would fain engage my heart,
 In that uneasy cruel part :
 But how, alas ! think you, that I
 Can bear the wound of which you die ?

Man.

'Tis not my passion makes my care,
 But your indiff'rence gives despair :

The lussy sun begets no spring,
'Till gentle show'rs assistance bring.
So love, that scorches and destroys,
'Till kindness aid, can cause no joys

Woman.

Love has a thousand ways to please,
But more to rob us of our ease;
For wakeful nights, and careful days,
Some hours of pleasure he repays:
But absence soon, or jealous fears,
O'erflow the joys with floods of tears.

Man.

By vain and senseless forms betray'd,
Harmless Love's th' offender made;
While we no other pains endure,
Than those that we ourselves procure:
But one soft moment makes amends
For all the torment that attends.

Both. Let us love, let us love, and to happiness
haste;

Age and wisdom come too fast:
Youth for loving was design'd.

He alone. I'll be constant, you be kind.

She alone. You be constant, I'll be kind.

Both. Heav'n can give no greater blessing
Than faithful love, and kind possessing.

S O N G 297. *Sung by* HONOUR.

ST. GEORGE, the patron of our isle,
A soldier, and a saint,
On that auspicious order smile,
Which love and arms will plant.

Our natives not alone appear
To court this martial prize;
But foreign kings adopted here,
Their crowns at home despise.

Our

Our sovereign high, in awful state,
His honours shall bestow;
And see his scepter'd subjects wait
On his commands below.

End of the Songs in King ARTHUR.



To Mr. JAMES HOEY, junior.

Sir,

Kells, co. Meath,
24th March, 1763.

INCLOSED I send you two original songs, which are the first and second attempts of a young mind, unimproved, and I may say, untaught; if you think them worthy of a place, or places, in the valuable collection of songs which you are now publishing for the entertainment of the publick, by inserting them therein, you will oblige, Sir,

Your constant reader,

And admirer,

JAMES D—N.

* * The modesty of this epistle renders it proper for insertion, it being a reinforcement of merit to the songs it accompany'd, which are the two immediately following, *i. e.* numb. 298 and 299. We return the author thanks for his esteem'd correspondence; and, to use a musical expression, request an *encore* of it for our next number, intitled, LOVE AND A BOTTLE, now in great forwardness. Assistance on this occasion, we shall acknowledge as a favour in *alt.*

S O N G 298. LUCY LENNOX.

Tune: NANCY DAWSON: which see in the first vol.

LONG time my heart at liberty,
Inclin'd to ev'ry fair I see,
But now 'tis quite confin'd by thee,

My lovely LUCY LENNOX.
When

When first it felt the pleasing pain,
It fluttered, struggl'd, but in vain,
Endeavouring to lose it's chain,

From pretty LUCY LENNOX.

'Twas from your eyes the fire stole,
Which first inflamed my 'nraptur'd soul,
And in my breast without controul,

Now reigns my LUCY LENNOX.

Your sweet majestick shape and air,
Exceeds by far each conqu'ring fair,
Ye gods! propitious, hear my pray'r,

And give me LUCY LENNOX.

When I am with your presence blest,
My longing heart bounds in my breast,
Then sinks by gentle tremors prest,

And pants for LUCY LENNOX.

A strange emotion shakes my frame,
At hearing thy angelic name,
My soul consumes in love's soft flame:

I die for LUCY LENNOX.

Then dearest LUCY be inclined,
To ease the torment of my mind,
And let your STREPHON comfort find,

From pretty LUCY LENNOX.

For if your heart will not relent,
But still refuse to yield consent,
My life in sadness must be spent,

Without my LUCY LENNOX.

Dear CUPID grant me my desire,
Her tender heart with love inspire,
And with an equal passion fire,

The breast of LUCY LENNOX.

Ye pow'rs who in bright glory shine'
Your choicest blessings, all combine,
To shower on the chaste divine,

And lovely LUCY LENNOX.

S O N G 299. POLLY.

Tune: Sad COLINET: which see next after this.

EACH generous fair, from pride exempt,
 In kindness near my lays;
 Let not this bold, unskill'd attempt,
 My POLLY's ear displease:
 For who in silence can behold,
 Such winning charms as thine:
 The virtues poets sang of old
 In thee refulgent shine.

No modern bard, by art refin'd,
 With all the muses aid,
 Can paint such excellence of mind
 As is in thee displayed:
 Soft innocence and grace are shewn
 In thy sweet face and air;
 Had ADAM thee, he ne'er had known
 The loss of EDEN fair.

The lark who strains his tuneful throat,
 To hail the dawning day;
 And PROSERPINE's enchanting note,
 To thy sweet voice give away:
 Th' lily fair, and blushing rose,
 The gardens greatest pride,
 And every fragrance, May bestows,
 In thee my love reside.

'Tis by thy charms my soul's confined,
 And fettered in love's chains;
 'Tis thou alone can ease my mind,
 And free me from those pains:
 For ah! my heart can ne'er find rest,
 But when my POLLY's near,
 Each anxious care then flies my breast,
 And fleets in liquid air.

S O N G

SONG 300. SAD COLINET.

- SAD COLINET to verdure's gay,
 All in an ev'ning fair,
 In pensive mood, resolv'd to stray,
 And give a loose to care :
 These words his tongue repeated oft,
 " Where's now my wonted ease ?
 " Ah why had I a heart so soft,
 " And not more power to please ?
 " Say echo, has her, accents blest
 " E'er yet your mimic voice ?
 " Ye flowers by her dear limbs deprest,
 " Did e'er your banks rejoice ?
 " Tell me ye Dryads of the woods,
 " Who range the happy grove ;
 " Tell me ye Nais of the floods,
 " Have you not seen my love ?
 " My love is like the shady lawn,
 " At ev'ning Vesper's rise,
 " Or like the fragrant rosy dawn,
 " Red tinges o'er the skies :
 " All Hybla in her lips is found,
 " And when she would beguile,
 " The willing graces dance around,
 " And live in ev'ry smile.
 " When I would kneel in the soft cause,
 " To plead against disdain,
 " My rebel tongue its aid withdraws,
 " Apostate to my flame :
 " My eyes would speak, but ah fond eyes !
 " Reveal not yet the smart ;
 " My tongue eternal silence seize,
 " Thou traitor to my heart."

FITZGIGGO, a new English *Uproar*, as it was performed at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden, London, on Thursday the 24th of February, 1763. By Mr. BEARD, Miss BRENT, Signor TENDUCCI, PIT, BOX, and GALLERIES. The words adapted (*al burlesque*) to the favourite *Airs* in the English Opera of ARTAXERXES, * the occasion of this Uproar ;---the Manager (Mr. BEARD) insisting on full Prices being paid every Night of the Performance of this new Piece, which, the People of London (who have the Confidence to boast of their Opulence, and Taste for theatrical Entertainments, notwithstanding the frequent Instances of their lack of both) opposed with a noble spirit ; and, with great *manliness* and *courage*, demolished the unresisting Furniture of the Audience Part of the House, on their Demand of half Prices not being immediately complied with ; a Meanness and Want of Taste, to the Honour of Dublin be it said, never known here.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Miss BRENT and Sig. TENDUCCI.

Miss BRENT. RECITATIVO.

INSTEAD of silence——what a noise is here ?
Methinks the audience are mighty queer.

TEN. I will away to quell these mutineers.
Adieu—I'll send a file of musqueteers.

Miss

* All the Songs in this new English opera, will be inserted in the next part of this collection, intitled, Love and a Bottle ; now in the press.

MISS BRENT. Yet stay TENDUCCI for perhaps such
force,
Instead of quelling them, may make 'em worse.

S O N G 301. DUETTINO.

Tune : Dear Aurora prithee stay.

*Pray, FITZGIGGO, let us play,
Or go quickly away ;
Think how much we undergo ;
Answer general—Yes or No.*

Enter Mr. BEARD in a hurry. RECITATIVE.

Ha ! what the Devil can they mean by this ?
Something is surely very much amiss ;
Shall I, shall I, who am your chief commander,
Be hiss'd at thus, by every goose or gander ?

S O N G 302. AIR.

Tune : In infancy our hopes and fears.

By MISS BRENT (to Mr. BEARD.)

*To mitigate our hopeless fears
Submit and please the town ;
They'll throw the seats about our ears,
And tear the boxes down :*

(To the audience.)

*O clear him then of this offence,
The scenes and sconces spare,
Consider but his great expence,
And oh, how small his share.*

Grand Chorus by the pit.

Yes or no !—Yes or no !

RECITATIVO. Mr. BEARD.

I pray now, gentlemen, but grant this favour,
I always have perform'd my best endeavour

To

To please your different tastes and disposition,
Therefore I beg you'd hear my poor petition,
Nor think me guilty of an imposition.

SONG 303. AIR. MR. BEARD.

Tune: Let not rage thy bosom firing.

*Let not rage this house set fire on,
Pity, tho' you disapprove;
Sure your hearts are hard as iron,
When an op'ra cannot move:
See your fav'rite BRENT a fainting,
See TENDUCCI stiff appears;
Save each gentle bosom panting,
Disseminate their tender fears.
Cease, FITZGIGGO—Cease inquiring
Into manageric arts;
Sit as ye were wont, admiring
How we all perform our parts:
Cease, ye bucks, to make a riot,
Let no dreadful noise be heard;
Prithee let us be at quiet,
Nor distress your JOHNNY BEARD.*

RECITATIVO. *From the pit.*

We'll hear no more—say then, before you go
Answer the question—will ye? *Yes or No.*

CHORUS. *By the whole house.*

*Yes or No!—Yes or No!
Yes or No!—Yes or No!*

RECITATIVO. MR. BEARD.

To say the truth—I tell ye all together,
It is not in my power to say either;
But this I say—I've got as good a band,
(I flatter me) as any in the land.

OMNES.

Off! off! fir, off! at once inform the town:
Fither your house, your pride, or price must down.

MR. BEARD.

MR. BEARD. There never was an opera before
At common price—and so I'll say no more.

[Exit in a passion.]

TEN. Ah me, Miss BRENT—what must we do?

Miss BRENT. I cannot tell sweet Signior, what ~~say~~ you?

S O N G 304. AIR. Sig. TENDUCCI.

Tune: If e'er the cruel tyrant love.

*If e'er such cruel tyrants reign'd
At operas before;
Pray what would cunniches e'er have gain'd
By bravo and encore?
Forbear to fan this raging flame
Which FITZGIG did create;
Nor let your rage supplant your shame,
To fix theatric fate.
Then cease to tear the boxes down,
And terrify each heart;
For O I find the town inclined
To take FITZGIGGO's part.*

RECITATIVO. *By the upper gallery.*

Begin the dust! and let the benches fly!
This treatment, gentlemen, is *all my eye*.

Middle gallery.

Why JOHNNY BEARD! JACK BEARD, why don't you
come?

Begin! begin!—'tis plain its all *a hum*.

Miss BRENT. Signior TENDUCCI we had best retire;

TEN. We must, or all the fat will be in the fire.

Miss BRENT. Hark! hark! the seats and boxes 'gin
to chatter!

The windows jingle! and the sconces clatter!

'They come! they come! FITZGIGGO leads 'em on;

Signior TENDUCCI.—Let us now be gone.

Then

Then haste, ye dancers, fingers, do not stay,
And well drest fiddlers prithee sneak away.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

CHORUS. *By the Pit.*

Tune : For his father he lost when he murder'd his king.

*Then since BEARD comes no more let's to work in a trice,
For our favour he lost when he rais'd the full price.*

*Grand Babel-building chorus, by the whole house of bucks,
bloods, &c. clattering, clashing, cracking, tearing, rend-
ing, &c. &c.*



SONG 305. *Sung by Sir CALLAGHAN
O BRALLAGHAN in Love-a-la mode.*

Tune : Fire away CASEY.

WHO ever did hear, of an Irishman's fear,
In love or in battle? in love or in battle?
They are always on duty, and ready for beauty,
Tho' cannons do rattle, tho' cannons do rattle.

By day and by night, they love and they fight;
They're honour's defender, they're honour's defender;
The foe and the fair, they always take care
To make them surrender, to make them surrender.

SONG 306. *Sung by the same.*

LET other men sing of their goddesses bright,
That darken the day and enlighten the night;
I sing of a woman, of such flesh and blood,
That a touch of her finger would do your heart good.
With my fal dero, dero, &c.

Ten times in a day to my charmer I come,
To tell her my passion—but can't—I'm struck dumb.

For CUPID he seizes my heart with surprize,
And my tongue falls a-sleep at the sight of her eyes.

Your little dog Pompey's my rival I see,
You kiss him, and hug him, but frown upon me;
Then prithee, dear CHARLOTTE, abuse not your charms,
Instead of your lap-dog, take me to your arms.

S O N G 307. *Sung by VENUS in the Dargle.*

HOW happy, how happy, how happy are we,
Now CUPID and HYMEN in concert agree;
We revel all day in sports and delight,
And HYMEN and CUPID shall govern the night.

S O N G. 308. *On the Spanish war.*

ON the wings of the air, this war we'll declare,
'Till like Frenchmen the Spaniards shall cringe;
The muzzles of our guns we'll rub against the dons
'Till our wadding their whiskers finge.

As we treated monsieurs, with lower deck tiers,
We'll serve the same fauce to the dons,
For fear of mistake, the terms that we make,
We'll explain by the mouths of our guns.

Monseieur, wee, wee, and Si Signior Si!
May splice fleets faith and troth,
'Twill save us trouble to fight 'em double,
One drubbing will do for both.

Then about ship, boys, in jollity join,
This war the Spaniards shall rue;
The laurels we planted in fam'd fifty-nine,
May we gather in sixty-two.

A Grand Solemn DIRGE, in the High
Burlesque Tragi-comic Taste, perform-
ed at the Funeral of Old English Liber-
ty, on the same Day as the Definitive
Treaty of Peace was signed betwixt
France, Spain, and Great-Britain. De-
dicated to the Glorious Sixty-five. By
H. HOWARD.

FIRST RECITATIVE.

By Mr. Bawldon,* *To the Bladder and String.*

HENCEFORTH no English brow shall smile,
She's gone! — the darling of our isle!
Struck to the heart;
With grief and smart:
Woe! Woe!
Ah! oh!
Weep, wail!
Cry, rail!
Rave, swear,
Stamp, stare!
Nothing remains, but black despair.

SONG 309. AIR.

By Mr. Black-Beard, the Black-Smith, to the anvil and
hammer.

Tune: By the side of a great kitchen fire.

When the tax on the porter was laid,

I thought they had something in view

Some scheme on our strength and our trade,

For since I've had nothing to do;

Each

* The reader will observe, that the names of the prin-
cipal fingers, now in London, are burlesqued in this
Dirge: as *Bawldon* for *Baildon*, *Black-beard* for *Secord*,
Vixen-t for *Vincent*, *Shagger* for *Jagger*, *Put-here* for
Poitier, *Wass-p* for *Wass*, *Mad-Ox* for *Maddocks*, &c.

*Each night I could call for my quart,
For Threms have a tankard of porter,
But the Halfpenny breaks my poor heart,
And the beer is no better than water.*

S O N G 310. DUETTA.

By Miss Rent and Miss Shriller, (Two milk girls)

To the rattling of their pails.

(Tune: The Attic Fire.)

*Come all ye brave that fought and bled,
Your darling liberty is dead,
By cruel hands she fell;
The lovely fair, alas! no more
Shall smile on poor Britannia's shore;—
O grief too great to tell!*

RECITATIVE.

By Mr. Waf-s-p, stinger and finger, to the drone of a bag-pipe.

*Pox take 'em, for their damn'd ill-nature,
I'll sting 'em home, with stinging satire.*

S O N G 311. AIR. *(Accompanied with the tongs and fire-shovel.)*

Tune: Britons, strike home.

*Britons, sneak home,
Sneak home,
Sneak home,
Your liberty's gone,
Hark! bark to her knell!
Hark! bark to her knell!
Ding, dong, bell.*

Da Caps.

S O N G

SONG 312. DUETTA.

By *Meggs*. *Savage and Mad-Ox, butchers, to the marrow-bones and clazers.*

Tune: As I was a driving my waggon one day.

*The Devil take all their damn'd scheming, I say,
They've murder'd poor Liberty—ret 'em, I pray;
They butcher'd her wilily, and mangled her sore,
And made themselves drunk with the poor creature's gore.*

CHORUS.

*Ab, poor Liberty! old English Liberty!
Genius of England, adieu!*

SONG 313. RECITATIVE AND AIR.

By *Mr. Shampless*, *the trunk-maker, to the rumbling of carts, coaches, and broad-wheel waggons.*

*Oh! I could tear their houses down;
Aye that I would for half a crown;
I'd make 'em start, and stare, and wonder,
To hear my Stentorific thunder!*

SONG 314. AIR.

Tune: Cover me with ice and snow

*Ab it is a fatal blow,
And a dismal overthrow;
Never was a scene of woe,
Like what we undergo.*

SONG 315. DUETTA.

By *Mr. Shagger*, and *Miss Put-here*, *quearists.*
(*Accompanied by the burdy-gurdy.*)

Tune: In infancy our hopes, &c.

*When fair success began to smile,
And spread her chearing rays;
Each hero valu'd not the spoil,
But fought in hopes of bays:*

Yet

*Yet victory was all in vain,
 ('Twas just like children's play)
 The S—t—sh friends of France and Spain.
 Have gi'v'n it all away.*

RECITATIVE.

*By Mr. Low, the High-wayman.**

(Accompanied with the clinking of fetters.)

Shall villains kill or rob in state,
 And fordid seek their country's fate,
 Because forsooth they're rich and great;
 While such as I are hang'd in air,
 For only putting folks in fear!

SONG 316. AIR.

Tune: Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,

*If rascals were punish'd of ev'ry degree,
 For robbing their country, or taking a fee,
 What a heap of S—t faces we daily should see
 Under Tyburn tree?*

*But Favour can take out the slain from a coat,
 E'en the blood of a king who was sold for a goat;
 For that they will say was a trifling fault;—
 But d—n their plea.*

RECITATIVE.

By Mrs. Vixen-t, (Termagant.)

To the clack of a mill.

Like to the clack of this same mill,
 They ne'er shall make my tongue lye still;
 May rage and clamour never cease
 To make a noise about the peace.

SONG

* MACHEATH.

SONG 317. AIR.

Tune : Harvest-home.

Come NELLY and MOLL,
Come SUSAN and DOLL,
Each termagant raise up your voice :
Let us rars, let us squall,
Let us bellow and barwl,
And make a most damnable noise.

CHORUS.

No Peace shall there be,
For them nor for me,
So let's have a damnable noise !
Damnable noise !
Damnable noise !
So let's have a damnable noise !

RECITATIVE.

By Mr. Quaker, the singing Baker, and Mr. Legg-it.

By all the gods I'll make 'em shake !
Their lips to quaver and to quake !
I'll shew myself a subject true :
Ha, master Legg-it, what say you ?

Mr. Legg-it.

As long as I've a Leg to stand on,
I never will the cause abandon.

SONG 318. AMBO.

Tune : With swords on their thighs.

To Liberty raise up the high chearful strain,
We ne'er can forget, tho' we can't her regain,
How charming she look'd with her shield and her spear !
A friend to the stranger, a stranger to fear.

Da Capo.

M

RECITATIVE.

S O N G 319 RECITATIVE and AIR.

By Miss Cat-ly, and Miss Squallam.

(Accompanied by the Cat-Organ,)

Ye catterwauling Tribe each night,
Disturb their slumber, wake 'em quite :
Your *Bass* and *Treble* pipes prepare,
And harrow up their souls with fear.

S O N G 320. AIR.

Tune : Mingotti's minuet.

*Straight with bawling !
Squealing, squalling !
N'er your hellish music cease :
With eternal
Strains infernal !
Tell 'em they shall have no Peace.*

Da Capo.

GRAND CHORUS, accompanied by the whole band.

*No Peace shall there be,
For them nor for me,
So let's have a damnable noise :
Damnable noise !
Damnable noise !
So let's have a damnable noise.*

The Celebrated *Dutch* and *German*

D I A L O U G E,

Between Mynheer Eupharson and Mynheer Vanlawken.

AS I vas go by de tirteen cantons, dat is de place vere de vas sel de alomote peef, who should pe stand at de doors, but Mynheer Vanlawken and Mynheer Vandyson. Zo, Mynheer Vanlawken vas say to me, vat is de matter you nefer vas go down to de Veen's-head at Yealsea to play de game at de dutch rober's. Zo, I say to him, I never vas go dere, but I vil go some time or anoders. Zo, he zay to me, come now, and bring your vifes along vid you. Zo I say to him, fair, I vas got ne'er a vifes. Zo he say to me, den I suppose you keep a fauker-womans—yes fair zays I vas keep a fauker-womans to be fare fair. Zo den he zay to me, vel, vel, bring your faukerwoman along vid you. Zo I go into Newkner's-lane, I fesh mine faukerwoman and away we vas go to de Veen's-head at Yealsea. yest py his majesty's ben-house. Ven we vas come dere, dere vas Mynheer Vanlawken, Mynheer Vandyson, and his vife's broders, and Mynheer Hoof-snicken, and his faunders and moders. Zo Mynheer Vanlawken he was say to me, fair I vill play vid you at de dush rubbers for any monie. Zo away we vas go at it, and vile he vas look ofer de vail at de younk faukerwomen's, as vas to go py—py got fair, I vas tipp all nine, four I push down mid de powl and five mid de doter hand:—Hey vat de devils ish de matter now? Vat you tipe all nine? Says Mynheer Vanlawken,—yes fair says I—I vas tip all nine—by got dat vas not fair says Mynheer Vanlawken,—yes fair says I, dat vas very fair. Vell, vell, says Mynheer Vanlawken, I could not see, I had not eyes in mine aurse. Zo den he say, he vou'd play anoder games along mid me. Zo I play anoder games—and anoder, and anoder, by got I vas beat him every one. Zo he said, he would play no more games, but would go into de room behind de bar, and hafe a tankard of de smilt beers and and paper of de smolst tobago.

Zo in de mean vile, my faukerwoman was in de bar, along mid de vomans of de hause, and madam Vanflawken. Zo de voman's of de hause, vas say to mine faukerwoman—madam vile you please to come and shitt down by me. Zo my faukerwoman vas shitt down by de voman's of de hause, and de voman's of de hause vas shitt down by mine faukerwoman's. Zo de voman of de hause say to madam Vanflawken, and mine faukerwoman, ladies vil you have a trop of a trams. Zo by got, they drink five or fix drams a piece, dey was very foger vomens to be sure.

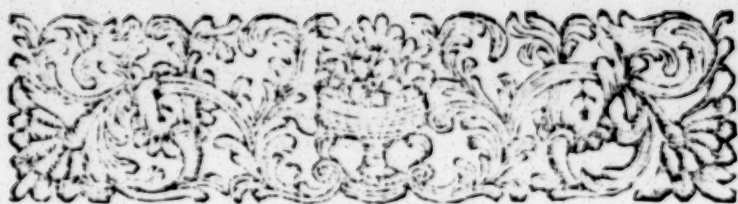
Zo in de mean vile Mynheer Vanflawken vas tumble into a great dispute, about vish vas de greatest man's, de E—or of Han—r, or de St—er. Zo as I vas come from H———r minselfs, I zay de E—l—r of H—n—r vas a more greater man as he. Den Mynheer Vanflawken, say, pshaw, pshaw, de E———r of H—n—r, is no more as a foolish old womans, dat vas make me mad as de devils. Zo I say, by got he is no more as a foolish old man, so you was a liar for dat, den up he vas come to me, and give me a develish dump of de eye. Zo den I go up to him, and gif him anoder dump. Zo den he come up to me and gife me a dump of de yeek—den I gife anoder dump of de yeek, away den we go at it, dere was dump for dump, and plump for plump, 'till Mynheer Vanflawken vas got me down on de floor. Zo as I vas lye down on de floor, vat must I do den, mynheer vas a great tall gross man's come sau, and I vas a little spare man's come sau. So by got, a commical thought vas come into mine head, dat I vou'd bite de Dushman's nose. Zo by got I turn about, and I pite his nose troo and troo—Donder and Blackfen says mynheer, vat is you pite a man's nose—No fair frid I, I did not pite your nose. By got, says Mynheer Vanflawken, you vas a tammd lyar, if you say you was not pite my nose. Zo I say, indeed fair, I did not. Donder and Blackfen you lie you dief, only see now yentlemens, how it vas hang dingle dingle, one way and de oter by a litel bit of skin. Zo den all de yentlemens say, it vas a damt shame dat one man shoud pite anoder mans nose. Zo one yentlemans vas come and gif me a dump, and anoder came and gife me

me a dump, by got dey ge me ten hundred thousand dumps, and kick'd me out of de company.—

Zo as I vas go down stairs, I zay murder! murder! Zo who shoud come up but an Englishman's, as I vas know ferry vell. Zo I say to him, come along mid me, here is Mynheer Vanslawken says, I hafe pite his nose—O G—t d—in his blood says de Englishman, tell him he pit his nose his own self—by got I thought it vas eery comical, dat a man shoud pite his own nose: however away I was run in, dere! dere! says I, Mynheer Vanslawken, you vas a blackguard, you vas a scoundrel and a dicsman, you say I vas pite your nose, by got fair, you pite your own nose your own selves.—Got tam mine ploods yentlemens, says Mynheer Vanslawken, here is a blackguard, here is a scoundrel!—Now yentlemens, I vill be gudg'd by ye, veder it is possible a man's can pite his own nose his own selves—Zo all de yentlemen say no to be sure—But Mynheer Hoofnecken a very grave wise mans vas shiting by de fireside, drinking his tankard of de smelt peer and smoaking his pipe of de smoisht tobago—Yentlemens saye he, noding is impossible mid got—if got please a man may pite his own nose his own selves.—Zo den all de yentlemen vas fall aboard de great fat Dutchman, and gave him ten hundred dousand dumps for pite his own nose his own self, and lay it upon anoder mans.—

But in de mean vile, who shoud come in but Mynheer Vandondermans, de comical Dutchmans, by got he was a comical mans, so comical, he make you skite your brogenbrooks, he vas come in, O yentlemens, yentlemens, says he, vat is de reason of de damt noise and botterations. Come, come, shit down, shit down, says he, I vill giff you a pit of a Dutch song. Zo den dey all call silence, for Mynheer Vandondermans song, and Mynheer Vandondermans, he vas begin.

Yonk coop macarmus
My moijnst haven con gelt,
Eijfsoon ye wel macarma scops:
Myre gelt is out o' mine sack alse,
Yonk coop macarmus,
Al, moijnst ha'ven con gelt.



T H E
Company Keeper's Assistant.

A Collection of
Toasts, Sentiments, and Hob-Nobs.

FIRST CLASS. *Loyal and Patriotic.*

THE KING and QUEEN,
And all the Royal Family.

The Prince of Wales.

The Princess Dowager of Wales.

The Duke of York.

The Duke of Cumberland.

Numeration to the Prussians,

Subtraction to the Russians,

Multiplication to the king's friends ;

Division to his enemy,

The Rule of three to the ministry.

And Practice to the king's officers.

Prosperity to old Ireland.

Prosperity to the city of Dublin.

The Linnen trade of Ireland.

All the manufactures of Ireland.

Honour and influence to the public spirited patrons of
trade.

May

May contempt be the fate of such among us as strut in foreign foppery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of Ireland.

The glorious memory of King William.

The revolution of 1688.

The first of July, 1690. [*Battle at the Boyne.*]

The seventh of December, 1688. [*The commencement of the siege of Derry.*]

The first of August, 1689. [*The siege was raised.*]

The 12th of July, 1691. [*Battle at Aughrim*]

The first of August, 1714.

The 16th of April, 1740. [*Battle at Callin.*]

May his majesty never want such subjects as the 128 who carried the memorable question on the 22d of November; or the 124 who carried the *grand* question the 17th of December, 1753.

The glorious majority on the 23d of November, and on the never-to-be-forgotten 17th of December, 1753.

The disinterested champions, who, with a generous disregard of private interest, so nobly contended for the public on the ever memorable 17th of December, 1753.

May the Commons ever hold the purse of the nation.

May the Commons of Ireland ever defend themselves from all undue, anticonstitutional influence.

ROGER the stone-cutter.

May power ever continue in the friends of Ireland.

Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of Ireland.

May the true lovers of liberty in England and Ireland, be for ever united in affection, as they are in Interest.

Confusion to those, who, wearing the mask of patriotism, pull it off, and desert the cause of liberty in the day of trial,

May the Island of saints never turn to Sodom and Gomorrah.

May he who has neither wife, w—e, or estate in Ireland, never have any share in the government of it.

Disappointment to those who barter the cause of their country for ostentation or sordid gain.

May we always be attached to those who persevere in generous endeavours to promote the welfare of their country.

Prosperity and success to those, who prosecute such measures as have an evident tendency to secure and advance the interest of Ireland.

The steady friends of Ireland.

Dejection and disappointment to those, who form sanguine expectations of places and pensions on the ruin of their country.

May all those, who, for sordid interest have prostituted their conscience, and endeavoured to betray their country, meet the same fate with their predecessor, the grand traitor JUDAS.

That prudence, moderation, and an invariable attention to the public good, may cement the people of Ireland.

May the constituents of Ireland, on future elections, make proper distinction between those who have generously espoused their interests, and such as have base'y betrayed them.

That no betrayer of his trust, no apostate representative, no schemer against the repose of this nation, or any of their under agents or well wishers, however respected once among us, may ever again meet with any the least symptom of regard or affection from the people of Ireland.

May the enemies of Ireland never eat the bread thereof, or if they do, be choaked with the first bit.

A speedy export to all the enemies of Ireland without a draw-back.

May

May the friends of Ireland ever have access to the throne.

The king to the laws, and the church to the Bible.

That freemen may never more be considered as a property to be led to market.

May we never want spirit and resolution to protect and defend our independancy, against the powerful attacks of unbridled ambition.

The honest North country smith, who refused to shoe for the man who voted against his country.

May all attempts to pervert and destroy our precious constitution, be frustrated and void,

May we always despise the ignorance, and detest the malice of those, who attempt to diminish the interest of our king and of our country, which is, and must ever be inseparable.

The honest patriot and unbiass'd Irishman.

May we always be able to *distinguish* those, who, by a steady and uniform adherence to their duty, *distinguish* themselves.

Those upright patriots, who in contempt of all inferior considerations, have, with signal constancy, defended the rights and privileges of Ireland.

That our representatives may be men ever watchful over, and studiously careful of the liberties and privileges of the people; whom no undue influence can move, no menaces awe, nor ambitious views seduce.

The man that loves and esteems his country, and his (still dearer) liberty.

The honest and undefigning patriot, who is able to penetrate deep and mysterious schemes, to unravel dark and designing intrigues, and avowedly to oppose the execution of such, tho' gilded with specious pretences.

Those representatives, who, by their efforts to support the rights of their constituents, have at the same time taken the surest means of securing a lasting honour to themselves.

That all private views, and selfish considerations may be laid aside, when they fall in competition with the safety and honour of our country.

May our endeavours be always successful, when engaged under the banner of justice.

All those who vote in the cause of their country without fear of consequences.

Those, whom neither promises nor threats can ever bend to betray the trust and confidence reposed in them by their constituents.

He, who with virtue arms his generous heart,
Prefers the honest, to the gainful part;
With just disdain rejects the guilty bribe,
And scorns the maxims of a venal tribe.

The Earl of Chesterfield.

The Earl of Halifax.

The commissioners of the tillage act.

The inland navigation of Ireland.

The Newry canal and collieries.

May we always retain a grateful sense of the zeal and attachment shewn by the two Mr. FORTESCUE's to the linnen manufacture, to the welfare of the Newry navigation and collieries, and to its trade in general.

May gentlemen remarkable for their steady attachment to the promotion of the linnen manufacture and collieries of this kingdom, ever have weight and influence in the government of it.

MR. PITT.

Lord Bute.

SECOND CLASS.

MAY we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.

That virtue may always be amply rewarded.

That candour and honesty may always be our governing principles.

May our conscience be sound tho' our fortune be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

May virtue always prove victorious.

Decent economy.

Frugality without meanness.

May temporal concerns never break in upon spiritual duty.

May power be influenced only by justice.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May he who wants friendship, also want friends.

May our distinguishing mark be merit, rather than money.

Patience in adversity.

May we be incorruptible by interest, and uninfluenced by power.

May authority be amiable without debasing its dignity.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

May we as Christians, be zealous without uncharitableness; as subjects, loyal without servility; and as citizens of Dublin, free without faction.

Sensibility

Sensibility without inequality, and passions without
vehemence.

May our hearts have for tenants, truth, candour, and
benevolence.

May our virtues be rather the effects of religion, than
the gifts of nature.

May we never be influenced by jealousy, or governed
by interest.

May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.

May those who inherit the title of *gentleman* by birth,
deserve it by their lives.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

May religion never be a cloak for guilt.

May we never praise any man to undo him.

May we never destroy any person's credit to establish
our own.

May we never set our friend to sale, or our conscience
to hire.

May we never swear a tradesman out of his dues, or a
credulous girl out of her virtue.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave,
Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

May providence unite the hearts that love.

Community, Unity, Navigation, and Trade.

May Reason be the Pilot where Love blows the gale.
Or, Prudence the cockswain when Love fills the sail.

May honour and honesty always triumph over vanity
and hypocrisy.

More friends and no need of them.

May the man we love be honest, and the land we live
in free.

More

More industry and less vanity to the people of Ireland.
 May we always have a friend, and know his value.
 May hemp bind him whom honour can't.
 The two strangers at co. rt. [*Honour and Honesty.*]
 Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt and a
 guinea.
 The agreeable rubs of life.
 The land we live in.
 Life to the man who has courage to loose it,
 And wealth to him who has spirit to use it.
 Healths, hearts, homes, and inclinations.
 Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.
 May all great men be good, and all good men great.
 The man who dare be honest in the worst of times.
 May the honest heart never know distress.
 May our life spent in acts of virtue, be finished by a
 death seasoned with tranquility, and followed by a
 memory full of honour.

THIRD CLASS: or, *two faces under a hood.*

MAY our pleasant thoughts be gilt with modest
 expressions.
 The magical monosyllable.
 Toilsome pleasure, and pleasing toil.
 A good wife, and a great many of them.
 Sweet Briars.
 Pleasure here, and happiness hereafter.
 The losing gamesters.
 May mirth and good fellowship be always in fashion.
 The road to a christening.

May

May he that made the dev-l take us all.

Success to our ejections in Love-lane.

Sun shine and good humour all the world over.

A game at *all fours*, and *whist* afterwards.

Perpetual spring to friendship, youth, and love.

Cupid's pin-cushion.

May we never want a friend, and a bottle to give him.

The bason that lathers two beards at once.

A head to earn, and a heart to spend.

The two friends who weep at meeting.

The three W's—Woman, Wit, and Wine.

The key that lets the man in, and the maid out.

May every day be happier than the past,

And every hour merrier than the last.

The Grave that burys the living, and casts up the dead.

Love in a cottage and envy to none.

May the ladies *succeed* in all their undertakings.

The *spring* of love and *harvest* of enjoyment.

The bird in the hand, and then in the bush.

The bird in the bush, and not in the hand.

The bird in the bush, and two hard by.

Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.

The female arithmetician, who *multiplies* by *subtraction*.

The harvest of life, love, wit, and good claret.

Love's Pick-lock.

The ruling passion, be it what it will ;

The ruling passion governs nature still.

The Li nen manufacture of Ireland.

The merryest thought we ever thought.

The Cock in cover.

The pleasures of imagination realised.

The staff of life.

Those who love pleasure, and contribute to it.

The friend we love, and the woman we dare trust.

Provision to the unprovided.

The first cravat we ever wore.

May we have in our arms, what we love in our hearts.

Cupid's black-game.

The art of making feet for children's stockings.

The pleasure in pleasing.

The provident maid.

May we always be blest,

With what we like best.

Cupid's ring on the middle finger.

The first game ever played at.

Love after enjoyment.

All tails but tell-tales.

Pleasure in view but never out of reach.

Love's avenue.

The nice house-maid. (*a*)

The miraculous pitcher.

The female architect. (*b*)

The pleasure we enjoy face to face.

Horses strong, foxes lentv.

Men stout, and women healthy.

The young female chymist. (*c*)

The jolly turf-cutters. (*d*)

The Indian exercise. (*e*)

A safe voyage to, and from Merryland.

A milk white skin without perfume or sinell,

A scarlet——cap turned up with black lapell.

The

The wish of the sportsman. (*f*)
 The bookbinders wife. (*g*)
 The miller's music. (*h*)
 The basket maker's wife. (*i*)
 The lamb-like lass. (*k*)
 Up with the linnen, down with the claret.
 Cupid's campaign.
 Breast work.
 Battering in breach.
 The attack on the cover'd way.
 The fair fighter and he who makes a proper seizure.
 May our dying be happy, our revival be speedy.
 May they never want who have spirit to spend.
 The sportsman well mounted.
 BUCKINGER'S boot. [*He had neither legs or arms.*]
 May it please his majesty. [*Toasted before the q—n's arrival.*]
 May it please their majesties. [*Toasted since the wedding.*]
 The flesh purse.
 May the people of Ireland never want a standing member in England, and two friends to back him.
 Love's game-bag.
 The sure marksman, who can hit a coney amidst a thousand hares.
 The wonderful root, that grows between two stones in the life of Man.
 The old play house, in Smock-alley, and the two prompters.
 The rough road to the water-fall.
 A condescension to the ladies, and a standing honour to the gentlemen.

The

The naked truth.

A dish of fish. [*i. e.* A pretty *maid*, a generous *scal*,
and a convenient *plaise*.]

The rule of three.

The liberty of the press, and a favourite volume in
sheets.

The center of attraction.

A clean avenue to a pleasant country seat.

The Thing.

The other Thing.

The two things.

The female scalper.

The point of union of two fond hearts.

The civil orange that's rough and juicy.

Long nights and merry tales.

The shrub that flowers monthly, and is in season all
the year.

The hot house supported by two ivory pillars.

What we speak least of, think most of, and wish for
night and morning.

The merry piper who dies at the end of his jig.

What charms, arms and disarms.

The full furr'd female.

The judge of A-size.

The thatched cabin under the hill.

May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

Adam's first thought after he saw EVE.

The meat that best baffles itself when best spitted.

The fair sex, the fair of Middlesex, and the middle of
the fair sex.

May we never want courage when put to a shift.

Confusion

Confusion to him who goes in and out of a coffee-
house without spending.

May our wives carefully save,
What we bountifully give.

May we please and be pleased.

The nest in the bush, and the bush's best friend
The bird who his life in that bush love's to spend.

May we dream of what we like, and enjoy it when we
please.

The eye that weeps most when best pleased.

The female economist. (*l*)

The upright man, and downright woman.

The Prussian exercise. (*m*)

The best of the game. (*n*)

The female robber. (*o*)

The three jolly companions. (*p*)

What is lost in the finding. (*q*)

The county of wicklow style. (*r*)

The union of two fond hearts.

The distressed family. (*s*)

A woman's large and small beautys. (*t*)

Legonier's livery.

All true hearts and sound bottoms.

The clear rivulet, running thro' the brown bower, un-
der the beautiful banks of miss A's creek.

The fountain of love in miss B's paradise.

Cupid's spicket and fossit.

The short blessing,

Lost in possessing.

FOURTH CLASS. *Hob-Nobs.*

LOVE for Love.

Love, fire, and frolic.

Your Love for mine, and ours for that of the company.

All we wish, and all we want.

Love and opportunity.

Gaiety and Innocence.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.

Health, joy, and mutual love.

Love without fear,

And life without care.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

Here's you and I, -

And nobody by.

Peace and plenty.

All that gives you pleasure.

Your love and mine, and the friends of the company.

Love and friendship.

Health, love, and ready-rino,

To all those whom you and I know.

* * * *These sentiments mark'd with a letter after them thus (a) needing an explanation, it was intended to give one in this place, for which purpose the letters were placed for reference; but the HONEST FELLOW (a collection of songs, so intitled, lately published in Dublin) has taken that office on himself, and thereby eased me of it.*

End of VOL. II.

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The Angler's Magazine, or Complete Fisherman	} o	1 4
A Museum for young Gentlemen and Ladies, with cuts	} o	2 2
Sports and Pastimes on the Cards and Dice, with rules for winning at either	} o	1 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
A Common-Place-Book, with directions for the use of it, on the plan of Mr. LOCKE	} o	1 1
The Life, Adventures, and various vicissitudes of Fortune of PETER WILLIAMSON	} o	o 10
The Hibernian Pocket Companion: being an historical and geographical account of Ireland	} o	o 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
The Old Man's Guide to Health and longer Life	} o	o 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
HILL on the Gravel and Stone, with directions for cure	} o	o 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Christian Comfort: a letter to a person burdened with inward and outward trouble	} o	o 4
CARACTACUS: a dramatic poem, by Mr. W. MASON	} o	o 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
PLAYS. Orphan of China. Twelfth Night. The Jealous Wife.		
FARCES. High Life below stairs. Spirit of Contradiction. Edgar and Emmeline.		

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